

Mr. Theodore J. Kreider
South White Oak Street
Annville, Pa.

THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

JANUARY 14, 1922

ANNVILLE, PA.

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

ANNVILLE, PA.

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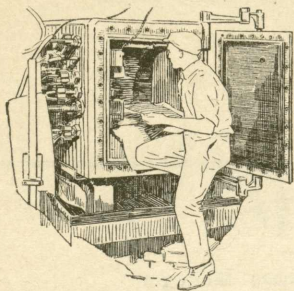
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Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Single copies, 15c each. Address all communications to E. G. Vandenbosche, Lebanon Valley College, Annaville, Penna. Please notify us in case of change of address or if you fail to receive your copy. Entered at the Annaville Post Office as second class matter.

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What Is a Vacuum Furnace?

IN an ordinary furnace materials burn or combine with the oxygen of the air. Melt zinc, cadmium, or lead in an ordinary furnace and a scum of "dross" appears, an impurity formed by the oxygen. You see it in the lead pots that plumbers use.

In a vacuum furnace, on the contrary, the air is pumped out so that the heated object cannot combine with oxygen. Therefore in the vacuum furnace impurities are not formed.

Clearly, the chemical processes that take place in the two types are different, and the difference is important. Copper, for instance, if impure, loses in electrical conductivity. Vacuum-furnace copper is pure.

So the vacuum furnace has opened up a whole new world of chemical investigation. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have been exploring this new world solely to find out the possibilities under a new series of conditions.

Yet there have followed practical results highly important to industry. The absence of oxidation, for instance, has enabled chemists to combine metals to form new alloys heretofore impossible. Indeed, the vacuum furnace has stimulated the study of metallurgical processes and has become indispensable to chemists responsible for production of metals in quantities.

And this is the result of scientific research.

Discover new facts, add to the sum total of human knowledge, and sooner or later, in many unexpected ways, practical results will follow.

General Electric
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Editorial Page

The Crucible

A QUALITY OF THE TRULY GREAT

A study of the characteristics of great men will constitute a constant revelation to anyone who undertakes it. Not only will there appear a multitude of qualities, but also a diversity of them. One man contributes his success to one thing that would have been certain ruination to the other man—in the mind of the other man. Again, some of these discoveries will unearth a host of minor qualities—sometimes better described as petty whims or idiosyncrasies. At any rate, the student of great men and the cause of their greatness will find himself at sea many times, lost in a haze of a thousand advices and suggestions.

But it must be admitted that there are a few characteristics which may be classified as common to all great men. There are many ways of living and pursuing life and maintaining a livelihood, but the fact of inhaling and exhaling air is the one common fundamental to all existence. Just so, then, there may be found a few fundamentals—rock bottom qualities—necessary to all successful attainment.

You have heard, read and been inspired by many dissertations on the value of hard work, persistence, optimism, ambition and vision. These are as valuable in the race for your goal as air and water to your life. Their importance cannot be estimated, but their values and merits will not be discussed here. There is another quality which has received but little open recognition, although it has always been subconsciously honored. We have seen a man the possessor of this quality, and have consistently admired him, although we may not have been exactly certain just why he had our utmost respect.

He is the man who wields vast influence. He is the man who converts cowardly enemies into devout, respecting friends. He is the man who transforms the invectives hurled at him by others into stinging blows against the faces of those who

sent them. He is the man who refuses to answer criticism, just or unjust. He is the man who is silent. He is the man who does not return slaps. He is the man of the Bible who turns the other cheek.

The psychology of a blow that receives no return! Have you ever struck a dog or child and then watched either of them walk off in silence? What a crushing sensation! Meanness is not descriptive of
(Continued on Page 18)

WHAT ABOUT NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS?

The above presents a good question for debate. There are many who point out the value of the New Year's resolution; there are many who show its demerits, coming as a result of breaking them. The latter claim that deciding to do a thing and then giving up the decision later is a weakener and demoralizer to the human will power. Also, that it breeds ill-confidence in people themselves: they come to believe that it is impossible not only for them to keep resolutions, but also to do many other things. This awakes the strangling power of the "I can't".

Taking into consideration these things, we are still inclined to believe that resolutions are good things to make, even if kept only a day, a week, or a month. At any rate, we have seen the need for self-improvement—and blindness to our own deficiencies is sure decay and death. Furthermore, we have made an effort to better our condition or habits, proving that we are capable of resistance to a certain degree, and also that we have and try to maintain ideals. It is a step upward. Even if we fall back again to where we were, we have gained. Our aspiration to regain our place will become doubled in intensity, resulting in action. A good intention is a powerful force. It is like electricity, however, useless unless controlled and harnessed.

Let us make a few good New Year's resolutions!

The Mirror

The fine spirit of the student body must be commended on the occasion of the singing of the annual Christmas carols on the Thursday night before the close of school in December. No less than one hundred fifty men and women of the college responded to the call for carollers. The singing was the best done in recent years, and the old hymns were sung with a real fervor. A handsome set-out awaited the singers at several places. Dr. Gossard had the pleasure to greet the singers first; after a delightful little luncheon the party journeyed out to the home of our chef, Mr. Favinger, where we were entertained royally for half an hour in eating, cheering and singing. The journey of the college singers did not end until all the homes of the professors of the faculty had been visited and serenaded; and it was late in the night when the motley crew returned home, hoarse but happy and well-repaid.

The two plays or sketches produced under the direction of Miss May Belle Adams and rendered the week before the holidays deserve comment here. The first, given after the banquet on Tuesday night, was a representation of the observation of Christmas in early England. With the exception of some of the chrous work, and group action, the playlet was well done. Mr. Bowman, Miss Fencil and Mr. Herr took the leading parts, and acquitted themselves in a masterly fashion, in the respective roles of king, queen and Father Xmas. Miss Adams was greatly handicapped, however, by the shortness of the period of time found available for practicing. The books sent for several weeks previous did not arrive until a late hour.

The second playlet in the form of a tableau rendered on Thursday night, December 15, deserves much commendation, and merits much praise. Not only was it exceedingly well done and well arranged, but also was, in our opinion, the most unique dramatic representation given here during the past four years. The readings without exception were well enunciated, and

were put over the footlights in an interesting manner. The tableaux that followed each reading—there were five of them in all—while devoid of action by their very nature, conveyed beautiful and inspiring messages to the audience. The costuming was elegant, and the color scheme of the stage decorations harmonious. It is something that will linger long in our memories as one of the finest and most impressive bits of dramatics ever given at Lebanon Valley.

Prof. C. R. Gingrich herewith receives our laudation for his highly unselfish efforts in the newspaper campaign now under way. While most of us were at our homes taking things easy in general, he was preparing circular letters, tabulating reports, and keeping matters on the move. Furthermore, the suggestion comes in entirety from the aforesaid gentleman, and should we win the big booty, much of the real honor for the victory will fall upon his shouders.

At any rate, the freshmen were clever. We nursed the private opinion that they were closely related to dumbbells and slow going snails once upon a time, but they pulled the unexpected when they gave the college the "gahoot" the day before the big event of the season, the Freshmen Banquet. We hear that they were entirely in ignorance of what was expected of them until the daring Sophs translated evening dresses, satin slippers and full dress suits to some place outside the knowledge of all creation intimately concerned with these precincts. After that the Frosh got wise and decided to have a banquet. It was amusing to watch each mail bring in big boxes sent to the fair sex with relief clothing and other useful paraphernalia that had fallen into enemy hands. And then, who ever heard of going to Lancaster for a banquet? Almost any other place would have been more likely, even Red Lion.

Our Short Story

"A NEW YEAR'S TRYST"

By S. LUCILE SHENK, '23

A scratch, a sputter, a flicker of light grew gradually larger, giving forth a crackling sound, and with every moment disclosing more and more of the darkened space which proved to be a room. The light came from the fire in the old-fashioned fire-place, and at last the bright flames had risen to such a height that the entire room was filled with a rose-colored brilliancy, and in the far corners only were there dancing shadows. The woman bending over the fire was wrapped in a blanket of crimson light which glowed with soft lustre on her silvery hair.

She walked slowly away from the fire and drew the great armchair from its place in the corner to the lighter spot before the fire-place. From a table at the side she gathered her knitting, and drawing her chair more closely to the hearth, sat down. A large, comfortable Angora cat purred easily at her feet, and everything in the room suggested comfort, and even luxury.

It was New Year's Eve, and the night was rather chill to the wanderer, but to those inside, the warmth and glow of the fire-light gave little evidence of the contest of elements.

To the woman by the hearth, New Year's Eve meant much; much more than it meant to the average woman. Every New Year's Eve as far back as her memory served her, up to a night eleven years ago had been spent with Earnest. They were betrothed, and had grown up together from childhood.

Things seemed so different since the war, pondered the woman by the fire, whom we shall call Marian. So many little things were different. One could meet people and be introduced in the most ordinary way, without so many of the conventionalities which society demanded in her girlhood. And then, one felt so friendly towards one's neighbors, and became interested in foreign relations and foreign affairs, and then of course there

was the greatest mystery of them all,—the unknown fate of Earnest.

New Year's Eve was their trysting night, and no matter where they were, or how inconvenient it might be for their meeting, they managed to get together, and in consequence the evening became almost sacred to them.

But eleven years ago, just after the signing of the Armistice which culminated the great war, Earnest did not appear to keep the tryst. He had been in France for several years, but nevertheless they thought of one another, and never considered the New Year's Eves spent in the service of the country as lost.

Of course, word had been received from headquarters, "Missing in Action," but Marian Gray still lived on in the hope and faith that he would return to keep their tryst on New Year's Eve. She did not lose hope when each succeeding New Year failed to bring Earnest, or any word from him. Year after year she waited in faith that he would keep the sacred evening.

This evening she had donned her soft gray gown with the coral ruching at neck and wrists. The fire and the coral gave soft color to her face, and her hair, which had long ago turned grey, gleamed as silver. She was waiting for Earnest; she knew that he would come tonight.

Instinctively she listened sharply to every sound which might be an approaching footstep.

Neighbors said that Miss Marian was queer, and often spoke of her as a "poor soul," but they did not understand, and after the fashion of neighbors pitied and shunned her.

During the war she had done much to aid in the Red Cross drives, had worked almost untiringly in the interests of the soldiers from the great camps near the southern city which was her home. She had even thrown open her own formidable mansion, and it seemed that the gaiety and laughter which rang through the halls before the Civil War was again to reign supreme.

The only surviving member of a great

(Continued on Page 17)

Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELING EXPERIENCES

Valley Forge

This is the place where our first grate general and president nearly froze. When I was there I thought I'd walk in so I'd know more how it felt to feel like Washington did. It was raining most of the time so this made me feel even more like him. I didn't want to feel too good for fear I might enjoy Valley Forge more than he did.

Valley Forge covers as much ground space as New York City almost, but not as much air space. It has many monuments and a few cannons which are not really needed but which are put there so people won't get too fresh in the United States, I guess. Many a brave man lies there, so they say, but it would take a brave man to lie where they are so many big guns. It takes a coward to lie these days, but not in the days of Washington.

They have a wonderful chapel at Valley Forge. The guide who takes you there is a very interesting girl. As she also has been to college I tried to get her to write up my adventures there as she knows more about the place than I did, but she said she wouldn't as she didn't know as much about myself as I did. She was very good to me though. She let me stand so near President Harding that I could have touched him if I had been there just seven days sooner.

I saw a sign there that said No dinners allowed on these grounds, and just then I looked up and saw an airship. I guess the feller was serving dinner up in the air. They had a big tower on the grounds reaching quite a ways up into the air. I climbed up and could see most anywhere. They told me that Washington used it to watch King George from. There are many signs at Valley Forge which say in substance LEAVE THE LEAVES ALONE. I wondered why, but on asking a man said they wanted them to look like they did when Washington was there. Some people lie so doggone easy they must sleep well.

Under Washington's headquarters they had a big hole like the tunnel under Bal-

timore, only not as big and smoky. Sum said it was a tunnel to the river nearby, but if it was they never got it finished, for I bumped into the wall at the far end and into lots of people coming back. Others said it must have been to put potatoes in, but I guess they didn't have potatoes in Washington's time. How dumb some people are. I reasoned out that he expected to fill it with British before he left Valley Forge and I guess I was about as near right as any.

Yours memorially,
DAVID FIT.

GOOD ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

"The joke is on you for one year; take it that way," is the advice of John Carruthers, chaplain of Lafayette College, to the incoming freshman class at that institution.

"You will be judged for four years by your first four weeks. You will be a fool if you try to be a hard guy. You will make an ass of yourself if you drink to be popular while you are being looked over. That doesn't get you much, even with the drinkers.

"Don't boast of your athletics and the number of girls you call on. Avoid flashing the 'Rah Rah' stuff in loud-toned clothes or sporty get-up. Don't brag or show off. Keep low; time will tell.

"Don't start as a prig, a 'holier-than-thou' person; rather be a 'thus-far-and-no-farther' man. Don't tell people how good you are; keep that dark.

"Live one word—honor. Resolve to pass without cheating. Honor is the voice of God. It's worth everything to heed it."

Satisfied

Counsel—"I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you."

Convinced Client—"Don't mention it, gov'nor. Ain't five years enough?"

Smith—"We had not been hunting long when there lay a rabbit dead at my feet."

"What had it died of?"

Our Poet's Corner

TOMORROW AIN'T A-COMIN'!

Old Silas Jones kept store for years in Coo-and-Possum town.
His heart was always light and gay, he seldom wore a frown.
He knew a hundred wise old sayings which he taught to me;
One day he said, "Grandson, come here, and sit upon my knee."

"I haven't kicked this world about fer eighty years or more,
To learn no little mite or two about this earthly shore;
And sure as grass is green, my son," he started in to hummin',
"So sure as that it is, my lad, tomorrow ain't a-comin'!"

"I heard you talking t'other day, and this is what you said,
'Come on, let's finish up tomorrow, and let's play instead';
And then I watched you leave your work, a-shoutin' and a-runnin',
But just remember what I say: tomorrow ain't a-comin'!"

I could not understand just then what Silas meant to say,
But now the passing years have cleared the truth I learned that day,
And when I'm old and gray and bent, the while I'm gently hummin',
I'll tell my grandson on my knee: "Tomorrow ain't a-comin'!"

TO LIVE

To see the beauteous world,
To breathe the fragrant air,
To hear accordant sounds,
To feel, to be,—

This is not life!
There is a larger view,
There is a deeper breath,
There is a finer touch,
And a diviner sound
Than sense can e'er reveal.
To see the glory in the Infinite.
To feel the breath of the Almighty.
To hear the voice of the I Am,—

This is to live. —Selected.

A COLD RECEPTION

It was twelve o'clock at midnight,
In the merry month of May,
When they wandered as the sunlight
Shone upon the icy way.

They were thoughtless of the hornet,
Of the butterfly and bee,
And they heeded not the singing
Of the birds in any tree.

There was even not a mousie
Dared to play about their feet,
As he boldly told his loved one
That he thought she was so sweet.

For no bird nor bee nor mousie
Oft is seen where'er they go,
And the sun can shine at midnight
In the land of Esquimeaux.

—Carl W. Hiser.

SOLITUDE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,

But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,

But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Alumni Notes

Among the flurry of announcements of engagements during the Christmas holidays are numbered several Lebanon Valley College graduates.

Miss Mary Irwin, of the Class of 1915, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, of 223 Herr street, Harrisburg, on Friday evening, December 30th, announced her engagement to Major John C. Shumberger, of Allentown. Since her graduation, Miss Irwin has taught in the high school at Altoona and at Central High School, Harrisburg. She is on a leave of absence at present. She is active in the work of the Boas Street United Brethren Church in Harrisburg, being both organist and chorister. Major Shumberger is well known in military and Masonic circles, and holds the position of comptroller of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company. He is also superintendent of the First Presbyterian Sunday School of Allentown. Among the guests present at the announcement were Mrs. Larene Engle Dehoff, '15, Mrs. Ruth Engle Smith, '15, and Miss Florence Mentz, '15.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Sara Garver, '21, and Mr. Guy Moore, '21, was announced at a luncheon given by the parents of the bride-to-be, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Garver, of Lebanon, on Wednesday, December the twenty-ninth. A number of Lebanon Valley College graduates were present. No date has been set for the wedding. Miss Garver is engaged in teaching in the schools of Lodi, New Jersey, while Mr. Moore is athletic director and professor in a Kansas High School.

* * *

A very delightful tea party was given at the home of Miss Carrie E. Hohl, 3832 W. Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., announcing the engagement of her sister, Mae V. Hohl, of Woodbury, N. J., and Earl O. Reber, of Lebanon, Pa.

The home was beautifully decorated in seasonable colors, and the secret was revealed by daisies in a unique manner. Miss Hohl is a graduate of Mount Carmel High School and Lebanon Valley College, Class of 1920, and for the past two years she has been a teacher of English in Woodbury High School.

Mr. Reber is a graduate of Lebanon High School and Peirce School of Business Administration, and is now in business with his father, Mr. J. W. Reber, a Lebanon contractor and retail merchant.

* * *

Another Yuletide engagement was that of Miss Mary M. Schmidt, of Lancaster, to the Rev. Harry E. Ulrich, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian church, of that city. The bride-elect is a student nurse at the Lankenau hospital, Philadelphia. The Rev. Mr. Ulrich is a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, Class of 1913, and of the Princeton Theological Seminary.

* * *

Another engagement of interest is that of Miss Louisa Williams, '18, of Enhaut, to Mr. Charles Yardley, of Philadelphia. Miss Williams has been engaged in teaching in the schools of Downingtown and Enhaut. Mr. Yardley is a graduate of Swarthmore College.

There are some members of the Alumni Association whose engagements have not yet been announced.

* * *

Miss Anna E. Kreider, '01, president of the Lebanon Woman's Club, entertained most delightfully on Saturday, December the 31st, from 3 to 6 o'clock, in the club rooms at Market Square, Lebanon, for the members of the club. The two vice-presidents of the Club assisted in receiving, Mrs. J. Leonard Hynson and Mrs. J. L. Swayze. Mrs. Charles Boger, Mrs. Howard Shirk, Mrs. Clinton J. Barr, Mrs. E. B. Marshall, Mrs. J. L. Lemberger, Mrs. C. V. Henry, '92, Miss Mary Kreider, presided at the tea table, assisted by Mrs. James Gledhill, Mrs. D. Robert Kreider, Mrs. Paul W. Kreider, '13, Mrs. G. R. Kreider, Jr., '08.

* * *

Mr. LeRoy B. Harnish, '14, who has been publicity agent for Slippery Rock Normal School, has recently resigned his position there to become state representative of the Near-East Relief Committee for Illinois. We may now look forward to the organization of a Lebanon Valley College Alumni Association of the Central West.

Christian Organizations

To all early indications the drive under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. for a Victrola for the men's dorm is going to be entirely successful. The honor roll of dollar men is growing larger each day, and by the time of this publication the full quota should be reached. A team has been selected to see each man personally and solicit for individual contributions. The Pathe with the outfit of records entails a cost of one hundred dollars. The association among the men has agreed to furnish all records in the future, providing the men of the school will pay off the purchasing debt. It will be remembered by the fellows who were here last year that the piano was secured by a similar method. Plans are under way now to furnish the Y. M. rooms so as to make it still more homelike and presentable to visitors.

Y. M. MEETINGS

A new feature of the Y. M. C. A. meetings was introduced by the devotional committee when faculty speakers were secured on special nights to present special messages to the men of the college. A crowd of seventy-five men greeted Prof. Derickson in the first attempt of this kind this year, and all were well repaid for the time spent in his lecture room. This practice will be continued in the future with the hope of making the Y. M. meetings a weekly attraction.

PRAYER MEETINGS

The Tuesday evening prayer meetings attract increasingly larger crowds of co-eds. The short informal hour is spent in song, prayer, testimony and message-bringing. Mr. Arnold arranges to have some special speaker for the meeting at least once a month, the other sessions being in charge of local students. All students are cordially invited to attend; it is always an hour well spent.

THE STAR COURSE

The third number of the annual Star Course of Lebanon Valley College and the

town of Annville will be held Thursday night, Jan. 19, 1922. Harry K. Balkan, the famous character analyst, will present his lecture. Advance reports indicate that he has a message that will make folks sit up and take notice. Individual tickets can be secured for that night by applying at the College Book Store, on Main street, or at the Box Office in the Conservatory. Your co-operation with the Y. M. and Y. W. committee on star course arrangement will be greatly appreciated.

JOINT SESSION OF THE Y. M. AND Y. W.

Under the auspices of the Student Volunteer Band of the College, a joint session of the two Christian organizations was held last Sunday afternoon in the upper room of the library. A goodly number of men and women turned out, and a live-wire meeting was enjoyed. The services were under the personal direction of Carl W. Hiser, president of the Student Volunteers. After an opening song, and the reading of the Scripture, Miss Pearl Seitz rendered a vocal solo entitled, "Just for Today." Following this, a short address was given by Rhodes Stabley on choosing a life's work. Miss Nissly favored the assembly with a splendid violin solo. Miss Hare, representing the Volunteers, presented a few beautiful thoughts on Paul as a Student Volunteer. A quartette composed of Messrs. Herr, Williard, Fencil and Stabley rendered a selection, after which the benediction was pronounced.

Good by Comparison

An Austrian crown is worth nearly one cent, which makes it more valuable than some other European crowns.

Sure Sign

Moke—"Does yuh really love me or does yuh jes' think yuh do?"

Moka—"Yas, indeedy, Honey, I really loves yuh; I ain't done any thinkin' yet."

College Activities

CHRISTMAS BANQUET

The annual Christmas banquet of the boarding students of Lebanon Valley College and faculty was held Monday night, Dec. 13th, with the accompanying festivities of the yearly occasion. The dining hall in North Hall dormitory was decorated with greens gathered from the country sides, and colored candles added much to the splendor of the occasion. Due to the great number of banqueters, both the East and West dining halls were used, and separate programs were rendered in each. After the elaborate feast, in the East Hall, Dr. Gossard, president of the college, presided as toastmaster and spokesman. The following program of speeches was rendered: "Tires and Spokes," by Dr. I. E. Runk, pastor of the United Brethren church on the college campus; "Tips and Nibs," by Prof. Paul S. Wagner, assistant professor of mathematics; "Two and Two," by Miriam Cassel, who represented the Seniors; "Oswanda," Raymond Hutchinson, of the Junior Class; "Excelsior," by Rachel Heindel, of the second year men and women, and "Only Three Times Four," by Luther Weik, of the greencapped squad.

In the West dining hall, Prof. H. H. Shenk was toastmaster and director of the after dinner affair. To his call responded Prof. R. R. Butterwick, who spoke on the subject, "Past, Present and Future"; Prof. S. O. Grimm, who expanded on the subject of "Returned Empties". The four classes were represented by Ruel Swank on "Ho'd That Line"; Heber Mutch on "Pan"; Miriam Oyer on "Merry Mary Murder"; Marian Hess on "Au Revoir".

After a rousing cheer for our valiant chef, and the singing of the Alma Mater, the crowd journeyed over to the Alumni Gymnasium, where, under the direction of Miss May Belle Adams, a Christmas sketch was given by members of the dramatic society. The play was typical of those given for centuries past in Old England, and the rendition excited much comment. After a round of old-time games, the Christmas nunch was served, and another happy affair at L. V. had come to a close.

FRESHMAN CLASS BANQUET

Friday evening, Jan. 6, 1922, the Freshman Class of L. V. C. journeyed to the spacious Hotel Brunswick, at Lancaster, Pa., and enjoyed a sumptuous turkey banquet. The banquet was chaperoned by Profs. Wagner and Engle, who added a great deal of mirth to the occasion.

The members of the Freshman Class are to be complimented upon the systematic and excellent judgment, with which to successfully outwit the wary Sophomores, who were unable to cope with the situation, and who offered but slight resistance.

Here again is an example of the "pep" and fearlessness of the Class of 1925 in having their banquet on a recitation day, instead of having it during the Christmas vacation, as several classes in the past have done. The class of 1925 has the stuff that makes good seniors.

Toastmaster Perry discharged his duties in perfect style, and the following programme was rendered:

Remarks.....	Pres. Jno. Sherk
Recitation—"Seventeen".....	Helen Hostetter
Violin Solo—"Au Varie".....	Kathryn Nisslev
Oration.....	Prof. Wagner
Piano Solo.....	Prof. Engle
Piano So'o.....	Marion Mengle

Short after-dinner talks and toasts were given by the following: Lola Dessenberg, T. H. Burtner, Olga Smith, W. S. Nerburg, Miriam Hess, Robt. Reigle, R. Peiffer, G. Oswald, J. G. Rhoads, Wm. Quaid, L. Weik, Chas. Dando.

Singing—"Alma Mater".....Class

THE SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

The campaign conducted by the subscription department of the Harrisburg Telegraph is nearing conclusion. Mr. Beck, under whose name the students and faculty of Lebanon Valley College are working, stands well among the leaders, although, according to latest reports, he does not hold first place in the race. The local campaign which was inaugurated in the last chapel session before the opening

Science Column

"CARRIER CURRENT" NEWEST COMMUNICATION SYSTEM

Through a new method of electrical communication it is possible to send a telephone message over a trolley wire from a moving electric train. The trolley wire, while supplying power to the train, also acts as a conductor of another or second current, which is superimposed upon it at a higher frequency.

At any convenient point along the line this second or "carrier current" may be picked up and carried short distances through the air, where it may be made to operate a telephone instrument. The system may be used for communication between engineers of different trains on the same road; between the locomotive at the head of a long freight train and the caboose at the rear, or between the engineer and distant sub-stations or terminals.

A demonstration of the system was given recently before a group of prominent railway men, by the General Electric Company.

PICKING COTTON BY ELECTRICITY

A device consisting of a farm tractor equipped with an electric generator, is being used successfully in the Northern cotton belt to pick cotton with electricity's aid. Hollow flexible tubes reach out in four directions from the tractor. On the end of each is a set of revolving brushes encased in a small metal frame, with an opening about the size of a man's double fists, and sufficiently large to take a boll of cotton. The brushes are driven by an electric motor through a flexible drive shaft and revolve inwardly, or toward each other. This creates a comb-like movement which pulls the cotton from the plant the moment it comes in contact with the brushes. It is then sucked up the hollow tube and deposited in a receptacle carried on the tractor. Tests have indicated that the new electric cotton picker makes it possible for a person to gather from 400 to 700 rounds of cotton a day, as compared with 70 to 150 by hand.

ELECTROGRAPHS

More than twenty vessels ranging in size from a small fire boat to big Atlantic freighters and warships, are now propelled by electricity in the United States.

Spain has begun the electrification of her railways. The first contract for a stretch of forty miles was placed with an American concern, the International General Electric Company. Extensive electrification of the Spanish roads which run through mountainous territory is expected to follow.

A lighting system has been devised for highways which makes it possible for night automobile drivers to travel with headlights dimmed, so brilliantly is the roadway lighted. Part of the Lincoln highway will be lighted by this system.

The radio messages sent by President Harding at the opening of the great central radio station on Long Island, was picked up in over seventeen foreign countries. The station is operated by the Radio Corporation of America.

One of the largest circuit breakers in the world has recently been built by an American electrical concern. It is rated at 165,000 volts. According to Dr. C. P. Steinmetz, the energy dissipated when a circuit breaker of this size automatically opens on overload, is equal to the energy which would be consumed in a head-on collision between two 125-ton locomotives meeting at a speed of 45 miles an hour.

The height of contempt is to go to classes when the student body cuts.

Warren Fake says he goes to church "because it's such a beautiful sight to see one man keep so many women quiet for such a long time."

Oliver Heckman: I wonder what would happen if the girls were compe'led to dress and cut their hair the way they do?

Athletics

BASKETBALL

Our varsity opened the season at Lebanon with a victory over the Lebanon Independents. Our team played in fine fashion, altho there were some of the best ex-college men pitted against them. The fine spirit among the players augurs a fine season. Team work in which every man exerted himself 100 per cent was the fundamental reason for the success of our team. For encouragement of the players it may be stated that every member of the student body is back of the boys. All who attended the game in Lebanon were especially delighted with the exceptional showing. We were satisfied that we had gotten a team that was determined to win.

The next game was that played with the strong Gettysburg aggregation at Gettysburg on Dec. 14. Despite the fact that the score was 21-20 against us, it cannot be said that our team is not a winner. For even tho" the disadvantages of the foreign floor and the fact that the opponents were all bigger men (in size only) they required an extra five minutes and also a turn of fate, in which the referee played a conspicuous part, to beat us. All who attended the game were greatly enthused with the great playing of our men. Wolfe especially played fine. The team as a whole worked splendidly, and altho' the game was rough at times, the fellows stood the strain and credited L. V. like men. When Gettysburg plays our men on the 19th of January, we can surely count on a victory, from all indications.

Our next games are with Juniata and State on the 13th and 14th. Let's boost the team and support them in spirit. On the 19th of January, in our own gymnasium, they will trim Gettysburg. Let every student be out and support them not only in attendance but in cheering as well. Everybody out!

The Inter-Class Series

The Director of Athletics has arranged for a series of games between representatives of the different classes of school.

These games will be played at four o'clock in the evening during the season. In between the halves a game of volley ball will be played between two of the classes also. Here is an opportunity for all to get some real exercise in the gymnasium.

Thus far only one basketball game and one volley ball game has been played. In the basketball game the Seniors swamped the Freshmen, and in the volley ball game the Juniors vanquished the Sophomores. Both games were well played and interesting. Unusual interest is being taken in these games, and a good time is promised for all who attend.

The Rev. C. A. Fisher, member of the class of 1903, and at present pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Worcester, Mass., has been accorded the honor of election to the office of state clerk of the Synod of New England of the Presbyterian Church, held at the Old South Church at Newburyport. We wish to express our appreciation of Rev. Fisher's interest in the College Crucible, and we heartily solicit the same interest on the part of others, no matter how many years or miles separate them from their Alma Mater.

Miss a la Lebanon: You may imagine that I love you, but you don't know what's in my heart.

John J. Frank: Oh, yes, I do. I'm a medical student.

Pell: Why doesn't the lamp of learning burn more brightly in these halls of learning?

Reifsnnyder: Dunno: there's surely enough oil cans around the hill.

"Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock, "have I got to be tried by a woman jury?"

"Be quiet," whispered his counsel.

"I won't be quiet, judge! I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women. I'm' guilty."

Just as soon as an average workman gets the idea that any kind of job will satisfy the boss, he is satisfied to do any kind of a job.

Humor

Rachel Heindel's idea of a wasted evening is to spend it motoring with her fellow and another couple, with her fellow doing all the driving.

Any man can make his money last. The trouble is to make it first.

Richard Smith (absorbing the Tremont Ledger): Did you see here that the bones of Columbus have been found?

Herb: You don't say! I never knew that he was a gambling man!

A cold is easier to catch than a wife, but there are lots of cures for a bad cold.

Women are both beautiful and foolish—beautiful that man might love her, and foolish that she might love him.

The height of accomplishment: The freshman class banquet without a disturbance.

The height of stinginess is reached when a fellow enjoys the Victrola but refuses to contribute to its purchase.

All great men are dead:
Washington is dead!
Lincoln is dead!
Penrose is dead!
And Ness said he feels sick!

Willing to Be Convinced

Singer—"Do you really believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder?"

Horine—"Well, you might try it for a month or two."

The Leader

It was the custom of the congregation to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm in concert, and Mrs. Armstrong's habit was to keep about a dozen words ahead all the way through. A stranger was asking one day about Mrs. Armstrong. "Who," he inquired, "was the lady who was already by the still waters while the rest of us were lying down in green pastures?"

A Sure Recipe

The Customer—"I can't find my wife anywhere. What shall I do?"

The Shopwalker—"Just start talking to our pretty assistant over there."

"Wet" Measure

Two pints, one quart,
Two quarts, one fight,
One fight, two cops,
Two cops, one Judge,
One Judge, thirty days.

Marvelous Milk

Visitor—"How much milk does the old cow give?"

Farm-Hand—"About eight quarts a day, mum."

Visitor—"And how much of that do you sell?"

Farm-Hand—"About twelve, mum!"

Suggestions of a Doughboy

Being the Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War, Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One.

1. That there don't be any next war.
(To be continued)

Relieving Monotony

"That young man says he's tired of asking you to marry him only to be refused."

"I'm sorry to hear it," replied Miss Brown. "Proposing is about the only interesting thing he does in a conversational way."

Wrong Wire

Wrecked Motorist (phoning)—"Send assistance at once. I've turned turtle."

Voice (from the other end)—"My dear sir, this is a garage. What you want is an aquarium."

A Mild Hint

Maud—"Have you offered Tom any encouragement?"

Edith—"Oh, yes. When he asked me what my favorite flower was, I said: 'Brown's for pastry and Smith's for bread.'"

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 12)

of the Christmas vacation, is being conducted officially by Prof. Gingrich and the committee of the class presidents,—Mr. Ness, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. E. Stabley, Mr. Sherk and Mr. R. Stabley, cheer leader. To arouse additional interest, interclass contests are being arranged, a prize going to the class turning in the largest number of votes by the end of the campaign in the beginning of February. Local workers are on the job, and the committee reports much progress. At date of writing, a few individuals stand high among the vote-getters, two of them being Prof. Derickson and Mr. Anderson of Lebanon. The Senior Class leads the race among the classes. Reports of the standing of the school under the name of Beck will be given each week in the Thursday chapel session. Keep your eye on the tabulations and work!

Class Stones

Freshmen	Emerald
Sophomores	Soapstone
Juniors	Grindstone
Seniors	Tombstone

Pompous Physician (to man plastering defective wall): The trowel covers up a lot of mistakes.

Workman: Yes, sir, governor; and so does the shovel.

Women's faults are many,
But men have only two:
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

'Twas midnight in the parlor,
'Twas darkness everywhere.
The silence was unbroken,—
There was nobody there.

Smith—Jess, were you up at North Hall after seven last night.

Willard—No, I was only after one.

Women are the sale of the earth—that's why so many men are driven to drink.

Without women this nation would be a stagnation.

Generally speaking, women are—well, generally speaking.

The height of extravagance is to wear a necktie when one has a full beard.

SUCCESS

Conny Leigh Hill

There's something that beckoned Caesar's
men

O'er the burning plains of Gaul;
A something that glows like a hidden
flame,

Deep in the hearts of all;
Something that draws us ever on,
In spite of a world's duress,
Like a guiding fire, it leads us higher:
The magic word, Success.

Something that whispers of things un-
done,

Of things that the world shall need:
Of a power that rises supreme above
The curses of fear and greed;
But all the hopes that mankind has
But shadows are, unless
There's a guiding fire to lead us higher:
The magic word, Success.

A Fool There Was and—

He struck a match to see if the gasoline tank was empty. It wasn't.

He patted a strange dog on the head to see if the critter was affectionate. It wasn't.

He tried to see if he could beat a train to the crossing. He couldn't.

He touched a wire to see if it was charged. It was.

He took a drink of bootleg liquor to see if it had any wood alcohol in it. It did.

(Loud shouting and great acclaim by chorus of undertakers.)

It is the province ov a phool to doubt, disbeleave, and differ; while the things he kant prove, the wize man beleaves the most.

I beleave at least 4 times az mutch az I kan understand; and the man who dont kant even kross a bridge without fear and trembling.

Yung man, git money—git it honestly, bi all means, but git it. Talk is cheap, so iz pedigree, but it takes shekels to buy a drov ov sheep; and 2 thirds ov all mankind will beleave the man who swears on his bank-ackount quicker than the poor man who swears on his Bible.—Josh Billings.

THOSE SOPHS

Again the energetic Freshman class outwitted the intelligent Sophs. Contrary to the Sophs' "bone-head" calculating, the Freshman banquet was a huge success, being made so by the presence of two Soph bomb throwers, one of whom, when facing capture, took a swan dive from a second floor window, and landing head first on the pavement thereby destroyed \$55 worth of good flag stones. That chap should work on a riveting gang. The other would-be bomb thrower amused the Freshmen by his weird imitation of innocence, and while he had used "Second Story Sam's" method of entering, via fire escape, used bum's method of riding the lobby on his ear, accompanied by uniformed trainers. It was later found that the intruders were quite harmless cases.

The Sophomore boys seemed to like the atmosphere on opposite sides of the streets while the Soph girls tried to vamp the manager and take the hotel apart. They left in peace. Boys, next time check all excess baggage and menageries, they might get stolen (little hopes).

It is hoped that the Sophs at least enjoyed their trucking party, if nothing else. One suggestion: Unless you have 15 men to our one, stay away, you'll feel better, and live longer.

Sophs, sell the ivory, it should be converted into buttons.

Easy

"What's all that noise gwine on ovah at you' house last night?" asked an old colored woman of another. "Sounded like a lot of catamounts done broke loose."

"Dat? Why dat was nothin' only de gen'man from the furniture store collecting his easy payments."

He Will Do

The shoe dealer was hiring a clerk. "Suppose," he said, "a lady customer were to remark while you were trying to fit her, 'Don't you think one of my feet is bigger than the other?' what would you say?"

"I should say, 'On the contrary, madam, one is smaller than the other.'"

"The job is yours."

A NEW YEAR'S TRYST

(Continued from Page 7)

and distinguished family, fiery in their love of the south and its ideals, Marian grew into splendid womanhood just as the great war burst upon the world. Life and love and everything worth while hung in the balance while her father, a crotchety o'd colonel, refused to allow her to go to Europe as a Red Cross nurse, although she almost threatened to do so without his consent.

Now all the glamour and ardor of her girlhood were things of the past, and Earnest—even Earnest—had deserted her. The thought that he might be one of the many unknown soldiers buried in nameless graves never seemed to occur to her, but tonight, tonight she almost lost hope.

So many things might have happened to him, and yet he always remembered their tryst.

The bright light of the fire was fading, and more and more of the shadows crept forward nearer to the fire-place and the arm-chair of the forgotten woman; gradually it darkened until only ashes were left. The woman in the arm-chair did not seem to mind. Her head had fallen back on the chair, and she was quietly, smilingly, sleeping the sleep of the just.

She dreamed, and in her dreams she was in a foreign country,—in France, it seemed,—and the space of eleven years between the time of the great war and the present was obliterated. She was a Red Cross nurse, taking care of wounded, terribly wounded soldiers. They marched by, one by one, some without limbs, and some horribly mangled. She did not understand why so few of them stopped for aid. Most of them marched on and on, crying in cessantly. "Let us serve!" "Let us serve!" She did not understand their cries, but occasionally some wounded man would stop for aid, and she would willingly bestow it upon him.

There were terrible noises and sensations, all of which made life seem so intolerable. Her pity for the great mass of moving men grew greater, and sometimes it was unbearable. She began to notice other things peculiar to these men. One was, that they, none of them, seemed to know their names. One day one of them

(Continued on Page 18)

A NEW YEAR'S TRYST

(Continued from Page 17)

said to her: "We are the men missing in action," and then her heart leapt with hope that she might find Earnest among the ranks of these.

Years seemed to go by, and with them the great surge of missing men. She had the sensation that it was the Eve of the New Year, and the men were still passing by. She had become accustomed to seeing them now, and they were so much alike that it did not seem unusual for them to go by. Suddenly, at a distance she saw a familiar figure among the soldiers. She could not be mistaken,—it must be Earnest; he had not forgotten the tryst,—he had come at last. Just as he reached her he gathered her up in his arms, and together they sank into oblivion.

When the bright sun of the New Year shone upon the house and the great room, it found a hungry cat, and a woman in the great arm-chair with a beautiful smile upon her lips. They had kept their tryst even in death.

A QUALITY OF THE TRULY GREAT

(Continued from Page 5)

the sensation you endured! Have you ever given anyone a tongue lashing and then had your victim leave you without a word in return? What a miserable feeling! The very words you used as invectives returned upon your own head with double the momentum you had given them. Your railing proved your own mockery! And, what's more,—you were forced to respect the other fellow, no matter how severe may have been your inherent dislike for him, no matter how vicious your hatred!

This is one of the secrets of great men: not a word in redress; not a blow in return.

To strike back is the motto of the little heart!

If you will take time to read into the lives of the truly great, you will discover that this quality is common to all of them. They refuse to answer criticism. The truly great man knows that seventy-five percent of all criticism is based upon envy and jealousy; the truly great man is wise enough to know that silence is a more powerful factor in solving the problem

of the other twenty-five than any amount of wordy invectives.

To become more practical and commonplace, if you please! Tomorrow as you start forth, put this rule into operation. It will not be long until you meet someone who says an unkind thing to you, or makes a stinging remark. Instead of back-biting as you may usually have done, take the slam in silence, with no word in return; after your assailant has given full vent to his feelings, perhaps having exhausted his emphatic vocabulary, turn about and walk away without a single rebuff! It will not be difficult to notice the immediate change in the attitude of your antagonist; the next time he meets you he will not be able to conceal his newly-born respect for you; and you will have won the victory without a single word.

There are some who will disagree with the viewpoint of this article; possibly you will not ascribe to it. You may hold the doctrine of self-defense and the right to answer targets sent for your discomfort. But, if you search the vaults of your experience, you will not be able to find an instance wherein you achieved at least a moral victory by returning slaps and criticism; you will find that you have made matters worse. And the moral victory will be yours every time you take your slam in silence, even though the accusations be unjust!

Gird yourself with the weapon of Silence to Criticism! Go forth, and you will win the respect of all men! Then you will have taken a step on the road toward true greatness and real success!—Editor.

Mr. John I. Cretzinger, '21, is pursuing a graduate course of study at State College in Pennsylvania prior to receiving his Master's degree. In a letter to Prof. S. H. Derickson he states that he is specializing in Educational Psychology. In his work it has been necessary for him to give progress and individual test to the public school children at State College. A study of the inmates of the Penitentiary five miles from State College has also furnished him with a wealth of information, and he expects to write his master thesis on "Social Welfare Work as Applied to Educating Men in Penal Institutions." "Mose" says that his health is fine, and that the high altitude is doing much to repair the bad job done by the "Roches" while he was in Europe.

Don't Be a Rocket

It is better to climb slowly and surely than to shoot up like a rocket. I know one man who pulled strings so that he maneuvered himself into a more important position than he was capable of filling. He had enough "pull" with the boss to hold his job. Then came a change in the management. And the man was dropped. He had by this time accustomed himself and his wife and family to a rather expensive way of living. He could not afford to take any position paying much less salary. But he could not find anyone willing to employ him at anything like the amount he had received in his big job. Moreover, he was swayed by pride. He argued that if he took the kind of position he had held before he jockeyed himself into the high salaried place, he would be written down a semi-failure. All his friends and associates would figure that he had gone backwards. The result was that this man is, today, far worse off, both financially and mentally, than he would have been had he been contented to move up by degrees on merit.—B. C. Forbes in Forbes.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.

Tiny: What kind of eggs are these?

Waiter: Australian eggs, Miss.

Tiny: Well, why aren't they naturalized, Oliver? They've been here long enough.

It is generally the man who doesn't know any better who does the things that can't be done. You see, the fool doesn't know that it can't be done, so he goes ahead and does it.—Charles Austin Bates.

How is it when I sit me down
To educate my mind,
Although my eyes scan well the page,
My thoughts will lag behind.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him, and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything within its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

"Get Busy"

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,

"I wish I could find a nice little worm."

Said another little chick, with a queer little shrug,

"I wish I could find a nice little bug."

Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,

"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."

"Look here," said the mother, from a green garden patch,

"If you want any breakfast, get busy and scratch."

The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.—Macaulay.

Miss Reeves: May I pull down the window blind? The sun is shining in my face.

Miss Schmauk: No, leave it up. The sun is good for green things.

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—Franklin.

Burglar: One sound from you, and I'll squeeze you to death.

Antique Maid: Remember, that's a promise, and I've sued many a many for breach of promise before.

We editors may dig and toil

Till our finger tips are sore;

But some poor fish is sure to say:

"I heard that joke before."

Yinger: What is the connecting link between animal and vegetable material?

Singer: Hash!

There Was No Mistake

Tired Worker—"Boss, is you got a nigger on your book named Simpson?"

Boss—"Yeah. What about it?"

Tired Worker—"Wal, I'se dat nigger, boss—I just thought you had it down, Sampson."

Billet—Why did they cheer when Mr. Herb got hurt last Saturday.

Oyer—So we couldn't hear what Mr. Herb had to say about it.

To which of the following category do you belong: Backbone? Wishbone? Jawbone?

Floss—Why did they put Bill out of the game?

Midge—For holding.

Floss—Oh, isn't that just like Bill?

My father occupied the chair of applied physics at Cambridge.

Dat's nuttin'; mine occupied the seat of applied electricity at Sing Sing.

Do you know my son at L. V.

Oh, yes. We sleep together in the same—classes.

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

ANNVILLE, PA.

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Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Single copies, 15c each. Address all communications to E. G. Vandenbosche, Lebanon Valley College, Annaville, Penna. Please notify us in case of change of address or if you fail to receive your copy. Entered at the Annaville Post Office as second class matter.

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From A Faint Blue Glow To Modern Miracles

EDISON saw it first—a mere shadow of blue light streaking across the terminals inside an imperfect electric lamp. This “leak” of electric current, an obstacle to lamp perfection, was soon banished by removing more air from the bulbs.

But the ghostly light, and its mysterious disappearance in a high vacuum remained unexplained for years.

Then J. J. Thomson established the electron theory on the transmission of electricity in a partial vacuum—and the blue light was understood. In a very high vacuum, however, the light and apparently the currents that caused it disappeared.

One day, however, a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company proved that a current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum, and could be varied according to fixed laws. But the phantom light had vanished.

Here was a new and definite phenomenon—a basis for further research.

Immediately, scientists began a series of experiments with far reaching practical results. A new type of X-ray tube, known as the Coolidge tube, soon gave a great impetus to the art of surgery. The Kenotron and Pliotron, followed in quick succession by the Dynatron and Magnetron, made possible long distance radio telephony and revolutionized radio telegraphy. And the usefulness of the “tron” family has only begun.

The troublesome little blue glow was banished nearly forty years ago. But for scientific research, it would have been forgotten. Yet there is hardly a man, woman or child in the country today whose life has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the results of the scientific investigations that followed.

Thus it is that persistent organized research gives man new tools, makes available forces that otherwise might remain unknown for centuries.

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Schenectady, N. Y.

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Editorial Pages

The Crucible

A COMMON DANGER

We are all aware of our limitations; some of us are aware of our possibilities.

Every human has limitations to his powers; if this were not so, we would be omnipotent. There is only one Person in either heaven or earth who embodies this quality along with several others of the great "omnies". The mistake with us lies in the fact that we overexaggerate our limitations to the point where we entertain the notion that we, unlike most others, are powerless to do and to be.

Yet we will admit that when all mental illusions have been cleared away, certain illusions have been cleared away, certain exist against which we have no power. Furthermore, among men there is a decided variation in potentialities. Our abilities are largely inherent; the man with two talents can do more—at least has a wider range of possibilities—than the man with one.

Only a few of us can aspire to become great musicians; a still smaller number embody the characteristics of the great executive and organizer; a scattered few ever qualify as outstanding leaders; the poet and lecturer of note received endowments from birth—with few exceptions. We will recognize that there are many things we cannot become; many things that are too high for us, and not only too lofty but also things that lie in fields different from our own talents and inclinations.

Again, some of us are aware of our own powers. Some few of us really know the extent of our potencies; but most of us are fully aware of our mastery of some lines of endeavor. We pride ourselves on the ability—though it be slight—to do some thing well and better than many others can do it. There are some fields we have harvested, some victories we have won, and some accomplishments we have achieved. These accomplishments may come as a result of either mental or physi-

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OUR HANDS AND FEET ARE TIED

We make the above confession with a great deal of regret. Yet it is a fact. We are not free to move as we would.

At the outset of the year it was the hope of the Crucible staff to print sincerely and honestly what we think on matters as they exist. The Mirror column was brought into existence for that express purpose: to mirror Lebanon Valley just as Lebanon Valley really is. The failure of our efforts forces upon us the confession that our hands and feet are tied.

When we attempted to criticize constructively, there were those who viewed it destructively; when we mentioned some thing or fact about our place we did not approve of, a rain of denunciation descended down upon us; when we wished to express our views fearlessly, we were assailed for being prejudiced and biased. We found that we were popular with only those whom we lauded to the skies, and decidedly the averse with those whom we took exception to.

At the very immediate present we see two conditions about the place that need remedying. They must be remedied; if they are not, serious results will be forthcoming. Practically every student would agree with us were we to call them to their attention. Every one sees the same conditions, yet were we to put them into print every one with the exception of a very few would assail us for doing so.

So we shall say nothing. Where is the man who will consciously court disfavor and dislike?

Do you remember the keynote of the address given us the other morning in chapel? It was sincerity.

We do not understand why it is that sincerity among ourselves costs so much—costs so much to those of us—among us—who would be sincere. Yet, it is as true as day follows the night.

Think it over!

The Mirror

We will try to voice public opinion—which means the opinion of the majority.

If there is one quality we all object to with concise unanimity, it is egotism. If a fellow wants to make himself a social outcast, let him practice the above art. We made a mistake: it is not an art, it is ignorance.

Incidentally we refer to a lecturer on our platform some time ago. Most of us enjoyed the talk to a full extent, but most of us thought the personal element was too prominent. We were inclined to the belief that a little too much stress was made on the "I" and the "my". At some points the speaker made himself slightly ridiculous and tiresome. We do not profess to know a great deal about public speaking, especially from the standpoint of a great man. Maybe it was necessary in this distinct case, since the man was a stranger and his subject comparatively new. However, we feel that the same information may have been projected to us across the footlights with the personal element less conspicuous.

Oh, that eternally infernal "I".

* * *

General athletics—in winter season—have never reached such a splendid stage of organization and system as during the present year. We refer especially to the interclass basketball and volleyball contests. The representatives from every class on the various combines are receiving the heartiest support from their classmates. The games at four have proved to be popular. We are pleased to note the precision of the time of starting and the absence of all delays so common formerly. We are indebted to Coach Hollinger for present conditions.

FLUNKED

Never mind! That you have flunked in school does not always mean either that you are lazy or incompetent.

On the contrary, it may be an evidence of your ability.

Schools are arranged on the principle

that there are so many cubic feet of knowledge which a pupil is supposed to put into his brain in order to entitle him to pass into the class above him.

Also upon the theory that you cannot know about a given subject unless you are able to talk or write about it; in other words, to pass a written or oral examination.

Both of these propositions are unsound. They rest upon a theory of education which is out of date: the theory that education consists in a student measuring up to a prearranged system.

True education consists in the development of the individual child's faculties, whatever they may be.

A child may be by nature incapable of mastering mathematics, as Lord Macaulay was. He may have a natural antipathy to Latin or Greek. His Creator may have made him with an inborn taste for music, or agriculture, or for machinery, and with possibilities of great efficiency in these directions. A "system" of education that takes no account of individual trend is no education at all; for education is the bringing out of what is in a person, and not stuffing into him what he can never digest or assimilate. The idea of grading pupils by the amount of text-book knowledge stuff they can eat mentally is medieval.

The examination is humbug. No examination is any test of what one understands or can do.

Writing or speaking is a gift. often it is a trick. The pupil who can tell a thing most glibly is by no means the one who best comprehends it. A man may be able to manage a bank, or make horse shoes, or speak a foreign language, or command a regiment, and be utterly awkward and incoherent when he attempts to write about what he does and how he does it. One of the best maritime writers was only a third-rate practical seaman.

The trouble with the school system of today is in resorting to examinations as a labor-saving device to discover the grading of the student. WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

Our Short Story

A VALENTINE STORY

By MARY YINGER, '24

First I must introduce myself; then I'll tell you my story. I'm a newspaper reporter for the Jonsonburg "Telescope". I've been on the job for about five years, and I must confess that when the boss sends me out for a story I always come back with one. But this morning the blow fell. The boss said to me: "Miss Harrison, get us a good, snappy Valentine story—and get anything, but it must be new." Well, my usual "line" deserted me, and I simply said: "Well, Mr. Cook, I shall do my best, but where I shall be able to stir up some scandal or some romance is more than I can fathom." Then he said: "Well, I'm leaving it to your ability, Miss Harrison, and I know I won't have to worry."

Well, believe me, I sure did feel pretty cheap when I left the office. I had been thinking that perhaps Dick and I could go to Mary Boyd's Valentine Party that evening, but now I would have to work and write up my story—which I had to get. I suppose I should explain that Dick is Mr. Richard Beckley, my fiance. We are to be married, by the way, just as soon as Dick gets his raise from the Standard Oil Company. Dick is a darling, so tall and handsome, extremely dark complexioned, just my opposite. Dick doesn't know much about his parents, having been reared by an aunt. I don't give a hang for family trees. My mother used to tell me that I could trace my descent back to Queen Elizabeth, but goodness, she's dead; and, besides, all I want is Dick, and—O, my goodness, I could rave on for hours, but that would be another story.

Well, to resume, I went out of the office feeling quite blue. I stopped for a moment and talked to my friend, Officer Murphy. I told him of my plight and asked his advice, if he knew anything I could use as a "tip" for a Valentine story. Then he said to me, just in fun you know: "Well, Peggie, me darlin', go up to old man Beckwith's on the hill, and hunt somethin' up there." "Well, I said, "I sure would get

a fine story out of him, wouldn't I, Murphy?"

Well, then I walked away feeling just as blue as ever, when finally Murphy's advice came back to me, and I couldn't help but thinking, "Gee! but that would be a peach of a story if I could get something about old Beckwith."

The more I thought about visiting old Beckwith, the more I liked the idea. Well, I didn't hesitate long. In the newspaper business, one does not give much time to careful deliberation, but rather to action. Five minutes later I found myself turning my footsteps toward the hill. Fifteen minutes later, after a brisk walk, I was at the top of the hill, near Beckwith's driveway. No one can say that I get afraid very quickly; and as I did not see anything very formidable near at hand, I proceeded to walk up the driveway. Without doubt Beckwith's grounds were lovely. They were'n't kept in condition at all; but with care, what a wonderful place this could become! I could picture Dick and myself sitting on one of the old side porches with the clinging vines and rambler roses making the porch a real cozy nook, and the moonlight streaming in through the openings in the vines, and the sweet scented air, the calm stillness, the picturesqueness of it all, and, best of all—Dick and me and—O, my! I just dropped down behind a large bush in time to avoid running into a funny old man whom I supposed must be the gardener or something or other. Goodness, but my heart did beat! I didn't want to get put off the grounds without having accomplished anything. I hid there until he passed, and then I cautiously made my way toward the house. I didn't have any definite plan at all,—I simply let my impulse guide me. I really did not have the nerve to go up and ring the door-bell, so for no reason whatsoever I ran around to the side of the house where a French window opened out upon what must once have been a sunken garden. There were drawn curtains at the window, but through a tiny crack I could get a somewhat hazy idea of the interior of the room. The room seemed quite deserted,

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES

The University of Va.

Not many of my friends would ever think I have bin at a university, at least sum of them said so, but I was once. It was in Charlotesville Va. which is a very nice place. This university was built by Thomis Jefferson who also wrote the decoration of Independents. It is mostly on the ground, as they did not put many of there bildings up in the air them days. This university is much like a college only more so. That is it has a green campuss and fire escapes for the fire to escape from and many other things too numerous to mention as they say at a sail, but it is difrunt because they kno more at a University than they do at a college. It is also bigger an they say it costs more to eat and sleep there. They told me that they had a observatory in connection with the college so I went to look for it. As i dident no what to look for I asket, and about three miles out of town I found it. What do you think it was? It certainly wasent in connection with anything I could see but a big hill. I asket a university perfessor what observatory meant. He said it came from the Latin (which is like English only difrunt and worse) (Ob-servo, to shute. Well it looked to me like a big house with a roof that could be put back for target practiss. The long range gun they had pointed at the stars most of used smokeless and noiseless powder.

Thomis Jefferson lies buried outside Charlotesville. His grave has a very fitting and beautiful remark. It says Here lies Thomis Jeferson, arthur of the decoration of Independence and father of the University of Virginia. That is the university I went threw. I went in at the muzeeum and they invited me to stay, but as it was gettin late I wanted to go on threw, so after looking at everything from the size of a fishworm to a ellefant bigger than any of Mr. Barnum & Bailey's, I wandered threw the university trying to find a place to get out when the kind janitor showed me the back door of the room where Edward Allen Po did his ravin' on

a midnight dark an' dreary, an said they had no further need of my services. It is a cold crooel world, and the thunder an lightnin was mixed up with the rain that started to pore that evening so much that I nearly got wet gettin back to the big hearted Ford that so kindly took me to the only university I ever went threw.

I have concluded that a university would be a very good place for such as need it, and sum others. It is not quite clear to me yet tho, what would happen if the observatory perfessor and the university perfessor should fall out. I guess it wood be good-night to the university if the long range gun was ever pointed that way.

Yours fer the enlightment of humanity,
DAVID FIT.

QUOTATIONS FROM GREAT MEN OF THE PRESENT

The women are all right; but they want nothing but loving, and I can't give it to them because they don't want it from me.—**Alton Reifsnyder.**

There are two sides to every great problem. When you can't keep them out who dump your bed, put out your bed and sleep on the floor. Anyhow, the rats must live!—**Alfred Stine.**

You should have seen me when I was a baby.—**J. J. Frank.**

When I became a man I put away childish things. (????)—**Prof. Wagner.**

I mighta but I didn't.—**Warren Kreider.**

To Herb: When you and I get to heaven —**Ruel Swank.**

I ain't nobody's darling!—**Fat Miller.**

To be ideal is to be single.—**Eleanor Shaffer.**

To be single is divine —**Emery Reidel**
A vacation is relished by the best of men.—**William Weiser.**

Where I come from—**Roxy Snyder.**

Well, boys, my dad's the mayor of Williamstown, now!—**Russel Shadel.**

Dove a la Diplomat.—“Some o' deshere diplomats.” said Uncle Eben, “looks like dev was after de dove of peace wif a carvin' knife. same as if it was a turkey.”—**Washington Star.**

From Other Sanctums

SIGNIFICANT SAYINGS

"The modern woman is the finest product of the ages; and as for her skirts, they look better short, and are far cleaner than they were when they swept the dust of the streets."—Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York (99 years of age).

"I am astounded and too full to express my opinion of the fact that a transcontinental railroad recently opened smoking compartments exclusively for the use of women."—Mrs. Frances E. Burns, at National Council of Women.

"An acre of potatoes will produce alcohol enough to plow it with tractors for 100 years."

"There is no moral isolation for the defenders of Liberty and Justice."—Secretary Hughes.

"Habit is the fly-wheel of civilization."—William James.

"Ireland will now be one of the finest places in the world in which to live."—Earl of Granard.

"I believe that the Conference at Washington is the biggest thing that has happened in my lifetime."—Admiral Sims.

"We are going to succeed"—in the Washington Conference—"beyond our fondest hopes."—President Harding.

"The thing itself"—the agreement on Ireland—"is absolutely unthinkable. We have always been slaves, but unwilling slaves. Now we are subscribing to our slavery."—Dr. Gertrude Kelly, President Irish Women's Council (resident in New York City).

A Changing Feature.—Jack—"Ma! Freddie's been hurt at football!"

Fond Mamma—"Oh, dear, dear! What does the telegram say?"

Jack—"Nose broken. How shall I have it set—Greek or Roman?"—London Mail.

WHY HE COULDN'T BUILD UP HIS CHURCH

By Elizabeth S. Muir

He used the pulpit as a convenient place for getting off the latest jokes, for the airing of his store of anecdotes, for sly allusions to his family, and for political speeches.

He was so busy with his clubs and organizations that he had no time for private prayer and study.

He only called on the well-to-do of his congregation, that is, in a friendly manner.

He depended on a stereopticon instead of the Word of God to fill the church.

He stayed clear of "the earnest seeker," being afraid he might get into a hole.

He was always in such a hurry after service that the heart-hungry could never get a word with him.

He gave out a text and then soared completely away from it.

He had a hazy notion that a nice little essay on the dignity of man, garnished with optical selections, was an excellent substitute for Bible expositions.

Nobody under his ministry was ever inspired to take notes.

Finally, he treated the greatest piece of literature in the world. The Holy Bible, as a graceful adjunct to the pulpit—quite family heirloom style—instead of using it as a text book from which to expound the things of the living God—His plans, His promises, and His purposes.

SOUR GRAPES?

Harvard's president expresses the opinion that too much importance is being attached to college football.

We didn't hear any such talk during the years when Harvard's unbeatable machine was crushing its rivals or running over them for large scores.

Can it be that some of the recent events involving Penn State and the "Praying Colonels" have jaundiced the judgment of the learned gentleman in question?

We didn't know they cultivated sour grapes at Harvard.

Alumni Notes

On Friday evening, January the twenty-seventh, Miss Mary L. Irwin, '15, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Irwin, of Harrisburg, became the bride of Major John Calvin Slumberger, of Allentown. Dr. I. E. Runk, pastor of the Annville United Brethren Church, performed the ceremony. Mrs. Shumberger directly after her graduation from Lebanon Valley College, taught English in the high school at Altoona, and later became an instructor in the Central High School at Harrisburg. She has been active in church and social work, having served as organist and chorister at the Boas Street United Brethren church. Major Shumberger was formerly a resident of Harrisburg, and is well known in military and Masonic circles, and is comptroller of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, and is superintendent of the First Presbyterian Sunday School at Allentown. They will reside at 40 North Ninth street, Allentown.

The announcement made recently that Miss Anne Duncan Wills, of Duncannon, will become the bride of Dr. Josiah F. Reed, '12, of Harrisburg, is of interest to "Crucible" readers. Miss Wills is a graduate of Wells College, in New York, and has been vitally interested in many forms of social welfare work.

Rev. Dr. B. F. Daugherty, '84, pastor of the Trinity United Brethren Church, Lebanon, delivered an address before the Ministerial Association of Philadelphia, recently, in which he criticized very pointedly the tendency toward skepticism and agnosticism in many of the colleges and universities of the country. The address called forth favorable comment from the press.

The students of the Conservatory of Music and Oratory Department of L. V. C. gave an Evening Recital, Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1922, in Engle Hall.

The audience was very small, and the participants were impressed with the fact that their labors are appreciated at L. V. C. to a great extent.

Despite the fact that the Athletic Association usurped the attention of many of

our "students", the music and oratory students rendered the following program, which merits much praise:

Organ—Festival March (A. Storr)—Mr. Donald E. Fields.

Piano—Fantasia in D Minor (Mozart)—Miss Ruth Baker.

Reading—How the Church Was Built at Kehoe's Bar (Bennet)—Miss Mae Morrow.

Voice—The Winds in the South (Scott)—Miss Dorothy Sholly.

Monologue—Billy's Bed Time (Agnes M. Smith)—Miss Lucile Shenk.

Organ—Berceuse (Kinder)—Miss Sara Werner.

Reading—An Order for a Picture (Alice Carey)—Miss Kathryn Kratzert.

Piano—Minuet in G Sharp Minor (Chaminade)—Miss Florence Stark.

Voice—The Nightingale (Ward-Stephens)—Miss Pearl Seitz.

Reading—The Price of the Past Participle (Cameron)—Miss Ruth Hiester.

Organ—At Evening (Kinder)—Mr. Ira Ruth.

Piano—The Lark (Glinka-Balakarew)—Miss Catharine Englehardt.

Reading—"Special Providence" (Frank L. Stanton)—Miss Mae Reeves.

Mother—"Do you feel timid about asking Jack for money, dear?"

Daughter (a quite new bride)—"No, mother, but he seems very timid about giving it to me."—London Mail.

Olga—"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry?"

Burtner—"It all depends upon how many times you marry."—Kasper (Stockholm).

Not Enough—"Pamela, do try to be content with your lot!"

"That's just the trouble, Auntie. You see, it isn't a lot!"—London Mail.

Base Deceiver—"Have you broken off your engagement?"

"Yes. The wretch told me he was a bookmaker, but I found out that he was only an author."—Copenhagen Klods Hans.

Christian Organizations

The Star Course number on the night of Jan. 19, 1922, consisted of a lecture on Character Analysis by Dr. Balkin, an expert in that field. A large crowd spent a profitable evening, entertaining as well as educational and enlightening. The science of Character Reading—as a science, is a new one—yet it has existed ever since the dawn of creation, since it enters into every human relationship and dealing. Dr. Balkin explained that the science did not present any new truths, but only combined the truths and facts of the various sciences and philosophies of the world over, and co-ordinated them into a well-defined system which is called Character Analysis.

After explaining the basis and foundation for the new science of man, and giving out to the audience the fundamental facts about it, he called for volunteers to present themselves to the platform for analysis. Messrs. Herr and Arnold responded to the call, and the audience was greatly interested in the analysis deductions.

DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS

The regular devotional meetings of the Y. M. C. A. and the Tuesday evening prayer meetings for the co-eds have been called off for the present time, when revival meetings are being conducted in the college church, where Dr. Runk is pastor. It is urged that the attendance at these meetings be added to the meetings in church, and the pastor desires that the students turn out each evening they find it possible to leave their studies.

On Monday night, Jan. 23, the student body, as a result of a special invitation extended from the college platform the preceding Thursday morning, attended the church services enmasse in the United Brethren church. Including members of the faculty, the entire band numbered well over one hundred fifty, filling the middle tiers of the church. The opening part of the services were given into the hands of the students, who sang first "Onward, Christian Soldiers", then passed a resolution of appreciation for the kind invita-

tion to the services, sang the Alma Mater and held a short season of prayer. The college choir sang several delightful selections, Prof. Campbell presiding at the organ. Miss Letitia Withrow, head of the department of vocal training of the college, then rendered a splendid solo. Three short addresses followed by Dr. Runk, Dr. Gossard, president of the college, and Mr. Graybill, of Annville, who is known and respected by the entire student body. It was a meeting well enjoyed by all who attended.

The Y. W. C. A. was especially honored and happy to have Miss Madeline Erskine with them for three days.

A Secretary's visit means much to the local association, as she is sure to bring inspiration, ideas, and thoughts of what others are doing.

The girls were complimented on their amount of sacrifice money raised for Student Friendship Fund.

Miss Hair, as our religious meetings chairman, is bringing us very interesting and helpful meetings.

Dr. Runk favored us last Sunday with a helpful talk.

The socials have been few this year, owing to the college's crowded calendar, but Miss Gleim, the social chairman, delighted us with a novel party during Miss Erskine's stay here.

The National Convention will be held April 21-26, at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Very few colleges can afford to send a delegate, but we are proud that Lebanon Valley is going to send a delegate. So far, Penn State and Bucknell are the only colleges to answer in the affirmative.

It is desired that all will observe the quiet hour accompanied by organ music which Y. W. C. A. are conducting during examination week.

Doing Her Best.—"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

College Activities

PHILO-CLIO JOINT SESSION

The Philo-Clio joint session, held Friday evening, Jan. 13, was one of the most successful events of that nature held during the school year. A large crowd of co-eds turned out, and Philo hall was crowded. The meeting was in charge of the Philos, who extended the invitation to the co-ed society, and was presided over by the president, Mr. Paul Ness. After the devotional exercises by Rev. E. E. Miller, a piano duet was played by Miss Minerva Raab and Mr. Donald Fields. An oration by J. Russel Bowman followed, after which the auditors were favored with a vocal duet by Miss Zeigler and Mr. George Hohl. An original story by Rhodes Stabley and a harmonica solo were next in order on the programme. Miss Ruth Heister gave a splendid reading.

A play in one act proved to be the feature of the evening's programme. The general setting lay in an immigration office where all sorts of personages entered seeking entrance into this great country of ours. The dialogue which followed, and the peculiar situations which arose caused much mirth and laughter. The characters in the playlet were the Misses Jo Stine, Anna Stern, Olga Smith, Marion Hess, Marie Steiss, Eleanor Shaffer, and the Messrs. Russel Shadel, Armand Miller, Earl Fake, Maryan Matuszak, Ernest Hartz, and Meyer Herr.

The last number on the programme was the reading of the Olive Branch by the editor, Miss Lena Weisman. A happy social hour was enjoyed by all, during which sandwiches, punch and cakes were served.

DELPHIAN-KALO JOINT SESSION

Friday evening, Jan. 28, the Kalozetean and Delphian literary societies held their joint session. It was very well attended by members of both societies, including many visitors.

The program consisted of several well prepared numbers, contributed by both societies.

OrationG. Vandenbosche
Piano Duet.....Mr. Ruth and Miss Baker

Reading.....Miss Singer
Mixed Quartette—Mr. Weik, Miss Hostetter, Mr. Rhoades, Miss Seigfreid.

Debate:—Resolved, That an Order of the Knights of the Unbuckled Arctics Should be Established at L. V. C. Affirmative—Weik, Oyer. Negative, Wenner, Yinger.

Examiner.....By Chas. Dando

The delightful evening was brought to a conclusion by sumptuous refreshments. The session was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, especially the Delphians, this being their first joint session since their organization.

Lebanon Valley had the rare privilege of hearing a recital given by Miss Ruth E. Engle, teacher of Piano in the Conservatory of Music, and Mr. R. Porter Campbell, assistant director of the Conservatory, Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1922, in Engle Conservatory.

The program was very well rendered, and the artists deserve much credit.

The following program was rendered:
Piano—Sonata, (Op. 57 (First Movement), (Beethoven)—Mr. Campbell.

Organ—Sure le Nil (Becker); Largo from "New World Symphony" (Dvorak); Hosannah (Dubois)—Mr. Campbell.

Piano—Berceuse (Chopin); Ballade in A Flat (Chopin)—Mr. Campbell.

Piano—Concerto in A Minor (First Movement), (Schumann)—Miss Engle; Mr. Campbell, Organ.

Piano—A Tale (MacDowell); Scherzo, Op. 4 (Brahms)—Mr. Campbell.

Ensemble—Valse from Suite, Op. 15 (Arensky); Espana (Chabrier) — Miss Engle and Mr. Campbell.

Considerate.—"Would you mind driving a little slower, old man?"

"Not getting scared, are you?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that, but I'd hate to take an unfair advantage of my life insurance company."—New York Sun.

I'm not quite sure about your washing machine. Will you demonstrate it again?"

"No, madam. We only do one week's washing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Science Column

SCIENCE IN THE AIR

Supercharger Made Record Breaking Airplane Flight Possible

The recent record breaking airplane flight of Lieut. J. A. MacReady to a height of over 40,000 feet was made possible through the use of special turbine supercharger. This is a device which takes the scant supply of oxygen from the rarefied atmosphere at these tremendous heights and compresses it to sea level density, supplying it at this density to the carburetors of the airplane engine.

The supercharger does the same thing for the engine that oxygen flasks do for the pilot—prevents suffocation.

Beyond altitudes of 15,000 feet, the aviator must begin to take oxygen.

As the aviator approaches 20,000 feet, the gas engine of his airplane begins to struggle, also for want of oxygen; for at that level there is only half as much oxygen in the atmosphere as there is at sea level. The speed of the engine slows down because there is not enough oxygen for combustion.

Aided by the supercharger, however, the airplane can now master heights unattainable without it. The supercharger has given the gas engine of the airplane actually more vitality than the man who rides in the airplane.

Dr. Sanford A. Moss, research engineer, who designed the G. E. supercharger, has made the apparatus work by means of a complete cycle of operations. The red-hot exhaust gases from the airplane engine, which formerly passed off into the air as wasted energy, are now made to discharge against a small turbine wheel, causing it to revolve at between 20,000 and 30,000 revolutions per minute.

The turbine drives a centrifugal air compressor, which compresses the small percentage of oxygen in the rarefied air to sea level density and feeds it into the carburetors of the engine. That enables the engine to continue running at full power; to continue driving the propeller of the airship; and to continue discharging exhaust gases, which, in turn, continue to operate the turbine wheel.

LAND LIGHT HOUSES!

Demonstrations with an apparatus consisting of a large size searchlight and a huge inclined mirror, which have just been completed by the searchlight engineers of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., are believed to be the forerunners of land lighthouses for the use of aeroplanes at night.

The equipment used in the tests comprised a 36-inch, high intensity searchlight having a capacity of 325,000,000 beam candlepower and a mirror sufficiently large to reflect this powerful beam. The searchlight was enclosed in a housing structure and remained stationary. The beam played through a window in the house upon the mirror, and was reflected straight up into the sky to a great height. The mirror was inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, and was movable, allowing the light beam to be rotated in the air.

The proposal is to identify the town or station by rotating the light in a certain manner. Thus a string of these land lighthouses could be set up, 25 miles apart, between two points, like New York and Washington, and to the aeroplane pilot familiar with their signals they would constitute a perfect guiding path through the night, as well as identify desired landing places. By enclosing the searchlight, this delicate apparatus would be protected at all times from the weather.

In the General Electric tests, the light beam was observed at points from 65 to 75 miles distant. Land light houses, if established, would be only about half as far apart, however.

Revenge Is Sweet.—Ex-Doughboy—"Did you ever get even with that second loot since the war?"

Ex-Buddy (now a plumber)—"I'll say so. I fixed some pipes in his cellar."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Real Consideration—"Yassuh, mah Sambo am a perfect gemmum, even if we-all do get into a spat now an agin. Yassur, he nevah hits me where it shows."—*The Orange Owl.*

Athletics

BASKETBALL

Our Varsity has played some of the very best teams in the country since our last issue of the Crucible. They have both won and lost. Such teams as Penn State, Bucknell, Susquehanna, Gettysburg, Juniata and F. & M. were played. In every game our fellows displayed fine form. Against Penn State they made a remarkable showing, for at the end of the first half the score stood at only 10-6 against them. However, the second half proved fatal to them and they lost. At Bucknell it seemed as though they were up against it, for every try at the basket by a Bucknell player tallied, while our men could not locate the basket. At Selinsgrove, on January 20, the team displayed their best form, and against a veteran varsity won by a creditable score. The game was exceedingly interesting thruout. At F. & M., on January 6, the team suffered another defeat. F. & M. has one of the best basketball teams in its history, and against our varsity displayed excellent form. At Huntingdon, on January 13th, Juniata was played. The game was exceedingly close throughout, and it was not until the last minute that a Juniata player tossed a field goal from the center of the floor, thus deciding the game.

While our varsity was playing their games on foreign floors, the Junior varsity was representing us in a commendable manner.

On Dec. 10th they successfully defeated the strong Harrisburg Apprentice five by a 22-14 score, on our own floor. Ten men played in this game, and all made a commendable showing.

On Jan. 10 they again, on our floor, defeated the Lebanon High five by a score of 32-12. Both Behman and Smith starred. The team was going good, and should win the other games on the schedule easily.

On January 14 they met their first defeat of the season at Palmyra, when the Palmyra All-Stars defeated them by the score of 31-20. It was a rough game, and

Again on Jan. 18 the Annville Big Five very interesting.

defeated the team by a score of 23-11. Lack of team work seemed to be the reason for the defeat.

The next game, on Jan. 30, was played at Lancaster, with the High School of that place. The game, which was very rough, was close till the end. It was anybody's game till the final whistle. The excellent foul shooting of Yohn was a big factor in the High School's victory, for our fellows outscored them 8-5 in long shots from the floor. None of our team's field goals was a peep. They were made at a difficulty.

Gettysburg played our Varsity in our own Gymnasium on January 19. A fine crowd attended the game, showing the interest taken by the students in our team. Although the boys had outplayed Gettysburg at Gettysburg, the team seemed somewhat off color, and at the right time failed to stage a comeback. The visitors thereby won 25-23. The game was close and exceedingly interesting thruout.

Thus, in the last six games played, but one has resulted in a victory for us. However, the team played all but one away from home, and against veteran teams and the advantage of strange floors. Nevertheless they report fine treatment at the places visited, and are still optimistic about a successful season. Following are the line-ups and summary:

JAN. 6	F. & M.	L. V.
Forward.....	Rhoads	Cohen
Forward.....	Jones	Will Wolfe
Center.....	Madison	Clarkin
Guard.....	King	H. Homan
Guard.....	Weismuller	Walt Wolfe
Score: Field goals—Cohen, 2; Homan, 3; Walt Wolfe, 1; Rhoads, 5; Jones, 3; Madison, 1; Neeley (sub. for Jones), 1. Fouls—Will Wolfe, 11 out of 13; Rhoads, 10 out of 17.		

Won by F. & M., 23-30. Referee—Fulker.

JAN. 13	Juniata	L. V.
Forward.....	Engle	Wm. Wolfe
Forward.....	Donelson	Metoxin
Center.....	Shanto	Walt Wolfe
Guard.....	Hoffman	H. Homan
Guard.....	Oller	Cohen

Score: Field goals—Wm. Wolfe, 1; Metoxin, 1; Walt Wolfe, 4; Homan, 1; Cohen, 2; Engle, Donelson, 2; Shanto, 3; Hoffman. Fouls—Wm. Wolfe, 10 out 12; Hoffman, 10 out 14.

Won by Juniata, 28-30. Referee—Neff.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Humor

How Meta Got a Job

She was applying for a position as stenographer, and he questioned her thus?

"Chew gum?"

"No, sir."

"Spell cat and dog and such words correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get here on time and work while you are here?"

"Yes, sir."

Then she began:

"Smoke bad tobacco while you're dictating?"

"Why, no."

"Take it out on your office force when you've had a row at home?"

"Certainly not."

"Know enough English grammar and spelling to appreciate a good letter when it's written for you?"

"Why—er—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time so—"

But he interrupted her eagerly:

"Say, there's a locker there for your wraps. Hang them up and let's get busy at these letters."—Forbes.

Simple If You Know How.—Bosh—

"Just saw a man with his arms off at the shoulder cutting wood. Quite a difficult stunt."

Frosh—"How did he do it?"

Bosh—"He held the handle in his mouth and turned somersaults."—The Orange Owl.

A COMMON DANGER

(Continued from Page Five)

cal labor, or both; they may be in the factory or the shop, the office or study, the platform or pulpit, public or private.

It has been said that man frowns upon that thing that he has conquered. It holds true here. None of us are so meek or humble or sincere that we do not carry about with us just a bit of conceit—man is a conceited animal. We are conceited enough—we hold in our secret consciousness enough pride—to refrain from stoop-

ing to do certain things in life, be they perfectly honorable and respectable. We frown upon those things to which we deem ourselves far superior. There are many small things we would not think of doing to maintain our lives and livelihood; we have risen above them, and we will not willingly lower ourselves to them.

But now—the danger!

All of us admit that there are some things we cannot hope to do or become—we recognize certain limitations. Most of us recognize our own superiority to many other things. The two extremes may be illustrated by the President of the United States and a street sweeper of a large city. Few of us can hope to become the former; most of us have aspirations and ambitions high above the latter.

But the real danger lies in the fact that between the two we often accomplish nothing. The big range of activity lies in the middle ground between the two extremes. The possibilities there are not the very highest, nor are they the very lowest. In this broad field lies work and accomplishment and success for each one of God's creatures; its actual boundaries have never been calculated. The finite mind cannot hope to deal with matters infinite, neither can we hope to estimate the scope of possibilities within the great middle field. It is the province of life and living for the great world of humanity; a few occupy the heights above, some are in the depths below.

Stake your claim in the middle field! Build there the dwelling of your life! And yours will be a harvest of plenty and a home of happiness.

And let us remember the words of some bard who said:

Between the bigger things we know we cannot do,

And all the smaller ones we will not lower to,

The danger, friend, lies in the fact that we'll accomplish none;

Too small for some, too big for most, with nothing ever done.

R. RHODES STABLEY.

Annville, Penna.

THE CRUCIBLE

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

JAN. 14 Penn State L. V.
 Forward.....Ritner Wm. Wolfe
 Forward.....Cornwell Cohen
 Center.....Shair Walt Wolfe
 Guard.....Koehler Clarkin
 Guard.....Wilson H. Homan
 Score: Field goals—Cohen, 3; Ritner, 1; Cornwell, 1; Shair, 1; Koehler, 5; Reed (sub. for Cornwell), 3. Fouls—Wm. Wolfe, 8 out 18; Koehler, 5 out 11; Reed, 2 out 6.
 Final score—P. State, 31; L. V., 13. Referee—Wheatley.

JAN. 19 Gettysburg L. V.
 Forward.....Bream Wm. Wolfe
 Forward.....Emanuel Metoxin
 Center.....Weigle Walt Wolfe
 Guard.....Fisher H. Homan
 Guard.....Gingrich Cohen
 Score: Field goals—Wm. Wolfe, 1; Walter Wolfe, 1; Cohen, 2; Bream, 2; Weigle, 2; Gingrich, 2; Gantz (sub. for Bream), 1. Fouls—Wm. Wolfe, 16 out 22; Fisher, 10 out 16.
 Final score—Gettysburg, 25; L. V., 23. Referee—Schwartz.

JAN. 20 Susquehanna L. V.
 Forward.....Cole Wm. Wolfe
 Forward.....Sweeney Cohen
 Center.....Rogowicz Walt Wolfe
 Guard.....Raymer H. Homan
 Guard.....Goffney Clarkin
 Score: Field goals—Wm. Wolfe, 2; Cohen, 2; Walt Wolfe, 3; Homan, 1; Clarkin, 1; Cole, 1; Rogowicz, 1; Raymer, 1; Goffney, 1. Fouls—Wm. Wolfe, 9 out 13; Sweeney, 11 out 17; Bayenclink (sub. for Sweeney), 3 out 3.
 Final score—L. V. 27; Susquehanna, 22. Referee—Taggart.

JAN. 23 Bucknell L. V.
 Forward.....Dayhoff Wm. Wolfe
 Forward.....Searles Cohen
 Center.....Treadwell Walt Wolfe
 Guard.....Dietrich H. Homan
 Guard.....Biehl Clarkin
 Score: Field goals—Wm. Wolfe, 2; Cohen, 1; Walt Wolfe, 2; Homan, 1; Dayhoff, 4; Searles, 2; Treadwell, 3; Dietrich, 4; Biehl, 2. Fouls—Wm. Wolfe, 12 out 17; Biehl, 16 out 21.
 Referee—Wheatley.

THE FOOT-BALL BANQUET

In one of the most elaborate occasions of its kind ever held at Lebanon Valley College, the football men of the season nineteen twenty-one were given a banquet in honor of their services on the gridiron. About seventy persons were present in all—of which about forty received letters, eighteen of which were varsity, the remainder second varsity material.

The North Hall dining hall was decorated tastily by the band of freshmen co-

horts, and the feasting began shortly after eight o'clock. The menu consisted of Oyster Cock Tail, Celery, Olives, Mixed Nuts, Braised Roast Chicken, Chestnut Stuffing, Cranberry Sauce, Sweet Potato Glaze, Creamed Corn, Sherbert Alma Mater, Turéax Salad, Mince Pie a la Mode, Cakes, Bon Bons, Cafe Noir, and After Dinner Mints.

After the waiters had cleared away the last remains of a heartily devoured meal, the speechmaking part of the evening was inaugurated when Dr. Gossard, toastmaster, delivered a short address of welcome and introduced the first speaker, Prof. Christian R. Gingrich, who spoke on "Faculty Views," giving out in the course of his remarks not only humor, but also some vital hints on the present position of the faculty in regards to athletics and especially football. Coach Henry Wilder was the next speaker, dealing with the subject, "Prospects and Retrospects," outlining in a crisp manner not only the past season, which has been his first with the local college, but also giving plans for the coming year when a bigger and better team will be put into the field. Mr. Joseph K. Hollinger, Athletic Director of the College, and Wilder's chief assistant during the football season, orated on the subject "Our Athletic Aims," followed by Dr. J. E. Marshall on "A Councilman's Dreams." Then, the manager of 1921, Mr. Adam D. Miller, delivered a short address on "Ham and Sham," which was followed by ex-Captain Mr. Richard Smith, on the subject, "Nineteen Twenty One." The captain-elect, Mr. Ferdinand Beck, who hails from Harrisburg, spoke on "Nineteen Twenty Two" after which Dr. Runk produced one of the witty speeches of the evening when he spoke on "Scrimmage".

The letters were not presented at the banquet due to the absence of several men who were detained by business affairs. Last week all the "L" men were awarded gold footballs during the chapel period, these gifts coming in part from the student body as donors and part from outside sources in appreciation of the fine work of the team the past season.

Following is a list of the winners of the "T": Richard Smith, Ferdinand Beck, Warren Fake, Ralph Homan, Russel Behman, Henry Homan, Edgar Whistler, Reuben Cohen, Frank Carpenter, William Weushinski, Joseph Danker, William

(Continued on Page Twenty)

THE CRUCIBLE

A VALENTINE STORY

(Continued from Page Seven)

both as to people and furniture. There was a small table in the middle of the room, but with that exception the room was absolutely devoid of furniture. What a queer, queer place, I thought to myself. Very much enthused by this quiet room, I had a great longing to see more of the house before I decided my lot. So I walked to another wing of the house, and made an attempt to peep in the window. This was a more difficult feat than peeping in the other window, because this window was rather high, and I had to stand on my tip-toes in order to peep in. The curtains were drawn also, but fortunately, as in the previous case, there was a tiny opening which I made use of.

At first I could not make out much more than that the room was dimly lighted, because it was quite late in the afternoon now. But just as I was getting my eyes accustomed to this semi-light, someone flashed it on full force, and immediately everything in the room was in view.

But what did I see before me? What? What? I felt a cold, sick, clammy feeling steal over me. My throat seemed to be clogged. My eyes bulged, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, my knees shook. I grasped the sill for support. There in that room, before my gaze, was my Dick, my beloved, strapped to a chair, with a gag in his mouth; and dancing before him, with maniacal fury, an old, gray-headed man. I closed my eyes for a minute to try to steady my senses, and finally I stared into the room again. Then, indeed. I did feel sick; I felt a knife slowly but surely going deep, deep down in my heart. The maniac before Dick was waving wildly a small dagger, coming near Dick and jabbing him, then dancing away again. I don't know how long I stood as if hypnotized. I could not move, I could not cry, I was as if turned to stone. I tried to move, but to no avail,—I was beyond help. I feared I was going to die right there, when suddenly a hand touched me on the shoulder. I shivered and brushed it off as if it were a falling leaf. Human vices could not hurt me. I was dying; I knew it. Finally I felt myself spun around very roughly, and I looked into the face of a big, burly negro. Then everything seemed to blur, dizziness overcame me. I knew the end had come. I was dying.

When I awoke the next morning, the sun was shining brightly. I found that I hadn't died after all. I was sitting in a big chair. I opened my eyes wide and rubbed them, thinking that I had dreamed it all, and was simply awaking from this bad dream. But no such luck! I no sooner moved than a little old man came to me. "Don't worry, Miss, you won't get hurt, just don't try to get away," he piped. After this speech, he left the room. As if I would sit there comfortably, since they hadn't taken the trouble to bind me, when I knew Dick was in danger! I got out of the chair, and waited for some one to come. Since no one appeared, I felt brave enough to make another move. I tip-toed to the door and turned the knob—of course, locked! O! what was it all about? Had I really seen Dick in that chair? Was he dead by this time? Of all the solutions to this problem that went thru my head, none would do. Finally I became thoroughly disgusted with myself for sitting down thinking when I should be up and doing. The windows caught my eye. I

Window—nailed shut! I tried another window—nailed shut! I tried the third and last window—nailed shut! Just then I heard footsteps, and again the little old man came into the room. Then I recognized him. He was the man from whom I had hid in the driveway, and whom I had surmised to be the gardener. "A fine gardener!" I said aloud. "What did you say, Miss?" he squeaked. "O, nothing," I replied. "Well, I just wanted to tell you, when you try the windows again, don't be so noisy about it," he giggled, and hurried out of the room. I could have choked him. The old ape! I could have choked myself, too. Well, I would get out of that room—I would! I would! I sat there, and then began to take in the room more in detail. I noticed that I had overlooked something. Why was there such a long curtain hanging from almost the ceiling over in that left-end corner of the room? I no sooner thought of this, then I ran to the curtains and pulled them aside. About six feet up the wall was a small, small window. Well, I had my doubts as to whether I could possibly squeeze thru the window, even if it were unlocked, or, rather, unnailed. I listened if I could hear any noise, but everything was exceptionally quiet. I had seen that I was in a room on the second floor of the house. I quickly, and as quietly as possible, dragged

a table toward the part of the room where the window was located, and upon the table I placed a chair. Yes, I could just about reach the window when standing upon the chair. I quickly climbed upon the table and then upon the chair, and found that I could easily reach the window. Breathlessly I tried to open the window. It worked. I found that I could raise it. I could scarcely restrain my joy. I could escape now. But never until that very minute did it strike me that I had no means of letting myself down to the ground. After all my trouble I was lost. I could have cried. What was going to be the end of it all? I grasped the long, hanging curtains for support. Why, here was my real support and aid! Why not use the curtains? If I tied these together, I could easily reach the ground. Immediately I ripped the curtains from their fastenings, and listened intently for the sound of approaching footsteps, but none came. Gleefully I tied the curtains together, and carefully knotted them, and then tied the one end to a massive mahogany desk. The other end I carried with me in my ascent up the table and chair. Then I opened the window as far as I could and let the curtain fall from the window. I hesitated for a minute. I had seen such stunts done in movies, and had read of them in books, but never had I actually tried any. But if I hesitated, I knew I would be lost, so I squeezed myself through the tiny window (I thanked my lucky stars that I'm small) and wrapped my feet and legs around the curtain. Then, hand over hand, I slowly and painfully let myself to the ground. Long before I reached the ground I feared my arms would give out. My head swam about, and my fingers became numb. Finally I felt a bump, and expected to find once more the big negro. But the bump meant that my foot had struck the most wonderful thing—good old Mother Earth. I fell in a heap upon the ground, almost senseless. I felt as if I could not move, but thoughts of Dick's peril drove me to action. I struggled to rise, and finally I got to my feet. I walked very unsteadily, but as quickly as possible. Finally, with the good fresh air blowing in my face, new life and vigor returned, and I broke into a run. I ran and ran and never stopped until I bumped into Officer Murphy. "O, Murphy, Murphy!" I gasped, "please come immediately."

As best I could, which was very brokenly, I told him of my past day's and night's experience. He said he would come immediately. He called up the station and asked that Officers Flammer and Curran be sent immediately to him to help on a case. A few minutes later Flammer arrived, and we three set out for Beckwith's. Murphy insisted that I go home and rest, but what could I do, when Dick was in danger. The hill never seemed so steep, but finally we reached the top. Flammer and Curran went around to the rear, and Murphy and I went to the front door. Murphy drew his revolver and rang the door-bell, pushing me behind him. We all were expecting trouble, but we were fooled. The old white friend of mine (gardener) came to the door and said: "Sh-sh-sh! Please don't make any noise. O—the young lady—did she get out safely!"

"Well, just step aside, please; we are looking for a certain Mr. Richard Beckley," ordered Murphy.

"Well, come inside, but please let me explain before you make any disturbance." We stepped inside the door, and if we expected any foul play, we were fooled, because the old man asked us to be seated, but we shook our heads, and Murphy told him to go on with his explanation. Then some astonishing facts came to light.

With tears trickling down his wrinkled face, the old man began: "Long years ago, Mr. Beckwith was one of the happiest men alive, but gradually the love of money overcame the love for his wife and their infant son, and it wasn't long before his wife became very ill, from brooding, and died. She hadn't been dead for more than half an hour than it became known that his only son and heir had disappeared. The death of his wife, coupled with the disappearance of his son, drove him almost insane, and from that day to this he has shut himself up like a hermit. But yesterday the blow fell. A young man came to the door, bearing a letter. He said he had been asked by his aunt to deliver it to Mr. Beckwith in person. Finally Mr. Beckwith agreed to see him, and after peering at him intently, read the letter. Then he rushed from the room, and then, returning with revolver in hand, made me tie the young man to the chair. He ordered me to have the grounds guarded. I was too scared to do anything but obey. I told the colored servant to be on guard,

THE CRUCIBLE

and he was the one who found the young lady peeping in the window. It never occurred to any of us that the young man might be in great danger, and even if it had we would have done nothing contrary to our master's wishes."

"But what happened to the young man?" I hazarded.

"Well," went on the old man, "Mr. Beckwith's fury quieted down during the night, and he dropped over from exhaustion. But we did not unbind the young prisoner. However, a woman came to the house very early this morning and demanded to be left in, and be allowed to see Mr. Beckwith. With great misgiving, I went to Mr. Beckwith, who was lying in his room, very ill. Then he told me to go and ask the woman's name. I returned to him in a few minutes and told him she to him in a few minutes and him that she had given her name as Mrs. Maude Hanley Myers. When I mentioned this name, he became quite excited, and said that he would see her immediately. They talked together for only a short time, when finally I heard a shuffling. "Quick, Benton," Mr. Beckwith hissed, "tell me, what did I do? O! where is my son? Where?" Then I realized what he meant. We three, Beckwith, the woman and I, went to the room and found our young prisoner asleep. The woman went to him and awoke him as gently as possible. The young man seemed quite overjoyed upon seeing the woman, and called her Aunt. Then the scene began. Mr. Beckwith began crying and asking his son to forgive him. The young man turned to his aunt and said: "Aunt Maude, what does he mean?" "It is quite a long story, but now I shall be very brief," responded the woman. "Your mother, my sister, was Mrs. Beckwith, and this is your father, Richard," she went on to the astonished Richard. "Just before she died she made me promise to secretly take you away from your father and keep you until you had grown to manhood, and if your father was fit to have you then, I should restore you to him, but if not, that I should never tell you the secret. But I have never rested, and always I have longed to restore you to your father. So the other day I thought I could stand it no longer. You see I did not call you by your right name—I called you Richard Becklev instead of Richard Beckwith. I did a very foolish thing. Instead of coming myself and explaining matters, I was

afraid and sent you yourself to your father with a letter. I suppose the shock drove your father crazy, and O! if anything had happened to you—it would have been my fault. O! it all has been my fault," she ended, sobbing. But the two men paid no attention to the sobbing woman, they were in each other's arms, embracing each other. "O my son—after all these years you have come back to me," the old man groaned, and then fell unconscious to the floor. The strenuous happening was too much for the old man. He is now sick in bed, but he is very happy, because he has his son at his side."

Just then we heard a noise, and I, who had been as one in a trance, unable to utter a word, looked up and beheld my beloved Dick in the doorway. I rushed to him, and with his protecting arms around me I felt as if I was safe forever and ever.

"I have heard all about you—but come up now and see my—my father. I suppose Old Benton has told you everything."

"Yes," was all I said. We went to the room of Dick's father, and the poor old man asked me to forgive him for his madness, which, of course, I had already done.

Now the twilight was beginning to crawl over land and sea, and I realized that I had to hand in a Valentine story. I mentioned this to Dick, and then I realized that my Valentine story would never be published—I was going to resign and become Mrs. Richard Beckwith.

Dick's father had fallen asleep, and Dick and I, sitting in the big armchair near the fireplace, watched the flames. "Dearest," whispered Dick, "may our hearts ever beat as true as they are beating this Valentine Eve." 'Twas ours,—all the happiness that mortals can know.

Mrs. Brown—"I hear the vicar thinks your daughter has a real genius for reciting, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith—"Yes. All she wants, he says to me, is a course of electrocution, just to finish 'er off, like."—London Opinion.

"Father," said a little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his parent collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment. "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy Land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris!"—London Morning Post.

THE FOOT-BALL BANQUET

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

Wolfe, Fred Lauster, Cleon Musser, Walter Krause, Emerson Metoxin, William Clarkin, and Adam D. Miller, manager.

The men who received the "L2" follow: Reuel Swank, Claude Rupp, Porte Wolf, Ray Herb, Robert Yake, Leroy Dowhower, Edward Balsbaugh, Carl Bachman, Howard Burtner, Leonard Fay, Edgar Francis, George Grumbine, Fred Heilman, George Heisey, Joseph Kessler, Ellsworth Nitrauer, Wilfred Perry, Robert Reigel, Hillard Smuck, Guy D. Faust, and Lewis Pell.

Mae Reeves—(entering office)—Father, dear, can't you come over to have dinner with me and my husband?

Papa—Your husband? Are you married?

Mae Reeves—Why yes! Don't you read the papers, papa?

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Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Single copies, 15c each. Address all communications to E. G. Vandenbosche, Lebanon Valley College, Annaville, Penna. Please notify us in case of change of address or if you fail to receive your copy. Entered at the Annaville Post Office as second class matter.

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

CATALOGUE YOURSELF

There are three classes into which all men may be divided without any reservations or conditions or ifs or provisos. YOU belong to one of the three, and since no one else knows you better than yourself, you will be able to decide to which class you belong. When you come to make the decision be honest with yourself: don't take your position here when it is really there; don't shift yourself from one place to another in fancy only. Make your decision, and if you feel that you do not belong in the best class, set to work to get an "official" transfer. Your own conscience will be the referee to decide when you have really made the change.

First, there is the jawbone class.

The jawbone class is composed of those folks who love to hear themselves talking about the many deeds they are going to do, what they are able to do, and how much better they can do it than anyone else. They are the class who dote upon the faults of other folks who are conscientiously at work and blurt out with their babbling tongue: "There I told you so! I would never have done it that way." They are the set who cause more trouble in this world than any other: the lash of a tongue is stronger than that of ten whips. The more freedom that the tongue gets, the more it usurps! And the tendency is to wander away from truth and fact!

Be honest with yourself. Would an investigation convict or acquit you? Do you belong to our talkers here at Lebanon Valley??

Secondly, there is the wishbone class.

The wishbone class is composed of those folks who long that all the world's joys and happiness might flow to them for naught but a lilt and a song. They dream of their achievements by day and by night, and their air castles sweep the very skies. They wish that success in life would have been their predestined and

GEORGE AND ABE

George and Abe—these two common names—signify much to we Americans! Imposing and undignified they are, but both of them belonged to two men whom we hold truly honorable and great. Without George and Abe—men of vision and foresight—what would have happened to us? But that entails speculation, and we have a natural antipathy to darkness.

We never pass thru this season of the winter time without recalling to mind the men whose birthdays we celebrate and observe. Their memory brings to our wearied minds and tired bodies increased inspiration and determination to be and to do. We deny ancestor worship, but we find nothing worthy of condemnation in holding before us the high ideals of manhood personified in two who have gone before us. Much that has been written about them may have been exaggerated—surely they were endowed with imperfections and clothed with faults and limitations just as we—but yet they do not fail to shine for us and beckon us on to things higher and nobler.

George and Abe succeeded in face of great opposition. Both of them rose over difficulties. And both of them were fitted for their task when they "arrived".

Lincoln's struggle involved poverty and lack of facilities for education. While Washington's circumstances may have wiped them away from his life—poverty and educational limitations—yet he succeeded thru sheer force of ability, application and worth. We today little realize the "human" limitations imposed upon Washington, and which he had to overcome in order to become the father of his country. It seems no historian with the exception of Fiske has shown us the tremendous weight of envy and jealousy he had to overcome thru sheer force of worth and persistency. Lincoln, too, met with the same foes in his political life,

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The Mirror

Now that we have completed half a month of the second semester, and with the dawn of spring but a short month away, we are compelled to turn our attention to the end of the 1921-22 school year. To Juniors it means a great deal more of responsibility than they have ever had before since they have reached the height of college studentdom; to Sophomores it means the dawning of upperclassdom when at last thru two long years of struggling they have emerged into college priority and authority; to Freshmen, it means the end of drudgery and obeissance, it means relief in the thought that next year they shall domineer the freshmen greeners. And to the Seniors—the thought to the Seniors is not quite so warm and delightful; to the Seniors it means get out and face the world, put into practice the few scattered ideas scrambled together during the four years at college, and make a fight for living and life.

But there are yet four months of study and work—the busiest and hardest of the entire year! Let us fight harder than ever! Let us do better than ever!

FRESHMEN REPRESENTATIVES

You will notice on the first page the list of names of the freshmen representatives on the Crucible staff. The dozen persons who have been selected have been chosen by the professors and instructors in the English department because they have shown efficiency and originality in their work. However, not all of the twelve will be retained. They are now in their period of probation, and they are expected to make good. If any of them show symptoms of having been “morning glories” only to fade in the early heat of the day, they will be replaced by others of more consistency. It is a challenge to those who have been named, for college journalism is no small part of the outside duties of the student. In many ways, it is one of the most important by-products of the classroom.

To you who have been chosen for probation: it is your first chance to show your

fighting ability, to prove that you are made of the stuff that sticks to the finish. Will YOUR name be retained or discarded at the end of the year? It is up to you!

THE NEWSPAPER CONTEST

The Telegraph newspaper contest closed last week. To all intents and purposes Mr. Beck—under whose name the college contested—failed to win the big booty, but even the fact that we won one of the minor prizes—two hundred dollars—shows our efforts not to have been entirely in vain. Better luck next time—if there is such a thing as luck!

In this connection we must commend the action that has been taken in regards to use of the money won in the contest. Prof. Shenk's suggestion to frame pictures for the walls of the administration building was timely and reasonable.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF BUSINESS

Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are pleasures.

Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.

Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.

Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabrics.

Be enthusiastic—it is contagious.

Do not have the notion that success means simply money-making.

Be fair, and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.

Have confidence in yourself, and make yourself fit.

Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.

When a man has been down and out for a reasonable length of time, he deserves no sympathy until he has put himself back on a self-supporting basis.

No one can learn to assume responsibility unless he is made to assume the consequences of his acts.

Our Short Story

INTO THE CRATER

Fred and I were sitting on a small grassy mound near our tent, watching the sunset and talking of past experiences and future plans as campers often do. Several miles to the northeast rolled the great Pacific restless and foreboding, a careless child with ships and islands for toys. To the right rose the rugged hill country so common on the islands of the Pacific. But directly before us lay the most beautiful sight of all. Along the horizon rose a bank of brilliant red which nearly smothered the dulled evening sun, farther up the red blended into a hazy violet dotted here and there with fluffy gray clouds, while in the blue sky above a few venturesome stars were blinking at us. The crater of the Nan Matal silhouetted against the brilliant sky stood like a huge black giant, a continuous stream of smoke rolled from his mouth, the brisk wind tossing it about till dissolved in the colored sky. The sun sank below the horizon and the colors slowly faded into the blackness of night. Only the crater's mouth gleamed a dull red, the reflection of the raging tumult below.

Then began the bedlam of sounds inseparable from the tropical nights. For a time we listened in silence, then whiffing the rich aroma of coffee and bacon we arose and crossed to the other side of the tent, where our cook was preparing the evening meal. He was a native of the island. Only yesterday we had hired him. As he busied himself over the sizzling bacon we asked him various questions concerning the natives and the geography of the island.

"How can we go to the volcano yonder?" Frank asked him.

The native turned quickly about. "Oh," he said, "don't go near, devil-imps live there. Many of my tribe have gone there never to return."

His agitation surprised us, and we tried to learn more of the place, but he would tell us nothing more, except that none of the natives ever went there. Of course Frank and I decided to visit the crater the next day.

We arose before sunrise, prepared a hasty breakfast, and then started for the

crater. At first the progress was rapid over the level country along the beach, but we soon entered the rougher country and had to make our way carefully among the rocks. At times we scaled high cliffs, or made wide detours to avoid almost bottomless canyons. Finally we arrived at the foot of the crater itself. The general slope was steep, but occasionally broken by ledges or fissures in the rocky surface.

About half way up we noticed a perpendicular opening in the rocks, and thinking it might be a cave, we started to climb the slope. The climbing was dangerous, and a very tedious process, the least bit of a slip would have tumbled us back to the foot in the midst of an avalanche of gravel. Suddenly a boulder went hurtling by us, accompanied by a shower of pebbles and earth. Looking up hastily we saw another coming nearly above us, smashing its way thru the rocky hillside, and at the same time we glimpsed a strange creature darting from boulder to boulder, until it disappeared into the dark opening. Our interest aroused, and fearing there might be more rocks thrown at us, we speeded up our progress as much as possible. After fifteen minutes of slipping and crawling, we arrived breathless at the mouth of the cave.

While momentarily resting I said to Frank:

"What kind of creature was that?"

Frank, who was always light-hearted, quick to catch the humor in any situation, said: "No doubt he was one of the 'devil-imps' who wanted to welcome us into the community."

I said nothing, to me the matter was far from humorous, but having come this far it would have been foolish to turn back, accordingly I walked over to the opening in the rocks and peered in. I saw nothing but blackness, only faint sounds of shrieking winds came to my ears.

"Shall we go into it?" I asked Frank.

"Certainly, we gotta see what kind of home life these fellows have."

So we entered the cave being careful to follow a side wall lest we be lost in a maze of passageways. The walls were dried by the warm air, the floor was rather rough,

(Continued on Page 16)

From Other Sanctums

Yap is to be an ami-cable station.—Washington Post.

France evidently thinks the U-boat is all right if it is her boat.—Washington Post.

Balances of power are not adjusted for weighing justice.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

You can wipe your business slate clean by getting rid of all the sponges.—Washington Post.

The Ingersolls are the latest to disprove the adage that Time is Money.—New York Evening Post.

America might assist in discouraging war by hereafter keeping her military inventions to herself.—Washington Star.

That Missouri grandmother who has gone to college evidently figures that she is old enough to know better.—Washington Post.

We read that a Frenchman is able to make gold from lead. That is nothing. Any plumber can do that.—Charleston Gazette.

"Counsel is cheaper than warfare," says the President. Well, perhaps he doesn't know the same lawyers we do.—Manila Bulletin.

Boston's new mayor is Curley, but she is still far ahead of those cities whose mayors are crooked.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

There were 64 lynchings in the United States in 1921. Let's pass that by and talk about lawlessness in Mexico.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Col. George Harvey said at a dinner in New York, apropos of high retail prices:

"A guest in a Florida hotel complained to the manager.

"Your restaurant is conducted in a very rotten way. At lunch today I found a hair in the ice cream, a hair in the honey, and a hair in the apple sauce."

"Well, you see," the manager explained, "the hair in the ice cream came from the shaving of the ice. The hair in the honey came from the comb. But I can't for the life of me understand about the hair in the apple sauce, for I bought those apples myself, and they were all Baldwins."

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a volume of vituperous epithets, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said:

"Are you troo?"

"Yes."

"You ain't got nuffin more to say."

"No."

"Well, all dem t'ings what you called me you is."

They say the word "hootch" is a Scotch exclamation of elation, and you know the only stuff that will elate a Scotchman.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Gossip is the hammer of the coward. It never can have a good motive. Gossip always attacks the one absent, and this is a dirty, low-down trick. Gossip is long-tongued lying; nothing else.

If you have ever had synecdoche, hyperbole, antithesis, logarithms, bacilli, misfit, tight fits, plain fits, pip, an idea, or a dollar—forget it. Most people have had troubles of their own and do not care to listen to yours.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.—Charles Sumner.

A man is what his ideas are worth.

You can't beat the combination of enthusiasm and common sense.

A great man is one who can get people to change their minds.

A particularly good workman always seems to have a particularly good job.

Alumni Notes

Miss Ruth Haines, '19, has entered a medical school prior to becoming a physician. Miss Haines is well known to many of the alumni, and her interest in school activities while at Lebanon Valley and since her graduation have made her one of our strong supporters.

* * *

Miss Lena Owens, of the class of 1900, was a visitor at Lebanon Valley College recently. Miss Owens was a resident of Vinita, Oklahoma, for several years, but at the present resides in Arkansas.

* * *

Dr. J. Balmer Showers, '14, a member of the faculty of Bonebrake Theological Seminary, Dayton, Ohio, is traveling, lecturing and studying with Mrs. Showers in the Holy Land. Dr. Showers will be remembered as the alumnus who delivered the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class in 1919. He was granted the degree of Doctor of Divinity by his Alma Mater the same year.

* * *

Miss Josephine Bonitz, ex-'21, recently addressed the Junior-Senior club of the Harrisburg Y. W. C. A. on her travels in Austria. Miss Bonitz since her departure from L. V. C. has been a student at Emerson School of Oratory at Boston, Massachusetts.

* * *

Miss Mary Schleichter, a former professor of German at Lebanon Valley College, who is a resident of Philadelphia, addressed the Quota Club of Harrisburg recently as representative of the Pennsylvania League of Woman Voters.

* * *

Mr. Amos W. Herman, '07, who has been a lawyer of wide repute in this section of Pennsylvania, was recently made assistant district attorney of York county.

* * *

Mr. W. Albert Brunner, '11, a member of the Edison Junior High School Faculty at Harrisburg, is taking an advanced course in chemistry at L. V. C., under Dr. Bender. Mr. Brunner recently received his A.M. degree from Lehigh University.

* * *

Prof. H. H. Baish, '01, has not only been

successful in organizing the work of the State Teachers' Retirement Board of Pennsylvania, but has been actively engaged since the last general conference of the United Brethren Church in organizing the ministers' retirement fund of the United Brethren Church.

* * *

Rev. Harry Crim, '20, in an article to the "Woman's Evangel," relates in detail the experiences through which he needs must go in order to preach the gospel to the many thousands of native Africans who crave for salvation. It is a most interesting and inspiring article, and many of the details serve to enlighten those of us who are not in immediate contact with missionary life in Africa in this most important phase of service.

* * *

Miss L. Mae Hoerner, '10, writes a most original and delightful article in the Evangel in which she portrays the great value and usefulness of a Victrola that was sent to her while in Africa by the Otterbein Guild girls of the Annville United Brethren Church.

When a man tells you he can do something which you have been trying to do yourself and can't, put him on a commission basis.

An Oversight.—He—"When I married you, I had boundless adoration for you—I could fairly have devoured you! Now I regret that I didn't do it."

The Explanation.—Police Captain—"Why did you cut your wife up into two hundred and forty-eight pieces?"

The Culprit.—"I did it in a moment of anger."

The Real Question.—Fisherwoman—"Don't you want to buy some fine crabs, sir? Look—they're all alive."

Summer Boarder.—"Yes, but are they fresh?"

The Great Surprise.—Fortune Teller—"A dark man is soon going to give you the surprise of your life."

Client.—"It must be my boss, who's going to raise my salary."

Christian Organizations

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS' PLAYLET!

"The Two Masters" was the title of the playlet given in the Engle Conservatory of Music Saturday night, Feb. 4, under the auspices of the local band of Student Volunteers. The players were members of a missionary band in Steelton, and journeyed here at the request of the local society, the proceeds of the evening being divided between the two organizations. Rev. Carl Hiser, the president here, reports that the affair proved to be successful financially, a large crowd having turned out.

The name of the play suggests the general plot of the story, the conflict and clash of the two masters—the one of service, the other of selfishness—proving an interesting situation at all times. In brief, the struggles of a society girl—the daughter of a foreign missionary—who had been sent back from Africa to America to be educated, her tendency toward worldly things and pleasure, and her final decision in favor of the life and service of her parents, held the interest of the audience from beginning to end.

A hurried cabinet meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was called the past Monday, when the State Student Secretary, Mr. L. M. Miller, of Harrisburg, paid an unexpected visit to the college. Aside from compiling reports of the work of the first semester of the Y. M. organization, the subject of jobs for graduated men was discussed. There is a large and ever expanding field of work and opportunity in the Y. M. C. A. of the state or nation in secretary work. Not only does this work hold forth much greater possibilities for development and education and practice in leadership, but it also holds financial attractions far superior to that of teaching. The secretaryship includes religious work, or educational work or physical education work—any three of these lines being open to the college man. It is a field of service and a field that requires a lot of hard work—but there is reward for those who

are willing to give themselves in full measure to the task.

The state department of the Y. M. C. A. is anxious to line up a number of men from Lebanon Valley College who would sincerely be interested in such work—not necessarily for a lifetime,—a year or two is sufficient, and those who desire to do so will give their names to R. Stabley. And remember, the early bird catches the worm!

DR. SWAN

Arrangements have just been completed for the visit of Dr. Swan, an international collegiate lecturer of note, on the 28th of March. The plans are to have Dr. Swan address the student assembly in chapel on that Thursday morning with several other talks—one to girls alone, another to boys. His talks are vital to the life and happiness of all young folks, giving much information that all college folks should know. He is, furthermore, the inspirational type of speaker, and he will bring us an exceedingly worth while talk. More announcements will be made in regard to his coming at later dates.

DR. RUNK ON SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 12

We were much impressed with the sermon on the evening of Feb. 12, delivered by Dr. Runk, pastor of the United Brethren church. The general theme dwelt upon "Young Men and Young Women". The fact was brought out, among other things of interest, that the young folks of today are much the same as they were twenty-five years ago, despite the change of conditions and environment. The value of high ideals and lofty thinking was pressed upon us—the mind after all being the thing of real value in the human personality. It was pointed out to us that the real evil in the picture show of modern times is the fact that high ideals are treated commonly and without respect, such as love and home and marriage. Also the fact that the motion picture is not

(Continued on Page 17)

College Activities

KALO ST. VALENTINE PARTY

The Kalozetean Literary Society St. Valentine Party was quite a success, although a number of unavoidable circumstances prohibited as large masked turnout as was expected. However, about five score happy fun-makers were present. Among those present were Madam Green, Mrs. Gossard, Prof. and Mrs. Earle Light, Prof. and Mrs. Gingrich, Miss Schoop and Miss Schaeffer, the latter two being visitors from Millersburg, Pa.

A delightful programme was rendered, and every one took part in such games as The March Through Jerusalem, The Barn Yard Chorus, Writing of St. Valentine Poetry, Word Contest, The Candel Walk, The Peanut Dropping Contest, The Duration of Time Contest, The Cake Walk, and many others.

The prizes for masked individuals were won by Miss Yinger, Miss Gilbert, and Mr. Wm. Wenner.

After the party had progressed to its height of enjoyment, delicious refreshments were served.

ACTIVITIES

The fourth number of the Star Course of the season 1921-22 was held the past Tuesday evening, when Crawford Adams, the young and brilliant violinist from Boston, entertained a large audience. He is by far one of the most popular men on the musical platform today, and his charming personality never fails to win the support and approval of every audience. The final number of the Course will fall on the night of March 13th, when the eminent and well known lecturer, author and preacher, Dr. Dwight Hillis, will be present to give a lecture on the subject, "The National Crisis, Bolshevism or a Better America." You cannot afford to miss this powerful appeal for better Americanism.

The Men's Glee Club of the college returned Saturday from their first trip of the season. Four towns were visited—Lykens, Elizabethville, Millersburg, and

Shamokin—and large houses greeted the local talent. At first handicapped by such a large proportion of new men, the programme has shaped itself into the best given in recent years. The next long trip will take place during the first week of March.

The Junior play cast is hard at work on their play entitled "Maggie Pepper," to be given in the Engle Conservatory of Music on the night of March 24. The play is under the direction of Miss May Belle Adams, professor of public speaking and oratory.

TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing any work
a man is doing,

If you like him or you love him, tell
him now;

Don't withhold your approbation till the
parson makes oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his
brow;

For no matter how you shout it, he won't
really care about it;

He won't know how many tear-drops
you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him, now's
the time to slip it to him,

For he can not read his tombstone
when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is
the comment kind and sunny,

And the hearty, warm approval of a
friend,

For it gives to life a savor, and it makes
you stronger, braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the
end;

If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you
like him, let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement
be said;

Do not wait till life is over and he's under-
neath the clover,

For he can not read his tombstone when
he's dead.

Science Column

RESEARCH BELOW ZERO

The science of cold—of extremely low temperatures—may be regarded by many persons as still remote from industry. Cryogenics, as this science is called, nevertheless has become a practical subject, particularly the characteristics of gas mixtures in relation to liquefaction and separation of gases for industrial application purposes. Liquid oxygen has a practical application as an explosive. If an absorbent pad is saturated with a liquid hydrocarbon, it can, in presence of liquid oxygen, be exploded with great violence. The combination is used at the present time in mines in France and Germany. The only commercial use of liquid air is as a source of liquid and gaseous oxygen. Other uses may be developed. Knowledge of cryogenics aids in separation of pure helium. Substituting helium for hydrogen removes many dangers from airships and balloons.

MAKING GREAT LENSES—A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY

Recent perfection of electrically heated furnaces has made it possible for the United States to manufacture optical glass of a quality equal, if not superior to, that which this country formerly depended upon Germany to supply.

Now we look no longer to the vaunted city of Jena for this material. A new American industry with electricity's aid sees to it that we don't. Forty-inch telescopic lenses are being turned out by a New York State lens company. Cooling the molten glass at just the proper rate is the scientific secret of good optical glass manufacture.

Formerly most of the glass annealing furnaces of this country were fuel fired. Then came electricity.

The even heat of the electric furnace throughout its interior due to electricity's peculiar quality of uniform radiation and the furnace's perfect insulation, its exact control, and its freedom from all gases that might contaminate the furnace charge are proving to be factors enabling America to meet Germany on an even competitive basis.

ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT FOR TESTING FASTNESS OF COLORS

A unique and interesting device which simulates the qualities of sun rays and will artificially test the fading qualities of many different kinds of materials, has recently been developed in the laboratories of the Cooper-Hewitt Electric Company.

Testing the fastness of colored cloths, paints, inks, dyes, straw, varnishes, etc., is by means of this apparatus accomplished more efficiently and in much shorter time than the customary method now in use by manufacturers in giving long sunlight tests to their products before marketing.

A light that is faster and better than sunlight is needed in the routine testing of materials for their resistance to its destructive action. The sunlight method is so slow as to defeat its own purpose in the control of factory products or the examination of incoming materials.

Practically all of the color fading, rubber aging, skin tanning effects of sunlight are due not to the visible light, but to the invisible, ultra-violet light.

The ultra-violet or invisible rays of sunlight have little effect on human beings due to the absorption of much of them in the atmosphere. The artificial fading cabinet is, however, built to produce a light with a high concentration of ultra-violet rays. This is secured through the use of the mercury vapor arc light in a bulb or tube of pure glass of fused quartz, the radiation from which contains a relatively very much larger proportion of short wave ultra-violet light and less of heat waves such as produced by the carbon or other types of arc lights.

Around this light is a series of panels which may be revolved and in which are placed the materials to be tested. Twenty or more samples may be exposed at one time. The rate of fading averages twelve times that of sunlight. A 30-day sunlight test which would require ordinarily about two months (due to interruptions on cloudy or rainy days) can now be made in ten hours.

(Additional Scientific Article on Page 17)

Athletics

THE CLASS LEAGUES

The class leagues in volleyball and basketball are arousing an unusual amount of interest in the student body. The games are played Monday and Wednesday afternoons at four o'clock, volleyball contests coming between the halves of the basketball games. Each class has a strong representative five in the field in the latter sport, varsity men being barred, thus giving all the other men who are not athletes a chance for action and exercise.

The Seniors at the present time are the undisputed leaders of the basketball race, having won three straight games, making a clean sweep, defeating each class in decisive victories. Their cousins, the Sophomores, are a close second, with two wins and one defeat to their credit. The Freshmen and Juniors follow respectively.

In the volley ball league, undisputed ownership of first place is held by the third year men, who have taken every other class team into camp thus far, having won three victories and sustained no defeats. Their cousins, the Freshmen, are running a close second, with two wins and one defeat. The Seniors and Sophomores follow.

STANDING OF INTERCLASS LEAGUES (First Half of Schedule)

Basketball			
	Won	Lost	Percent.
Seniors	3	0	1.000
Sophomores	2	1	.666
Freshmen	1	2	.333
Juniors	0	3	.000
Volleyball			
Juniors	3	0	1.000
Freshmen	2	1	.666
Seniors	1	2	.333
Sophomores	0	3	.000

INDIVIDUAL BASKETBALL SCORING RECORD

Week Ending Jan. 27, 1922

Name	Field	Class	Goal	Fouls	Fouls Committed		
					Total	Per	Team
1 Herr	Senior	10	23-44	43	3	2	
2 P. Wolfe	Soph.	3	17-30	21	1	2	
3 Stauffer	Soph.	9	2-10	20	1	2	
4 Stabley	Senior	8	1-2	17	2	2	
5 Heilman	Fresh.	5	6-9	16	1	0	
6 Smith	Junior	6	3-15	15	5	14	

6 Faust	Junior	3	9-22	15	5	4
8 Dowhower	Soph.	6		12	8	1
9 Daugherty	Senior	4	1-1	9	5	6
9 Sheffy	Fresh.	3	3-5	9	8	9
11 R. Homan	Senior	4		8	8	3
12 Finn	Fresh.	3	1-3	7	1	4
13 A. Miller	Senior	3		6	1	0
13 Whistler	Soph.	3		6	9	8
15 Burtner	Fresh.	2	1-7	5	8	4
16 Grumbein	Fresh.	0	4-6	4	3	0
17 Miller	Junior	1		2	0	0
17 Nitrauer	Fresh.	1		2	1	0
17 Musser	Fresh.	0	2-5	2	1	0
17 Williard	Junior	1		2	1	1
21 Snider	Senior	0		0	1	1
21 Miller, E. E.	Senior	0		0	0	0
21 Arnold	Senior	0		0	1	0
21 Hutchinson	Junior	0		0	2	0
21 Witmer	Junior	0		0	3	3
21 Fake	Junior	0		0	0	0
21 Bachman	Soph.	0		0	3	2
21 Yake	Soph.	0		0	2	0
21 Stambaugh	Soph.	0		0	1	0
21 Leber, C. C.	Soph.	0		0	0	0
21 Stine	Fresh.	0		0	0	2
21 Heisey	Fresh.	0		0	0	0

The next interclass game will be played Monday, Feb. 6, instead of Feb. 8, as listed in calendar. It will be between the Freshmen and Sophomores. All men who are not on the squad and who have not participated in more than one interclass game of the above schedule as played will be eligible. If enough men report for each class, the third teams will play each other between halves. The second half of above leagues will begin Feb. 20.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Athletically speaking, all has been quiet and composed hereabouts for almost two weeks over the period prior to and subsequent to semester exams. However, two varsity games were played this past week and the coming week will find the class teams swinging into full stride again, the Seniors meeting the Freshmen on Monday at 4 bells. On Wednesday the Juniors will attempt to take into camp the fast going Sophs between whom there exists a traditional rivalry. The varsity is scheduled to make a week end trip to Drexel and Villanova. The team has regained its stride of former years, and we look forward to a successful conclusion for the season.

Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES

Natural Bridge.

I was at Natural Bridge two times. The first time I walked, the next time I was one of four in the back seat of a road Louse, as they are called in that neighborhood. Natural Bridge is noted for many things including George Washington who always was a favorite of mine. That is, he is the only man who was ever able to throw a dollar from the bottom to the top. Somebody must of found it before I got there though, as it seemed nowhere to be found.

The first time I was in Natural Bridge I was broke in body and disposition, but in order to not let mother no it I wrote that I was alive and happy, which was one of my first recorded falsehoods. I was not exactly homesick but I just naturally would like to have seen them all again.

It was nite the first time I stood on the Bridge, but not midnite as I was too young to keep as late hours as Mr. Longfeller said he kep that time the clock was striking the hour, but the last time I was under the bridge it was daylite, so of course it didn't look very natural, tho I reckon it must of been.

They is a cave, a stream and a waterfall all near Natural Bridge though the cave is too small to go in and the water too shallow to swim in and the waterfalls too low to commit sooeysideways so they don't seem to be of much use except to look at, and for that matter one could look at the pictures just as easy.

The last time I was there they was three other boys got with me under the bridge and after we had roasted some hot dogs for dinner we sung this little ballot which you may of heard which is very popular in the mountains of Virginia.

In the blew ridge mountaings of Virginia
Stood a cow on a railroad track.

She was a good old cow with eyes so fine,
But you can't expect a cow to read a
railroad sine;

So she stood in the middle of the track
And the train hit her right in the back:

We found her horns in the mountains of
Virginia,
And her tail on her loansome spine.

According to Jernellism the appeal in this little ballot lies in the introducing of pathos in the form of a dumb bruit. It is a bit like that little ballot called A where has my little doggone? only difrunt. But in order to keep on my subject I shall close for this time.

Yours emphatically,

DAVID FIT.

A STRANGE HALLUCINATION

A tremendous sensation was created among the students in one of our leading colleges the other day when a young man from the country, a member of the freshman class, announced that his chief object in coming to college was to get an education. A mass meeting was called at once, and a committee, composed of representatives from all the fraternities, clubs, sororities, etc., was appointed to see the young man and ascertain his reasons for entertaining such a preposterous idea; and to persuade him, if possible, to abandon his chimerical project. At last reports, however, he was still firm in his determination. A doctor has been employed to diagnose his case, and perform a surgical operation if necessary to get at the truth. This prompt action on the part of the student body is highly commendable. What if an idea such as is entertained by this misguided young man should become contagious! There is no telling what it might lead to. Colleges and universities might eventually be compelled to revise their curriculums, and allow some of the students to major in science, or language, or literature, instead of athletics!

—A. W. Macy|

They Go Together.—Our subscriber at Noah's, Ark., wants to know whether, if Japan is allowed to keep the battleship Mutsu, Uncle Sam will be allowed to build a Jeffsu.—Arkansas Gazette.

Humor

Why the Restaurant Failed.—That brilliant and erratic novelist, the late Edgar Saltus, despised politicians. "When a politician," he once said in his Madison Square apartment, "does or says a good and generous thing it is always an accident, a mistake. The politician in this is like the stingy farmer. He was walking his wife along a city street looking for a place to eat in. They approached a handsome restaurant with a sign before the door saying: 'Luncheon 12 to 3, 50 Cents.' The old lady never dreamed of stopping before such a fine place, but her stingy husband held her up. 'We'll go in thar,' he said reflectively. 'It ain't a bad bargain, Hannah—three hours' steady eatin' for half a dollar.'"—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial. "How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"Bout like this way," exclaimed the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in the basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was passing de Big Fo' depot."

Mayor Shadel—"Pluck, my boy, pluck; that is the one essential to success in business."

Son Russell—"Yes, of course, I know that. The trouble is finding some one to pluck."—London Opinion.

Even if it is a good deal of trouble, motorists usually can avoid some additional trouble by stopping as soon as possible after hitting a pedestrian. And, besides, ordinary manners demand that they stop; the pedestrian nearly always does.—Kansas City Star.

She Knew a Hog—A New Orleans lady was waiting to buy a ticket at the picture show, when a stranger bumped her shoulder. She glared at him, feeling it was done intentionally.

"Well," he growled, "don't eat me up."

"You are in no danger, sir," she said, "I am a Jewess."—The Lawyer and Banker.

A Long Way to Go.—Colored Recruit—"Say, sahjent, lucidate to me de s'nificance ob dis heah numbah which 'pears on mah loomnum lavilleah."

Old-Timer—"Boy, lissen to knowledge. Dat's yo' heavenly billet numbah in case de ole bony gent wid de crooked razoo accidentally unhitches yo' soul from yo' galuses."

Colored Recruit—"Hot towel! Sho hopes mah wings fits bettah dan dese cowhide bahges, p'vidin' ah has to propel mahse'f to Numbah 3,250,884 Pah-dise Avenue."—The American Legion Weekly.

Now that Burbank has produced a thornless blackberry, may we not hope for a tickless huckleberry?

Thumbs Down.—The Comedian (during pantomime rehearsal)—"Wake up, sir,—how can you give an opinion when you're asleep?"

The Producer—"Sleep, my boy, is an opinion."—London Opinion.

The Value of Variation—"Why do you constantly favor new methods of taxation?"

"I consider it necessary," said Senator Sorghum, "to enable the people to look forward to some kind of a change. If we can't satisfy 'em, we can at least keep 'em hopeful."—Washington Star.

Knew His Way.—Stranger (at Continental palace gates)—"This is visitors' day, is it not?"

Attendant—"Yes, sir. Shall I show you round?"

Stranger—"Oh, don't trouble. I used to be king here once."—The Passing Show (London).

Page of Frowns

Teacher—Now, children, it is a curious fact that the bee stings only once.

Boy—But, isn't once enough?—The Bulletin, Sydney.

A Fellow Feeling.—Mail robbers never bother the bills. Maybe there is such a thing as honor among thieves.—Green-ville Piedmont.

What She Liked.—Hess—"I like your cigarette holder."

Fabe—"Why, I never use one."

Hess—"Don't be so dense."

Four-year-old Harry was spending the day with his aunt. Dinner was late, and the child began to grow restless.

"Auntie," he said finally, "does God know everything?"

"Yes, dear," answered his aunt.

"Every little thing?" he persisted.

"Yes, every little thing," was the reply.

"Well, then," he said in a tone of conviction, "God knows I'm hungry."

The wife of a Western Congressman is sensitive on the subject of her deficient orthography, and her demands for information as to correct spelling sometimes place her peace-loving husband in a delicate position.

One day, as she was writing a letter at her desk, she glanced up to ask:

"Henry, do you spell 'graphic' with one 'f' or two?"

"My dear," was the diplomatic reply, "if you're going to use any, you might as well use two."—Harper's Magazine.

Painters Are Cheap.—Patron of the Arts—"Eighty-five francs? That's rather expensive for the work of a painter who's still alive."

Art Dealer—"Well, you might give me the money, and I'll see what can be done about it."

The Zealous Maid.—Mistress—"I've lost the key to my writing desk, Marie. Go and look in the old trunk in the kitchen—you might find an old key that will fit."

Marie—"It's no use, Madame, I tried them all long ago, and none of them fit."

Comrmades in Arms.—Guest—"Do you make a reduction to people in the same line of business?"

Manager—"Yes. Are you a restaurateur?"

Guest—"No. I'm a thief by profession."

Not Battered Enough.—Sculptor—"My dear young lady, I'm looking for a model who's aged and ugly. You are entirely too pretty for the type I desire."

Model—"What are you going to sculpture?"

Sculptor—"A statue of Peace."

Where Harems Were Cheap.—She—"You refuse to buy me a single hat, and then you tell me that while you were in the Congo you had a harem of half a dozen wives. Oh! la! la! How could you afford to pay for the clothes of all those women?"

The Returned Soldier—"Oh, that was easy. When they wished to dress up, they simply put rings in their noses."

Unprofitable.—Two Hebrew merchants met in the street.

"What's this I hear?" said the one. "You had a big fire at your place?"

"Oh, no," said the other. "It isn't going to happen until next week. But how about you? You're insured too, aren't you?"

"Yes, I carry both fire and hail insurance."

"I can understand being insured against fire, but I didn't know anybody could make it hail."

Why Wifie Stayed Home.—"Aren't you taking your wife with you to the seaside?"

"I'd like to, but you know yourself that the railroads refuse to take overweight baggage."

The Gentle Hunter.—"Personally, you know, I am very fond of hunting. But then, you see, I belong to the society for the protection of animals. However, I found a way out of my difficulty. Whenever I go hunting, I use blank cartridges."

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INTO THE CRATER

(Continued from Page 6)

strewn here and there with hard lumps of earth and rocks. As we felt our way deeper into the opening the light from the entrance faded, and we were left in absolute darkness. The sound we heard then so faintly had increased in volume while the warm breeze was changing to a hot wind. But not a sign of the strange being who had hurled the rocks at us.

At length we came to a sharp turn in the passage. The wind now seemed to come directly upward, the constant shrieking and roaring, now almost deafening, seemed to come from far below.

"We're up on the balcony now," I heard Frank shout close to my ear: "I hope it's not too narrow; I'd hate to be crowded off. Maybe it would not be a bad idea to see how wide it is before we go any farther."

Wondering what his plan would be, I remained still.

"Wow!" I heard him exclaim above the roar.

"What's the matter?" I shouted.

"Oh, nothin' much, I was going to toss a rock a few feet from the wall. If I would hear it, our private pathway would be safe. However, I happened to pick up a human skull instead of a rock, at least I think it was one, as I happened to get my finger in his eye, but here goes anyway."

A hollow, muffled thud scarcely audible above the roar, as the gruesome thing bounded off the ledge, and we heard it no more. By this time I was heartily sorry I had undertaken the journey, and certainly could not treat the matter as lightly as Frank seemed to be doing. I told him as much, but he only laughed.

And so we crept along in the swirling blackness while the burning winds parched our dry skin. The walls and floor by this time had become so hot that feeling our way was becoming very uncomfortable. Suddenly I heard directly ahead an unearthly shriek, a smothered yell from Frank and then the monotonous roaring from the depth below drowned out any further sound from him. Excitedly I called his name. No answer. Again and again I shouted at the top of my voice, but only the moaning winds answered my call.

Now lost in the passage and overcome with terror, I almost lost my senses. For-

getting the narrowness of the passage, I dashed recklessly ahead, my one object being to get as far as possible from the place. What cruel fate befell Frank, God only knew, what fate was in store for me was yet to be revealed. Endlessly I rushed on, my arms and legs were moving automatically, it seemed. Sometimes crawling over huge piles of rocks, often pausing on the very brink of empty space, or again miraculously carrying me over narrow breaks in the flooring. My brain had almost ceased to function, possessed only with a wild and uncontrollable fright. Then to my dulled senses came the realization of light—blessed daylight ahead!

Frantically I leaped on, straining every muscle, overjoyed at this newfound hope. It was a wide opening similar to the one I had entered a short time ago. Completely exhausted, I dropped to the ground to rest and recover my shattered reason, but my recent fear was more quickly forgotten than I had hoped for directly before me lay the most appalling sight I had ever beheld, for I was on the inside of the crater!

The passageway thru which I had come was a crack in the wall of the crater. I was now on a narrow ledge about two hundred feet above the level of the seething lake of fire which formed the crater's bottom. Burning gusts of wind blistered my exhausted body while the roaring of the winds still persisted. The crater was about three-quarters of a mile in width. Its jagged walls reverberated from the crash as some huge avalanche went hurtling into the molten depth below. The lake itself was a ceaseless tumbling mass of molten rock, pounding, beating dumbly against its imprisoning walls as if eager to break thru and spread death and destruction over the valley below. Occasionally a vast fountain of white hot lava would spurt into the air with a thundering roar, then fall grumbling back into the hot bed below. The confusion of noises, shooting streams of sizzling lava and ceaseless boiling of this miniature inferno made mere man sink into insignificance. It seemed a battle of cosmic forces hurling liquid rocks as missiles—the clash of the mighty Giants of the Intangible.

Awed by the sight, I stood silently for seemingly an indefinite period. Suddenly I saw two figures emerge from behind a pile of rocks along the ledge. I recognized them as Frank and the strange creature I

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had seen before. I almost doubted my vision, it seemed too good to be true. Had not Frank been lost in that terrible passage? Maybe they were but apparitions conjured up by my bewildered mind. I stood watching them in dumb amazement.

The old man, for the creature was a very old man, yet from his appearance almost degenerated to the beast, was turned toward Frank and gesturing wildly with his gnarled hands. His scraggly locks waved fantastically in the winds. His body, probably from frequent visits to this inferno, had the appearance of dried leather. In fact, his whole appearance was that of a wild man—a maniac. Under his arm he hugged tightly a curious looking bag which he had hoarded. As Frank approached him, he slowly retreated, his lips moving rapidly as if to explain or threaten. Slowly, slowly he approached the bring of the ledge. Fearing he would not see it I sprang forward shouting a warning at the top of my voice. Hearing me, he turned in my direction, and halted a moment. An expression of terror crept over his wrinkled features. Suddenly he turned, ran wildly to the brink, and with a despairing yell leaped out into space and fell a writhing mass into the awful depth below. Horrified, I turned my eyes away so that I need not see his end.

Then I saw Frank coming toward me, smiling—dear old Frank, just as easy and unconcerned as if he stood in his parlor back home in Brooklyn. Without a word he gestured to me to follow him. We again entered the opening and were soon well on our way to the outside wall of the crater. After a half hour's careful creeping thru the chunky blackness, without encountering any mishaps, we again saw the light of the blessed outside world. By common consent we sat down at the entrance to rest before returning to the camp.

"Tell me, Frank," I said, "what happened to you when that fellow jumped on you in the passage."

Frank laughed. "Well, I don't know exactly," he said. "Near as I can remember, he tumbled me down to the next tier. Thank goodness it was only about ten feet below. He chased me part of the way then, but I thought turn about was fair play, so I turned the trick on him, and you know the rest. Of course, I couldn't understand his gibberish. As near as I

could judge, tho, he didn't want me to interfere with the 'crown jools'. But listen, Jim, if my name is called for another expedition into a 'bloomin volcano' will you please tell 'em that Frank Roberts is absent?"

DR. RUNK ON SUNDAY EVENING

(Continued from Page 9)

conducive to high thinking and concentration.

In conclusion, the advice to select two or three or possibly four friends in life—with all the rest of the mass of humanity as mere acquaintances—was invaluable to us who are starting out. Someone has said that after all it is not our enemies so much as those who would be our friends who do us the most real harm. Friendship is a matter of two minds, which forecloses the idea that friends will seek you whether you seek them or not. Being a friend is having a friend.

We request more sermons of this type from Dr. Runk. They are food for the student mind.

NEW X-RAY APPARATUS

Elimination of the danger from contact with high voltage wiring in the use of modern X-ray apparatus has been accomplished recently by Dr. W. D. Coolidge. The X-Ray tube and transformer are enclosed in an oil filled metal case within which the ordinary household current is "stepped up" to a pressure of between 40,000 and 60,000 volts. The X-rays then pass through the cover of the case and are used in the regular way for making photographs. The case which contains the high tension elements is grounded and swung from a folding arm or bracket, allowing the rays to be directed at any angle. Only a low voltage lead of 110 volts is exposed, and this comes from the lighting circuit.

The apparatus is suitable for dental work or general radiography. Its development is said to be a big forward step towards making X-ray apparatus safer to handle than at any other time in the past.

"Could I sell you Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' sir?" asked the book agent.

"Certainly not," replied the self-made millionaire "I'm not interested in the career of colored pugilists."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE CRUCIBLE

BASKET BALL

Faith, my venerable friends, since I left my home in Cork, Ireland, my faithful, yet sometimes belligerent optics have had the excruciating torture and agony of perceiving or in good English, gazing upon numerous events of vast importance to the American everyday life, and which are entirely foreign to my native Emerald Isle.

Now that I have the above mentioned load off my chest, I shall proceed to make a few deductions. One thing that impresses me much is the royal game of basket ball as it is played at Lebanon Valley College. I take for granted that it is called basket ball because the three main appurtenances of the game are two baskets and one ball. One other Irishman like myself, this esteemed gentleman labeled Rube Cohen, is usually the instigator of much argumentation and fracasation when he is on a basket ball floor. One day I saw him try to run away with the ball and the whole gang jumped on him. Serves him right—I don't like to see any Irishman act crooked when there is a crowd present. Anyway—basket balls cost money and don't grow on bushes any more. But all the other players are just as dishonest, and the referee has his hands full all the time trying to keep the players from lynching each other for felonious attempts at the ball. That is if there is such a term in basketball rules.

Now letting the shadier side of the game drift, we may as well discuss the optimistic side. Basket ball is a very gentle game, and is not the least bit hard on a man's constitution; there are never more than ten men seriously injured in a game, and of those ten there are seldom more than five who get one way tickets to the happy hunting grounds. A basket ball player must be very tough, so as to withstand the knocks of nine men besides himself. He must also be very elastic so as to be able to stretch out the entire length of the basketball court when he is on the bottom of the pile of ten men, and safely place the ball in one of the receptacles provided for that purpose. A basket ball player when in civilian clothes may be easily distinguished by his boarding house reach and his ability to knock anything within four rods of himself, whether it be referee or the Annville police department (both men).

By CASEY.

IN PRAISE OF LAZINESS

I raise my voice in the defence of the army or the lazy ones. They are the salt of the earth. A lazy person does better work than an industrious body. He puts a fiery energy into his task because he wants to finish it as soon as possible.

A lazy boy will saw wood fast so that he can get through and rest. A lazy girl sweeps the room with whirlwind rapidity, while the girl who loves work will fiddle about all morning.

It is laziness that is the spring of human progress. Because a lazy man wanted to get out of the job of currying the horse he thought out a plan for putting a bucket of gasoline under the buggy seat, whereby we ride like the wind. Because lazy folks hated to climb stairs, elevators were invented.

Because people were too lazy to get off the train and go to the lunch counter, they devised dining cars; and being too lazy to ride on the railway all night sitting up, they contrived sleeping cars.

Being too lazy to dip his pen into the ink every few seconds, some genius invented the fountain pen. And being too lazy even to use that, he proceeded to build a typewriter. Also too lazy to run the typewriter himself, he started the fashion of having girl typists.

It was a lazy genius that thought of making a patent cigar lighter out of a flint stone and benzine, because he was too tired to strike matches.

Likewise, who would have conceived the idea of a fireless cooker except some woman too lazy to stand over the cook stove?

The eight day clock is due to the unwillingness of men to wind the thing up every evening; and now they have clocks that will run a year.

It is to almighty laziness we owe the ocean liner, the electric telegraph, the baby wagon, automobile Blue Book, and the shoe horn.

If everybody was an earnest and toiling little Willie that just ate up work and loved to employ every moment in useful energy, we should lapse into barbarism.

It is because the race is so blamed trifling and shiftless that it forges ahead.

It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail.
—Emerson.

THE CRUCIBLE

CATALOG YOURSELF

(Continued from Page 4)

ordained estate to enjoy forever and ever. To be more particular—and local—they are the folks who roam up and down our campus paths, in and out our halls, who trust to luck and fate to bring them thru; who wish that they might be the valedictorian of their class; and who long for the respect of students and professors alike. Twenty years from now they will be numbered among the might-have-beens!

Stand on the scales of your own integrity and fairness! Read the result with an eye that tells the truth!! Are you sure that you do not belong to one of our wishers here at Lebanon Valley?

Thirdly, there is the backbone class.

The backbone class is composed of those folks who are not afraid of work, not afraid to give themselves to their task whole-heartedly and fearlessly. They are the folks who toil for what they get, and who have long since realized that work is the only way anywhere and everywhere. They are the folks who find in work their own compensation and satisfaction, and have discovered that the reward of work is more work, and that the doing of more work is the simple recipe for success and happiness. They are the class who see the need of a thing and then see to it that the need is filled by that thing. They are the class of the doers!

Turn the searchlight of truthfulness full into your heart and decipher the message written there! Hold a little confessional with yourself! Can you honestly claim rank with the class of workers here at Lebanon Valley?

Where shall you be catalogued?

In the jawbone class? In the wishbone class? In the backbone class?

Editor.

GEORGE AND ABE

(Continued from Page 4)

but they seem to be far more concentrated in army life than elsewhere.

Our two national heroes may be briefly analyzed as having three dominant qualities which made for their success and triumph: observation, concentration and humanness. They are the inseparable cogs in the wheel that grinds out service and achievement.

May we emulate these two who have gone before us!

"Defendant," asked the court, "what is your name?"

"Joshua," was the reply.

"Are you the man that made the sun stand still?"

"No, sir," the man answered. "I'm the man that made the moonshine."

An anxious traveler on a street car, with watch in hand, seeing he had only a few minutes in which to catch a train, said to the conductor, "Can't you make any faster time than this?"

"Yes," answered the conductor. "I can, but I have to stay with the car."

Passerby—What are you staring at, little boy?

Willie Willis—Pa just fell down that manhole.

"Why don't you holler for help?"

"I dunno whether it was an accident or whether he was duckin' somebody he owed."

"That is a rather shabby pair of trousers you have on, for a man in your position."

"Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man. What if my trousers are shabby and worn? They cover a warm heart, sir?"

Old Gentleman (to street-car driver)—My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of it in the savings bank?

Driver—No, sir. After payin' the butcher an' grocer an' rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I'm afraid of them savin's banks.

Rastus—Who-all's boss in yoah home?

Finney—Boss? Boss? Why, niggah, wants to.—Judge.

Ah makes mah wife do evah-thing she wants to.—Judge.

He—Dearest, if I had known this tunnel was so long, I'd have given you a jolly hug.

She—Didn't you? Why, somebody did!

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly; he who aspires to nothing and learns nothing is not worthy of living.

The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer, that one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage and started to walk off.

"Are you trying, sir, to show your contempt for the Court?" asked the Judge, sternly.

"No, sir," was the reply; "I am trying to conceal it."

A specialty salesman was eating his dinner in a restaurant. His meal consisted of bread and soup. The waitress, in passing him, peeped over his shoulder and said:

"On a diet?"

Specialty Salesman—"Nope, on commission."

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MARCH 11, 1922

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The peach was once
a bitter almond; the
cauliflower is nothing
but a cabbage with
a college education.

—Mark Twain

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Edited, with Introduction and Explanatory Notes,

by

WILBUR OWEN SYPHERD

Professor of English in the
University of Delaware

Published by

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1921

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The Story of Abraham and Isaac

(Genesis, Chapter XXII, vs. 1-13)

And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham.

And he said, Behold, here I am.

And God said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went into the place of which God had told him. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father.

And he said, Here am I, my son.

And Isaac said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?

And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.

So they went both of them together. And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham.

And he said, Here am I.

And the angel said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.

And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns. And Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.

The Lament of David

(2 Samuel, Chapter I, v. 17 and vs. 19-37)

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son:

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.
How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,
Neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings;
For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed
with oil.

From the blood of the slain,
From the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided.
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights,
Who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!

Psalm 130

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice;
Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
And in his word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord
More than they that watch for the morning;
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord;
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Praise of Charity

(I Corinthians, Chapter XIII)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

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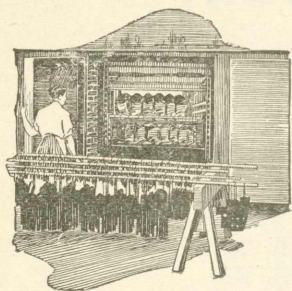
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So the analysis of milk has pointed the way to a safe japan. Again Nature serves industry.

Connected with the common things around us are many principles which may be applied to the uses of industry with revolutionary results. As Hamlet said, “There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

YOUR HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!

You have heard much and you have read much and you have been inspired much by the house by the side of the road. You have seen the dwellings of other men, you have watched them at work building their abodes. You have passed by and have been much absorbed in the pleasure of appraising their efforts—you have been profuse in your praise of some of them and have shook your head in disapproval of most of them. You have pointed out the faults and the good points, have made your suggestions and criticisms and you have told others how you would do. Your house by the side of the road is going to be beautiful and comfortable and graceful. You would absorb the good points of those which you have observed, cast aside the bad ones, and make a few original additions of your own. Your abode is going to be an earthly practical Utopia.

We young men and young women here in college have but a few years until we are called upon to build our houses by the side of the road of Life. The period of our preparation is drawing to a close with an astonishing rapidity. We must heads up and take our place within a world of work and activity, and make room for those coming after us, that they too might benefit by the period of preparation. Almost suddenly—at any rate too abruptly—we have been hurled from the cozy world of the ideal into the cold bitter winds of the practical. We have passed the transition line between dreams and deeds. Here we stand face to face with a big job!

It is ours to choose the materials that go into the construction of our house. Before us on a bench lie the tools with which to build. Here is the hammer of laziness and here the chisel of work. Here are the nails of ease and sloth and here are the rivets of pep and ambition. Here is the

saw of cheer and optimism and here is the grind of fear and worry and pessimism. With these tools—and in the selection of them we exercise our own free will—we erect the structure that will stand by the side of the road as a result of our handiwork. Others will then pass by and with a critical eye appraise our construction. What they see will please them or they

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OUR FAREWELL

With this issue the present Crucible staff presents its last efforts to the friends and followers of Lebanon Valley College. It is accompanied both with a feeling of regret and satisfaction. Regret in that a farewell in any undertaking is not pleasant, and satisfaction in that we have done the best we could. That best we only too fully realize has not been anything near par excellent, and at times has fallen below the stage of creditability. Surely there is some satisfaction to be derived from the knowledge of efforts well spent even though the tangible results may be less than were hoped for.

Looking back over our plans laid last year and the general program we had adopted, we see that much of our aspirations have gone to naught and many of our efforts completely failed. And as the new staff goes into operation, they will find a vast field of work and opportunity. If our failures will have served to open to their horizons new realms to conquer and new aspirations to foster, then indeed we shall have done something.

It is with our sincerest and deepest wishes for the success of the Crucible and its new staff, that we relinquish our places—as Seniors—in tasks and positions that have been both joyful and valuable experiences to us. May the Crucible be bigger and better and brighter in the term of 1922-23 than it has ever been in the history of the Alma Mater we love and have tried to serve.

The Mirror

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all those not listed on the Crucible staff for all their sympathetic efforts in our behalf. In this regards we wish to express our appreciation especially to Professor Beatty for his constant advice and his earnest endeavors to make our year a success.

THE JUNIOR PLAY

The play entitled "Maggie Pepper", enacted by a staff composed of members of the Junior Class of the College, scored a big success in local collegiate circles. Much of the credit for the splendid showing made falls due to Miss Adams for her careful and painstaking efforts and the artisticness with which she presented each scene. She furthermore showed a splendid judgment of character selection, the play from that standpoint having been one of the best ever presented here by local talent.

Miss Shenk, who played the leading role as "Maggie Pepper", was at her height, her personality responding exactly to the requirements of the playwright. Mr. Miller showed a great deal of originality and self-control thruout his heavy part, especially showing deftness in those scenes depicting emotional attitudes, ordinarily difficult for the amateur to present. Among the minor characters, Mr. Ruth taking the part of a typical Hebrew, Miss Morrow taking the part of a woman of the slums, and Miss Kratzert taking the part of a detective, deserve very especial mention. A great portion of credit is due also to Miss Heister, who played the part of Zaza, vacated at the last moment in the rehearsals by the sudden and serious illness of Miss Reeves.

The various musical and instrumental numbers between the acts were done well, and brought much response from the audience.

"He was driven to his grave."

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk?"

PROF. DERICKSON

The Philo Literary Society wishes to take this opportunity to thank Prof. Derickson, of the Department of Biology, for his splendid efforts and co-operation in making the biological program a success on Friday night, March 3. His kind suggestion as to the possibility of such a presentation was at once acted upon, much to the delight of all Philos, who thus wish to express their appreciation. This feature will undoubtedly be made an annual affair on the society program.

ARE YOU GOING FOR A WALK?

This was the subject of a splendid sermon delivered by Dr. Kunk on Sunday evening, March 5, and we must compliment him again for his interesting, practical talk. Starting from the human viewpoint of taking walks with friends—with a friend, rather—and showing how deep affection, trust, confidence and eventually love grows out of the sojourn, he ended with the application of man walking with God, his constant but invisible friend, ready to aid and point out the way, and instruct and cheer. The point we liked best was the fact that to be religious or to be a Christian, or, more specifically, to walk with God, did not foreclose the necessity of having a long-drawn face and a pessimistic attitude. The effect of walking out with and talking in confidence with a human friend is one of cheer and joy and happiness. The climax was drawn when we were asked if a walk and a talk with God should not be so much more conducive to real joy and happiness, with the actual laughter and smiles of living lighting up the corners of the face as well as illuminating the recesses of the heart.

"The way to run this country," said Knowitall, "is to put thoroughly wise, capable, alert and honest men in control of affairs."

"Yes," answered Miss Keen, "but what are we to do—there is only one of you?"

Our Short Story

SPRING

By MARYAN P. MATUSZAK

Bessie and I were strolling through Madison's woods.

"It's all new—just deliciously new and beautiful! Oh, Ida, isn't it glorious? To be here when the world has just been born!" Bessie had visited me at Christmas, and the contrast that her pretty, black eyes observed now at Easter was like nectar to her. No goddess would have been so pleased at any honor paid her as was Bessie at the radiant gifts the Almighty had newly planted.

I'm simply crazy over Cousin Bessie. She isn't a really-truly cousin, but she's much better than any cousin could be. It was when papa, mamma, and I—there aren't any other children but me, which is why papa calls me his "laddie"—visited papa's mother and father two years ago last Fourth of July that I met Bessie. Inside of an hour we were friends—we'd have died for each other. She isn't very much like me. Her hair is a lot more fluffy than mine. It's the kind that I just simply love to dress! She isn't as tall as I, but she's a lot quicker, and she seems to dance instead of walk. Oh, I can't describe her. She's just—just simply wonderful! I love her!

Bessie suddenly saw a patch of violets away to one side, and she flitted away. She lives in the city, and she says her soul is starved for the country. And maybe she isn't wild over violets! But before the dear old child had reached the patch she uttered a cry of surprise and joy and darted to one side, behind a clump of bushes. I hurried towards her and saw her clinging to Mr. Madison. Mr. Madison is the nicest man in the world. He's just like papa to me. I don't believe that there's any person in the whole universe that could hate him. Bessie loves him, and he surely likes her a lot, too.

"Well, well! So it's Bess, after all!" the dear old man was saying to himself as I came up. "Ida, don't you think it was mighty selfish of you not to let me know

you've a guest?" But I knew that he wasn't blaming me any; he understands me better than I do myself. He knows about as much of what is in the hearts of all the young folks hereabouts as does God Himself. All my friends adore him.

It had been a somewhat weary morning at home, for it was baking day. After washing the dishes and setting everything to rights and then after climbing up the hill to the woods, I was ready to take a wee rest. I guess Bessie must have been tired also, for she sat down upon a clean grassy spot.

"Come, sit down, Uncle Joe" (we all call Mr. Madison Uncle Joe). "Here's just the place for you. And you too, dear."

"To be sure; to be sure. But don't you like mountain-tea berries, young lady?"

And what do your suppose? Why, that place was just full of the darling little things! Bess was on her toes in an instant, and for the next five minutes we were scurrying hither and yon. At last we sat down and had a pretty little picnic—just the three of us.

At first Uncle Joe would talk about nothing except what Bessie had been doing since Christmas. And Bess, the little minx, did outdo herself with giving all the news that she had picked up. More things happen to her in one month than could ever happen to me in a hundred years. More than that, I'll bet you that half what she said was about boys. Now, of course, boys had never troubled me any. They're mostly a nuisance, anyway. Especially Jack Butler. And yet, sometimes—At Christmas Bess hadn't said a word about boys except about a cousin who had visited her home a few weeks before the holidays. She hadn't been any over-enthusiastic about him, either.

Bessie wasn't joking and laughing like she usually does. She was even speaking just like one speaks when one is alone with only one friend. You know how it is—it's just as though your heart had stepped out of a pile of rubbish and knew that everything it said and heard was true. Somehow, I never speak that way except when

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Our Special Features

FIT'S TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES

My Honest Verdict About Travel

Since I must say good-bye to my many friends, in favor of my worthy successor I desire to sum up my honest observations about travel. I once heard a war-time adage called T. N. T. On asking what it meant I was told by a gentleman of the dark complexion that it means "Travel, Nigger, Travel." Another man of the same disposition was once seen running away from an approaching shell, and when asked where he was going, said to the officer in charge: "Boss, I'm headed for Birmingham Alabama" That is what I'd call travel with a vengeance.

There are many reasons why man should travel. First because we have roads, second because we have railroads and third, because we have trolley cars. In addition there is air, water, tunnels and omnibuses. Now it would be a economical waste to have all these modes of travel and nobody use them.

They are two kinds of travel at least for which there is no real need. Namely the Mary-go-round and the ferris wheel. You get off where you get on and sometimes you fall off where you didn't get on.

All forms of travel are expensive except walking, Fording, swimming and bunnyming. The latter is the most economical of the four provided your host is a careful (more careful than full) driver and provided further that all telephone posts along the way are well behaved and keep a convenient distance.

Side door sleepers are no longer considered the thing in polite society since the police system is so well organized, but was a mode which many now living look back to with cherished memories of the days when the railroad was a new thing.

The airship offers less chance of danger than anything else I know of. It will kill you as dead flying at 20 mi. per hr. as at 200 if you fall out, and on the same conditions you'll not know anymore about landing from 2000 ft. high than from 200 ft, so

they say, except them as have tried don't say so. Now motorists know very well that rough roads, pedestrians, cross dogs and other things make it more dangerous for fast travel in a auto than for slow. It is different with an airship, for nothing but the Woolworth building or Mount Everest will ever be in an airship's way until Henry Ford begins to make them.

A yacht is a great thing for such as have inherited some money they don't know what else to do with. A canoe suits me just as well so long as it is right side up with care.

For education one should travel by day, and for time-saving, by night. If travelling in caves, tunnels, or submarines, the time is of less importance than the price.

Yours till my successor arrives,

DAVID FIT.

WHY THE TEACHER FAILED

Because she catered to a select few in the room, irrespective of merit.

Because she had a habit of humiliating a backward child.

Because she allowed personal dislikes to warp her judgment.

Because she objected to the question, "Why?" (An intelligent child asks "Why?").

Because she listened to the stories of former teachers about certain pupils, without beginning a clean slate.

Because she only called upon the fluent ones to read aloud, being apparently too much work for her to draw out the stammering and the halting.

Because she sent her pupils on too many errands, causing them to miss their lessons.

Because she herself was too often out of the room, talking to a fellow teacher.

Because she didn't make the most of each child's peculiar gift; didn't study its personality.

Because she had a habit of giving them lengthy writing periods, while she perused a novel on her desk.

From Other Sanctums

"If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush, if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a sun, be a star—
Be the best little booster wherever you
are." —Selected.

THE TELEPHONE'S MONOLOGUE

I am a telephone. While I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver. I have a mouthpiece, but unlike a woman, I never use it. Fellows use me to make dates with girls, and girls use me to break said dates. Husbands call up their wives over me and wives call their husbands down over me. I never get to call anywhere, but sometimes the company comes and takes me out. I am not a bee, but I often buzz. I am the "Bell" of the town, and while I do not get jewelry, I often get rings—Sent from Duluth.—The Northwestern Bell.

THE QUARTER AT CHURCH

An instance of momentary success in the collection has been noted when the minister published the following soliloquy in the congregational calendar: "I am 25 cents. I'm too small to buy a quart of oil; I'm too small to buy one-half pound of candy; I'm too small to buy a ticket to a good movie show; I'm even too small to buy a box of undetectable rouge; but most people think I'm 'some money' when I come to church."—The Christian Register Boston).

RIVAL BIDDERS

The clergyman's eloquence may have been at fault, still he felt annoyed to find that an old gentleman fell asleep during the sermon on two consecutive Sundays. So after service on the second week, he told the boy who accompanied the sleeper that he wished to speak to him in the vestry.

"My boy," said the minister, when they

were closeted together, "who is that elderly gentleman you attend church with?"

"Grandpa," was the reply.

"Well," said the clergyman, "if you will only keep him awake during my sermon, I'll give you a nickel each week."

The boy fell in with the arrangement, and for the next two weeks the old gentleman listened attentively to the sermon. The third week, however, found him soundly asleep.

The vexed clergyman sent for the boy and said: "I am very angry with you. Didn't I promise you a nickel a week to keep him awake?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but grandpa now gives me a dime not to disturb him." —The Christian Intelligencer and Mission Field (New York).

The doldrums invariably succeed the war drums.—Columbia Record.

Idle talk won't put the men to work.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

The idea is that the bonus will put the "vet" in velvet.—Greenville Piedmont.

About everything has been deflated except the national government.—Columbia Record.

Well, trusts may solve the world problems if trust in God is one of them.—Fresno Republican.

Senator Newberry has his \$eat. So much for the \$anctity of \$uffrage.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The only two who can live as cheaply as one are a flea and a dog.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Little brown jug and little town jug are never empty the same day.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Some one says that the year 1921 was a blessing in disguise. There is no question about the disguise, all right.—Charleston Gazette.

If you chance to meet a sneezer, swat him promptly on the veezer; thus you stifle his cadenza and avoid the influenza.—Louisville Times.

The California climate may be full of octogenarians, but at any rate the movie folks out there don't seem to go in for longevity.—New York Evening Post.

Alumni Notes

Members of the Alumni Association will be saddened to hear of the death in India of Mrs. Clyde Smith. Mrs. Smith will be remembered as Miss Florence Roach, a former instructor in voice at the college.

* * *

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Anna Duncan Wills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wills, of Duncannon, to Dr. Josiah Reed, '12, of 131 State street, Harrisburg. The wedding is to take place at 7.30 on the evening of Wednesday, March the 15th, in the Presbyterian church at Duncannon, with the Rev. R. H. Wilson, pastor, officiating, assisted by Rev. J. N. Wagenhurst, of Washington, New Jersey.

The matron of honor will be Mrs. Rosa Swartz Jennings, of Harrisburg, a sister. Another sister, Miss Ruth Wills, will be maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Mrs. B. Boyd Harrington, of Harrisburg, and the Misses Ina Jenkins and Alida Buckaloo, of Duncannon. Two small cousins of the bride-elect, Nancy Neill Trout and Priscilla Harrington will be the flower girls. The wedding music will be played by Mrs. B. Stiles Duncan, a cousin of Miss Wills.

Dr. Reed will have as his best man Even J. Miller, of Harrisburg. The ushers will be John Reed, of Lebanon, a brother of Dr. Reed; John Y. Wills, brother of the bride-elect; Donald W. Hoover and Ross Swartz Jennings. Following the wedding there will be a reception at the Wills residence, in High street.

Miss Wills is executive secretary of Harrisburg Chapter, American Red Cross. She is a graduate of Harrisburg High School, Class of 1910, and also attended Wells College at Aurora, New York, and Sweet Briar College in Virginia. During the war Miss Wills was engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, directing hostess house activities at Camp Jackson, South Carolina and at Newport, Rhode Island; Camp Upton and Camp McPherson, Atlanta, Georgia, where she directed the hostess house conducted at the headquarters of the Fourth Corps Area.

Dr. Reed is a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, Class of 1912, and of the Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania Medical School. He is on the staff of the Harrisburg Hospital, and director of pre-natal clinics of the State of Pennsylvania. During the war Dr. Reed served in the medical corps of the army, and after the Armistice was signed spent several years in special work in Philadelphia and New York.

* * *

On Friday evening March the third Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Lehman and Prof. and Mrs. H. H. Shenk entertained the members of the college faculty and several members of the board of trustees at the former's home on East Main street. Mathematical problems of great weight were discussed and solved by the wise professors and their wives, after which delightful refreshments were served to the following guests: Hon. and Mrs. A. S. Kreider, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Coover, Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Butterwick, Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Gossard, Dr. and Mrs. I. E. Runk, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Bender, Prof. and Mrs. S. O. Grimm, Prof. and Mrs. Christian Gingrich, Prof. and Mrs. T. B. Beatty, Prof. Ross Frounich, Miss Ethel Meyers, Prof. Paul Wagner, Prof. Mae Belie Adams, Miss Emma Schmauck, Miss Ruth Engle, Miss Letitia Witherow, Mrs. Mary Greene, Prof. and Mrs. H. H. Shenk, Dr. and Mrs. I. E. Lehman.

WHY SOME COLLEGE MEN FAIL

The reason so many college men fail is that they are full of theories; they think they know it all. A college course is a good thing, an excellent thing, but it must be given to the right kind of youth. Quite a number of the highest positions are filled by men who went through college, but who had no false notions as to what was required of them when they entered business. No man is worth anything until he has gone into the heart of the battle and had his theories subordinated to practice.—Theodore N. Vail.

OBLIGING POOCH

FOR SALE—Bull dog. Very fond of children. Will eat anything. 928 North 40th street.—A classified ad in the Southwest American.

Christian Organizations

SKOVGAARD

The Engle Conservatory of Music of Lebanon Valley College was the scene of a splendid program when the famous and eminent Danish violinist, Mr. Axel Skovgaard, presented his grand concert, assisted by his charming and accomplished wife, Alice McClung-Skovgaard, pianist. Mr. Skovgaard, who is rated with the world's best in the field of violinists, has toured many countries, and prior to his visit to this country appeared before the kings of Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The program, which consisted chiefly of classical numbers, was presented with a dignity and finesse rarely equalled on the local stage. The numbers of the program follow:

Sonata in E Minor..... Emil Sjogren
ALICE AND AXEL SKOVGAARD

Le Deluge..... Saint-Saens
Allegro fr. "Suite Fantastique"..... Nicolieff
Mazurka De Concert..... Wieniawski

AXEL SKOVGAARD

Frolic of the Waters..... Ravel
Flower Waltz from "Nutcracker Suite".....
Grainger

ALICE McCLUNG-SKOVGAARD

Andante from Concerto..... Mendelssohn
The Guitar..... Carl Reinecke
Melodie..... Edwin Lemare
Menuet fr. Quintet on E Major Boccherini
Indian Snake Dance..... Burleigh

AXEL SKOVGAARD

Prelude..... Rachmaninoff
Waltz Dance..... Scott
Arabesque..... Debussy
Erotikon..... Grieg
Finnish Dance..... Palmgren
Etude Concert..... Liszt
Arrangements of Classical Music.....

ALICE McCLUNG SKOVGAARD

..... Fritz Kreisler
Sieera Morena..... Axel Skovgaard

This well chosen attraction was secured by one of the committes of the Y. W. C. A. organization of the college. Information was obtained by the music department of the school to the effect that the violinist had an open date on March 6,

and efforts were at once made to secure his company. Every rendition met with much applause from the appreciative audience.

Y. M. C. A.

Due to holidays having fallen on the two last Wednesdays, the devotional meetings of the Y. M. C. A., which are held at six o'clock, had to be called off. The first week Washington's birthday interfered, most students leaving school on that day, and last week one of the furnace pipes bursted, resulting in cold buildings and no classes. For the future the leader, Mr. Arnold, is planning some attractive meetings with special speakers with special messages.

The student prayer meetings are continuing with a great deal of enthusiasm and interest on the part of the students. Last week Mr. Brooks, one of the advance agents for the S. A. Mullikin Self-Help Library Cor., gave a short inspiring talk. These Tuesday night meetings in the library building are proving to be vital factors in the religious life of the school.

The Ministerium held its regular meeting last Thursday night, when another chapter of the book entitled "The Victorious Life" was read and discussed. This book has been proposed by the faculty sponsor, Prof. Spangler, and is being used as a guide book for study and investigation. The movement of the Victorious Life council is being studied with open minds and unbiased opinions with a view to an increased view of the field of religious life as a whole. Large crowds regularly attend the weekly meetings.

Minister—There, little boy, I wouldn't cry like that.

Boy—How would you cry, then? This is the only way I know.

I should think ill of any man who did not leave his children a little better off materially than himself.—Theodore Roosevelt.

College Activities

THE JUNIOR PLAY

The Junior play entitled "Maggie Pepper," rendered by a cast composed of the three year folks of the college scored a big success before a large, enthusiastic audience in the Engle Conservatory of Music. Under the direction of Miss May Belle Adams, who introduced this feature of collegiate dramatics several years ago, it was well staged and finely executed. The characterization was especially commendable, the director having shown great judgment in the selection of parts.

Miss Lucille Shenk, playing the part of Maggie Pepper, and Mr. Lloyd Miller, playing the part of Joe Holbrook, a globe-trotter and businessman, deserve much commendation for their presentations. The members of the entire supporting cast did exceptionally well, among which probably the most noteworthy was that of Mr. Ruth, who took the part of Jake Rothschild, a hard-headed business man in the dry goods business.

The story plot in brief follows: Miss Pepper has been in the constant employ of the Holbrook Co. for fifteen years when she asks for the position of buyer of the firm. Her complete dismissal is saved by the fact that Mr. Joseph Holbrook—son of the deceased head of the firm—returns from Europe from his social gambles, and becomes much interested in the plans of Miss Pepper, who has been given the position of buyer temporarily. After a year in that position—during which time a fast friendship grows up between Miss Pepper and Mr. Holbrook—the store business is completely revolutionized. However, all this progress, together with the constant association of the pair, conspire to provoke the envy and suspicion of the fiancée of Mr. Holworthy, who demands her removal. Conditions become such that Miss Pepper decides to leave the firm. It is not long before Mr. Holworthy seeks out her abode and calls on her amid her protests.

Their meeting is suddenly interrupted by an old impostor seeking blackmail on Miss Pepper, a fight ensues, and Mr. Holbrook is wounded. During the ten days

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DELPHIANS FIRST PUBLIC PROGRAM

February, the short month, with so many red-letter days, has again passed, but not before another of its days was made famous. Hereafter, the seventeenth of February will be written much larger and brighter than ever before; at least, it will appear so to all those who are interested in the L. V. C. Can you guess why? Of course you can, for everyone knows that February seventeenth was the date on which the Delphian Literary Society gave its first public program.

We always thought that our new literary society would make good. Now we know it will, for we have witnessed a very promising beginning. Their program was a rare combination of originality and merit. Washington, as the theme of the whole program, was particularly fitting, since it was given so near the birthday of our national hero. In fact, every Delphian herself was a little George or Martha Washington. Do you remember how surprised we were to step inside our old, familiar chapel, and find ourselves in the midst of old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen? We were carried back to the days of the past to such an extent that, after Professor Campbell's beautiful organ prelude, we bowed our heads as Miss Ruth Oyer began the fervid prayer of George Washington, feeling that Washington himself might be speaking.

We were brought back to the present day when the president of the society delivered her address upon the subject, "Know Thyself." Miss Burbeck deserves great praise, for she spoke in a language clear and expressive, and her message was worthy of the closest attention. Following this address, a tableau was presented which made us actually see Washington as he appeared at Valley Forge. Miss Withrow then entertained us with two excellent solos. The next number, by Miss Kathryn Kratzert, was an exceptionally good reading, given in a very commendable manner. This reading was illustrated by a well-planned tableau, which was fol-

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Humor

The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. His copy came in late, and it showed carelessness. The editor reproved him the next day by quoting an extract:

"Look here, Scribbler, what do you mean by this?—'Among the most beautiful girls was Alderman Horatio Dingley.' Old Dingley ain't a girl, you idiot! He's one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter. "That's where he was."

Teacher—Unselfishness is voluntarily doing without things we need. Give a living example.

Tommie—Pa. He goes without a bath when he needs it.

Tommy—Mother's throwing plates at father.

Visitor—Is she angry with him?

Tommy—No, but she's workin' up to it.

Mother—Elsie, why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?

Elsie—He's got to be quiet the way we're playin'. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you.

Johnny—Mother, do I have to wash my face?

Mother—Certainly, dear.

Johnny—Aw, why can't I just powder it, like you do yours?

Mother—Come, Keith, don't be so bashful—kiss the lady.

Keith—No, she's a naughty lady. If I kiss her she'll give me a slap just as she did to papa.

Mother—Now, Hazel, can you give me any reason why I should not punish you for being naughty?

Hazel—Yes, ma. Doctor said you weren't to take any violent exercise.

Angry Customer—See here, you overcharged me for that suit, and it was full of moths.

Tailor—What do you expect for fifteen dollars—humming birds?

Helpful Advice.—Doctor (to patient)—"It's nothing to worry about—just a little boil on the back of the neck. But you must keep your eye on it."

No Too Good.—Wife (introducing ailing husband—"I dunno what's the matter with him, Doctor, but I think he must have got hold of some of that good-natured alcohol."

Filling the Prescription.—She—"The doctor tells me that I need a change of climate."

He—"You'll get it. The barometer is falling."

Not the Cake Kind.—Mrs. Newlywed—(tearfully, after complaints about sponge cake)—"It's that wretched chemist's fault—he must have given me the wrong k-kind of sponges!"

Careful Listeners—"When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute," says a medical authority. We have noticed people trying this experiment in church.

Bad Case.—"What does young Bjinks mean by sending me one carnation a day, right along?"

Why, don't you know? He's saying it with flowers, and he stutters."

Her Marital Creed.—Mrs. Worth had just learned that her colored workwoman, Aunt Dinah, had at the age of seventy married for the fourth time. "Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again!"

"Yassum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Jes' as of'en as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."

Well-Known Pest—"Why did you decline to express your opinion when that caller asked for it?" inquired the secretary.

"He didn't really want my opinion," replied Senator Sorghum. "He was lonesome and wanted to start an argument."

Athletics

Of the last five games played, our varsity has won three and lost two. Three were played on the floor in Lebanon, and two on foreign floors. On Feb. 15, after a lapse of more than a week because of exams, play was resumed, and Juniata was the first opponent. Our fellows seemed to have an off night due probably to the idleness during mid-semester, and were defeated to the tune of 37-28. Juniata soon after the start of the game assumed the lead, which they retained thruout. For Lebanon Valley, Capt. Cohen starred, while for Juniata Donelson played particularly well.

Three days later, on the 18th, the team staged a pretty comeback, and easily defeated the Susquehanna five by a score of 43-23. The game was especially fast, although it was marred somewhat by roughness on both sides. At the end of the first period the score stood 21-13, with L. V. on the long end. Our fellows seemed to be much stronger in the second half and scored 22 points to their opponents 10. For L. V. Homan and Cohen were stars, while Rogowicz was Susquehanna's best.

On the 23rd and 24th, our fellows journeyed to Philadelphia and met Drexel and Villa Nova, respectively. Altho Drexel Institute has a very fast team, they were beaten by a faster one. Lebanon Valley always puts up a fine game on foreign floors, and this was no exception. The guarding of our men was particularly fine, especially during the first half, when Drexel only caged one field goal. For L. V., Bill Wolfe and Walter Wolf starred, while Greenwood was Drexel's best. Lebanon Valley took the lead at the beginning of the game and maintained it thruout. Good passing was the big essential feature of our victory. Score, 40-30.

One of the roughest games of the year was that played at Villa Nova on the 24th of February. Although the game was fast, it was marred by roughness. Even tho our team seems to be composed of men small in stature, yet they put up a game hard to beat, regardless of the size of the other players. The final score, 38-32, denotes the closeness of the game. It was nip and tuck thruout to see which team

would win. And it is safe to say that on our own floor our men would have won.

The hospitality shown our men by the hosts everywhere has been exceptional, due to the gentlemanly manner in which our fellows conduct themselves. They also report that good cheering on the part of the home team supportin enthusiasts greets them everywhere. Why not have some such demonstration equally as strong on our part at the remaining games in Lebanon? On Mar. 17, Moravian College is the attraction for our men at Lebanon. Why not a cheering section in favor of L. V. C. in the Y. M. C. A. gym?

The Penn Junior Varsity opposed our team on Mar. 4 at the Lebanon Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Starting off with an early lead of four points, Penn seemed to be sure of an easy victory. Our fellows got started slowly. The Penn style of play with the five men defense and criss-cross passing seemed to baffle Lebanon Valley. However, after gaining the lead the Penn players tried to freeze the ball, thus preventing our men from scoring. But this method of play did not last long, for our men got started, and altho the score at the end of the first half ended 9-6 in Penn's favor, the Penn players seemed to weaken as the contest continued, while L. V.'s players seemed to gain in speed.

After words of encouragement by Coach Hollinger, the team came back in the second half with renewed energy. The Penn players seemed to have braced also, but they no more baffled our men. Team work and fast play set the pace for them. They outplayed the Penn five at every stage of the game. It was anyone's game till the final whistle blew. When the game ended the score was 18-17, favor of L. V. It was one of the fastest and best games of basketball ever seen on the Y. M. C. A. floor this year. For L. V., Cohen and Walt Wolf played exceptionally well. In the last half the Penn men tried many baskets from the centre of the floor, but failed. Our men also were unsuccessful in many long shots. For Penn, Long and Rhoads starred. The guarding game put up by Bryden and Rhoads was exception-

THE CRUCIBLE

al. Line-up and summary:

L. V. C.		Penn
Wm. Wolfe	F	Shaeffer
Cohen (Capt.)	F	McIntosh (Capt.)
W. Wolf	C	Long
Homan	G	Rhoads
Clarkin	G	Bryden

Substitutions—Penn: Jones for Shaeffer. Field goals—Wm. Wolfe; Cohen, 2; W. Wolf, 2; Clarkin; Shaeffer; McIntosh; Rhoads, 2; Bryden. Fouls: Wolfe 6-19; Shaeffer, 6-11; McIntosh, 1-2. Referee—Schwartz. Time of halves—20 min.

THE SCRUBS

There is a series of games being played between the St. Luke's Club of Lebanon and the L. V. C. Jr. Varsity. Thus far each team has won one game. Last Saturday night before the varsity contest the second game was played. It resulted in a victory for Lebanon Valley Reserves. Score 42-25. The game was a very fast game, and was featured by some clever passing and team work. For Lebanon Valley Kessler starred in particular, while for St. Luke's Wolfe played a good game. Our Reserves should win the next game, thereby winning the series. They are playing a fast game and play together well. The next game with St. Luke's will be on Friday, Mar. 17. Line-up and summary:

L. V. C. Jrs.		St. Luke's
Kessler	F	Wolfe
Stabley	F	Smith
Behman	C	Schreiber
Perry	G	Lopez
Wueschinski	G	Hess

Substitutions—L. V. C.: Krause for Behman; Behman for Stabley; Stabley for Kessler. St. Luke's: Chadwick for Hess. Field goals—Kessler, 5; Stabley, 2; Behman, 3; Perry, 2; Wueschinski, 2; Krause, 2; Wolfe, 2; Smith; Schreiber; Lopez. Fouls: Lopez, 15-18; Perry, 8-16. Referee—Schwartz. Time of halves—20 min.

The game between the Annville Big V and L. V. C. Jr. Varsity was played in the Alumni Gym on Feb. 21st and resulted for a victory for L. V. C. The game was very interesting thruout, and very close. Altho at times it was very rough and the constant quibbling spoiled the game somewhat. Stabley for L. V. and Rohland for Annville starred. Line-up and summary:

L. V. C. Jr.		Annville Big Five
Smith	F	Wagner
Stabley	F	Rohland
Krause	C	McClure
Wueschinski	G	Berry
R. Homan	G	Keller

Substitutions—L. V. C.: Perry for Wueschinski; Kessler for Krause. Annville: Grimm for Berry; Daugherty for Keller. Field goals—Smith, 4; Stabley, 4; Krause, 2; Hman, 1; Kessler; Wagner; Rohland, 4; McClure. Foul goals—Wueschinski, 3-13; Perry, 1-3; Rohland, 13-20. Referee—Hollinger. Time of halves—20 min.

THE INTERCLASS GAMES

As the season is nearing the close, the Interclass Basket Ball and Volley Ball games are becoming more interesting. In Volley Ball the Juniors are still undefeated, and in Basketball the Seniors have not lost a game. There seems to be considerable interest in the outcome of the league, and the games this week will doubtlessly decide the league champions. Should the Sophomores beat the Seniors in their coming battle, it will end with the Seniors and Sophomores tie for first place, and should the Seniors win from the Sophomores, they will then have won the championship. The Juniors are the undisputed champions in Volley Ball.

BASEBALL

As the Basketball season is nearly ended, all the attention is turned to baseball. The first call for candidates for the battery positions was made this week. We have a goodly number of pitchers, both left handers and right handers, and there is considerable material for the few positions left vacant by those who graduated last year. A catcher and first baseman must be developed, and also an outfielder. There is every reason to believe that we will uphold tradition and have a winning team. Remember our victory over U. of P. two years ago. The team this year can turn an equally fine record.

Two brothers ran a general store in a small town, where they had quite a trade in wool. One of them became converted at a revival meeting, and urged the other to follow in his footsteps.

"You oughter jine, Jake," said the converted one. "You don't know how helpful and comfortin' it is to be a member of the church."

"I know, Bill," admitted Jake thoughtfully, "an' I would like to jine, but I don't see how I kin, now."

"Why not?" persisted the first. "What's to prevent it?"

"Well, it's just this way, Bill. There has got to be somebody in this firm to weigh this here wool."

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SPRING

(Continued from Page 7)

mamma, and sometimes when papa, or Uncle Joe, or Bessie, and I are alone, with no one else to even know that the two of us are alive. Yet here was Bess, speaking to Uncle Joe and me—three of us together!—in that heart to heart way.

Somehow I knew that Bess wasn't opening the doors of her heart because she wanted to. The place must have taken possession of her. It was the prettiest sort of a little grassy nook, surrounded by the green oaks and maples on every side. The luxuriant warmth of the sun—it was about the middle of the afternoon—softly spread itself about and through us. We must have made a picture. Bessie was almost too beautiful. She had, while we were gathering the small red berries, plucked a neat little bouquet of violets which she had pinned to the pocket of her campfire blouse. Now, as we were half-sitting and half-lying down on the soft fresh grass, she toyed with a golden locket suspended from about her neck. Something—I believe it was the spirit of Spring—had all of us in its power. Our secrets, like those of everything in the woods, were open to the others.

Bessie even spoke about marrying. She told us about the day-dreams and air-castles that she had built about herself and some young man she would meet some day. As she was describing how she and the ideal were going to live together, giving us a picture of the happy life she and her children were going to have, she suddenly broke off and, with that impulsiveness which I love so much, she asked: "Uncle Joe, why is it you aren't married? You're the nicest man I know." Then she stopped, as though sorry for what she had asked.

I looked at Uncle Joe. He was silent. There was a look on his face that said he was thinking of something in his past life. It was a soft, mellow, almost pensive, look. Bess and I exchanged glances and spoke not a word. It would have been a sacrilege to disturb the old man's thoughts. We sat thus for a minute or more, and then Uncle Joe, appearing to notice us for the first time since the silence fell, began:

"My dear, you have asked me about that which is most precious to me." Bessie looked at him and started to open her

mouth. "No, no. Don't disturb yourself. I'm glad you have asked me. And my tale may help you some day.

"Perhaps you know that I wasn't born in America. England is my native country. It was years ago, and the little farm that my father owned is now but a part of a big town. In my early days, however, I enjoyed the life that the poets tell us of—barefooted, free, one of God's creatures. When I was still very young, only eleven years old, our family—there were father, mother, two brothers, and a sister—came to Virginia. We lived in a town of considerable size near the coast. Father was a lawyer by profession, and he soon made a reputation for himself. We were respected and honored.

"It was in the spring of the year that I was twenty that I met the one woman I ever loved. Her name was Jeanette—Jeanette Dubois. She was the daughter of a Frenchman who had become dissatisfied in his own country, and had therefore brought his family to America. She was an only daughter, and, being the beloved child of her parents, nothing was too good for her. Jeannette was younger than I—younger by almost two years. She was beautiful, very beautiful—a living picture. Bessie here is almost like her. Jeannette also had black eyes and the same shade of deep brown hair. She was just about as tall, and her manners were just as impulsive, and light, and spritful.

"I first met Jeannette at a ball. It was only a few months before we found how much we meant to each other. She was educated and cultured, and was full of interesting talk. Her father was very learned, and she had inherited his deep love of learning. I loved her as only a man can love a woman. . . ."

Here Uncle Joe stopped, and I knew that he was living over again those days of his early manhood. I could not help glancing at his face. It was peaceful and calm—the calmness that age so mercifully brings to man. But though now his thoughts were peaceful and pensive, I could see that in years gone by the thoughts that he had had, when alone, must have been bitter-sweet indeed. Somehow, a girl can always divine these things, and I know that I can trust my heart in this. The silence lasted only a few moments, and then Uncle Joe resumed his story.

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"We loved each other. There were, however, many things which forbade our marriage. She was a Catholic and I, of course, belonged to the Church of England. I see now that religion should have been no bar to us. Love is far more powerful a god than the artificial religions of men. But I was young and was still accustomed to defer to the opinion of the pastor. My father, of course, would hear nothing of my being married to one not of his denomination. He was proud, too,—intensely proud of being an Englishman—and to have his son marry a Frenchwoman would have been a grievous insult to him. How I wish father had not been so proud and obstinate! . . . He threatened to disown me if I should act against his wishes. He would have kept his word, I know; that would have meant the loss of mother, my brother, and Sister Lucy, and I would have had to get out without money or friends to seek my fortune. And, of course, I could not have dragged Jeannette down to poverty with me.

"Even though had I acted, with the optimism of youth, against my father's wishes, I do not believe that Jeannette could have accepted me. Her father was even more proud of his family and birth than my father—his daughter would be a bride only to some French nobleman. Her religion, too, was strongly against our marriage. In those days men and women were much more willing to be foolish in support of artificial things than they are now. The forbidding of marriage between us by her priest of course would have had to have been strictly obeyed.

"Things went on in this way, the two of us loving each other in the hell the others made for us, for several months. Then came the war. To end it all I enlisted with the Union forces, thinking that something might relieve me of this world. But I lived through it all, and when I came home it was with the heart of a victor. I was going to defy the whole world—father, religion, and all—and marry Jeannette. . . . It was too late. Jeannette was where nothing could trouble her any more. She had died of a fever that had raged throughout the eastern part of Virginia in the last year of the war. And since then, my dears, I haven't met any woman that I cared to marry.

"But the sun is going down and I can

hear the farm bell calling the men to supper. Come, I'll walk with you down to the house."

It was a silent and understanding trio that slowly went back to our abode for the night.

Three Scotchmen went to church, each clutching tightly the penny he intended to contribute when the plate was passed. Consternation reigned when the minister announced that this particular Sunday an effort would be made to raise the mortgage, and asked every member of the congregation to make a substantial offering.

During the prayer, the Scots held a whispered consultation as to the solution of their dilemma, and reached a satisfactory solution:

One fainted and the other two carried him out.

"Now, my son," said the conscientious father, "tell me why I punished you."

"That's it," blubbered the boy, indignantly. "First you pounded the life out of me, an' now you don't know what you done it for."

"Boy, take these flowers up to Miss Dolly Footlites, Room Twelve."

"Gee! You're the fourth guy wot's sent her flowers today."

"Eh! What's that? Who sent the others?"

"Oh, they didn't send up any names. They just said: 'She'll know who they come from.'"

"Well, here, take my card, and tell her these are from the same one that sent her the other three boxes."

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on the beauties of married life. Two old Irish women coming out of church were heard commenting upon his address.

"'Tis a fine sermon his reverence would be after givin' us," said Bridget.

"It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."

Barber—How do you like the razor, sir?

Victim—I could hardly think it was possible that I was being shaved.

Barber (flattered)—Then what did you imagine, sir?

Victim—That I was being sandpapered.

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"LOOK ABOUT"

The greatest mysteries of the universe are so common to us that we never stop to consider them, and yet are ever going on around us. We have the mechanical and the non-mechanical forces. In the former we have the laws that regulate the motions of the spheres, spinning on their axis, and darting with immense rapidity thru space while we sit here and dream that all was made for us. In the latter we have the equally common forces, which are perhaps the least thought of. Take the case of two small seeds, almost similar in appearance, and two of larger size. The chemist upon decomposing and analyzing them, would report the presence of a small amount of sugar, fibrin water, etc. Place them in the ground, allow the sun to shed its rays of light upon them, the rains to moisten them, and small shoots will spring up and grow. What a miracle is the force and the power by which the small shoot extracts from the earth, water and air the many elements by which it increases in stature and rises towards the sky.

The one grows to be a slender, feeble stalk of soft texture; another a strong stalk of woody fibre, capable of bidding defiance to the winds; another a quite tender tree, looked down upon by all the forest; while the other cares for neither frost nor ice.

Out of the colorless air, the rainwater and mother earth, the chemistry of the seeds has extracted different shades of green colors. Then come the flowers—the various colors of the rose, the brilliancy of the carnation, the modest blush of the apple, and the splendid white of the orange. Where does the leaf and flower obtain its colors? By what process of chemistry are they extracted from the carbon, lime and phosphorus? Where do they obtain their delicious perfumes? By what combination of acids and alkalis could the chemist's laboratory produce them?

Then the fruit—the golden orange, the red apple. How different their structure and taste! Where do they obtain the taste? The same earth, air and water furnished a different taste to each fruit, and a different perfume to each fruit and its flower.

However wise we may look, we do not know it all.

E. F.

PHILO BIOLOGICAL PROGRAM

The Philo Literary Society rendered a biological program on Friday night, Mar. 3. Sponsored and directed by Prof. Derickson it proved to be original and highly interesting. Special slides were prepared and secured at the state capitol to illustrate the various discussions and articles, adding much to the interest of the presentations.

The first number was a Biological quartette, composed of Messrs. Daugherty, Willard, Miller and Hiser. Then Mr. Ness gave a talk on "Animals of the Past," illustrated by a number of pictures projected on the screen in the biology lecture room. "The Reception of New Biological Theories" was then discussed by Mr. Arnold, showing in the main the reluctance with which the human race at large accepted the various new advances made.

A very interesting debate followed on the topic: Resolved that the laws concerning Birth Control should be revised to allow the education of the people in the methods of Birth Control in harmony with Economic and Social standards. Messrs. Allen and Matuszak upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Hiser and Hutchinson defended the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Mr. Bender gave an enlightening talk on the "Autobiography of My Early History," followed by a discussion of the Busy Bee by Lester Willard, aided by a number of illustrations. "Glimpses of the Home-life of the Saw Whet Owl" was read by Mr. E. Stabley, the photographs shown having been exceptionally beautiful and interesting. Mr. C. C. Smith showed his well known originality and humor in the last number when he explained the significance of a series of odd cartoons taken from animal and plant life on Mars.

BERNARD'S RELIGION

Gilbert K. Chesterton's characteristic amenity in his phrase "the Radical Snail," meaning Bernard Shaw, recalls to the writer of a letter in the New York Times the saying of Israel Zangwill about Shaw: "The way he believes in himself is very refreshing in these atheistic days, when so many men believe in no God at all."—The Universalist Leader.

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DELPHIANS FIRST PUBLIC PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 12)

lowed by a violin solo by Kathryn Nisley. Another tableau, depicting Washington as a surveyor, preceded a delightful solo by Miss Ruth Baker. Miss Hibbs' essay, "Human George Washington," presented Washington to us in a new light. The humour of the program was supplied by a pantomime portraying our nation's first president in an amusing situation.

The Delphian Octet then rendered two very pleasing selections. The last speaker was Miss Mae Reeves, who gave an admirable oration on Washington's "Presidential Career." The program concluded with a few more interesting tableaux. The character in all the tableaux took their parts extremely well, but they would not have been so effective had it not been for the beautiful backgrounds.

As for the Colonial Tea Party in the gymnasium—that was fine. There was a certain quaint charm in the stateliness of the Minuet and the courtesy of the Virginia Reel, which belongs only to the days of long ago. A great deal of praise is due to Professor Beatty, as well as to all the members of the society for the time and efforts they devoted to the success of the whole program.

JUNIOR PLAY

(Continued from Page 12)

in which he is confined to her home, being nursed, the world is flooded by the reports of his death by drowning. However, he is unexpectedly discovered, but Mr. Holbrook tells his discoverers that he has the firm intention of marrying Miss Pepper, and since she declares finally that she cannot resist, a happy denouement follows.

Preceding the first act, Mr. Ira Ruth rendered an organ solo. After the first act, Miss Dorothy Sholly favored the audience with a vocal solo followed by a vocal duet by Miss Rosa Zeigler and Mr. George Hohl. Preceding the final act, Miss Rosa Zeigler sang a vocal solo, after which Miss Minerva Raab played a charming organ selection.

The Conservatory was crowded to capacity, and every one left the playhouse highly pleased with the splendid efforts of Prof. Adams and her Junior cast.

YOUR HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 5)

shall pass on shaking their heads. They shall note our good points and point out our errors. They shall classify us as we in the years before have classified others.

Said one philosopher: Dream your dreams; plan your plans; follow your plans; make real your dreams.

It is the challenge coming to us.

Shall there be misery and loss and disappointment and failure and wilted dreams and faded hopes in your abode? Or shall the lights of happiness and laughter and success and service gleam out from the open windows of your little house by the side of the road?

Well, maybe the ten-year period of peace guaranteed by the Four-Power treaty will pass while the Senate is debating its ratification.—New York Tribune.

In the past six years 94 peers, 235 baronets, and 2,016 knights have been created in Great Britain, which is said to be a record. And they all have to acknowledge a plain mister as their political leader.—Springfield Republican.

Simpson (greeting his old friend)—Why Jones, it's ages since I saw you last. Married now, aren't you?

Jones—No, no, old man; it's not that. Just business worry and nerves.

Bovinely Speaking.—Hotel Guest—"Has Mike Howe registered here?"

Clerk—"What do you think this is, a stable?"

The Kind Desired.—Clerk—"So you wish to open a joint account with your husband. Current or drawing?"

She—"Oh, deposit for him—, —drawing for me."

Simple.—"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

"Don't let them turn in."

Single-Track Mind.—"When is your daughter thinking of getting married?"

"Constantly."

Don't try to do everything. Let posterity solve some of the problems.

Old Mose was wrestling with a balky mule, when a bystander asked him: "Why, Mose, where's your will-power?"

"Mah will-power's all right," came the reply, "but you ought ter come out an' see dis yer animal's won't-power."

Johnny—Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said some-thin' 'bout findin' the great common divi-sor.

Paw (in disgust)—Great Scott! Have-n't they found that thing yet? Why, they were huntin' for it when I was a boy.

Aviator (on way to court)—But, offi-cer, I was only doing sixty miles an hour! Do you call that speeding?

Aero Cop—Who said anything about speeding? You were delaying the traffic.

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MARCH 25, 1922

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that they can pay,

But close cooperation that makes them win
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—Kipling.

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THE CRUCIBLE

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ANNVILLE, PA.

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THE CRUCIBLE

OF PEACH TREES BLOOMING VERY EARLY

In glorious garments they display
Their bright, contagious hopes today;
And the souls of all who see
Are ennobled mightily.
The warm earth and the loving sun
Rejoice upon their triumph won.
And Beauty's perfect eye
Is most with rhapsody.
I glory in the sacred light:
At noon, full heavenly is their light.
Yet, I feel a vague despair
From a sighing in the air.
The innocent glory may have come too
soon,
Under a false, ill-fated moon;
And a jealous wind and proud
May weave for each hope its dismal
shroud.
—From "Children's Voices and Voices of
Joy," by Norman C. Schlichter, '97, to be
published soon by Richard G. Bodger,
Boston.

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER AT HARRISBURG

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER, '97

Here mountains part to let the river roll
Eternal toward its salt tumultuous goal;
The animated beauties of its tide
A special happy splendor here provide;
And here the river seems to laugh out
story
Of all its perfect path of glory
As if it knew there might be vast delight
Within these mountains at the lovely
sight;
Then graceful bending, beauty-set it flows,
Flows on with sweet enchantment and
repose.

MRS. LILLIE G. SHROYER,

83 SHERIDAN AVENUE,

ANNVILLE, PA.

I am enclosing herewith ONE DOLLAR, in payment of my alumni
dues for the current year.

Name.....

Address.....

Remarks:

Editorial Page

The Crucible

THE ALUMNI NUMBER

This issue of the Crucible, designated "The Alumni Number," is issued in accordance with a custom recently established, and by authority and under direction of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association.

The Alumni of any institution, by reason of their relations, past and present, to the mother body, are (or ought to be) interested in the policies and activities of the institution of which they once were a part.

Every institution, on the other hand, has a right to expect—in fact, demand—the advice and counsel of its graduate members. Constructive criticism is simply helpful co-operation, and that co-operation is absolutely essential to any educational institution depending largely upon a denominational constituency for its financial support and its student body.

To bring about a spirit of closer co-operation between college and alumni, to stimulate greater interest in our Alma Mater, by bringing to the attention of her "grads"—particularly those out of touch with her activities—a brief resume of the work of the past year and an outline of her policies for the future,—that is the purpose of this number of the Crucible.

If we succeed in our confessed purpose, it will be manifested in several ways.

First, there will be a 100% response to the call for the payment of the annual alumni dues. Last year, an unusual number sent in their dollar, but there is ample room for improvement. The dollar fee is not a burden to anyone, and has not been increased, in keeping with post-war tendencies. And yet, if a sufficient number of the "cart wheels reach the Treasurer, much can be accomplished by your Executive Committee which will reflect credit upon the alumni as an organized group. Dues are payable on or before June first. To save time and trouble, just

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LIFE'S GREATEST ASSET

The greatest thing in the world is LIFE. Through the skill and wisdom of man, some wonderful machines have been invented. Machines which are delicate, intricate, and useful. Machines which almost act with human intelligence; but they are devoid of that most wonderful thing in the world, which we call life.

In the study of life there are two angles of approach.

1. We may think of life as the vitalizing and energizing power existing in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Within this realm there are many forms of life, but its highest manifestation is found in man's spiritual nature, inspired of God.

2. We may also think of life as the span of temporal existence. In relation to mankind, it dates from birth to the time of death. It takes in his material environment, his social activities, his moral and religious propensities.

While we may study life from these two angles, yet they cannot be divorced. To separate them would do violence to the very purpose of our study.

In this discussion, we shall deal only with the cultural or intellectual phase of life. There are other phases of life that may be equally important, such as physical life, social life, political life, and religious life. But in this treatise, we are interested only in the cultural life. Indeed, the individual does not really begin to live until his intellectual capacities are awakened. The child is born into a physical world with an intellect made up of dormant faculties. Not until these faculties begin to develop and unfold, does life have any significance to the child. Dr. Richard L. Swain in his book, "What and Where is God," indicates that a child does not have a living soul until it acquires consciousness through its physical senses. It gradually awakens to discover itself and a world of realities about it. The natural inference would be that the greater the de-

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THE CRUCIBLE

RECONSTRUCTING THE COLLEGE RECORDS

When in December of 1904 Lebanon Valley College was visited by fire which resulted in the destruction of the one central building of the institution, there resulted not only the usual loss of property, but also what is more serious and more difficult of replacement, the loss of the records of the institution from the time of its founding to the time in question. Buildings might be duplicated, but the records of the history of the first thirty-five years of the College are not so easy—even impossible of duplication. Friends of the College, and especially her alumni, assisted greatly and isolated facts and data relating to this matter and that were supplied. Copies of the publications of the previous years were sent in and documentary evidences of various kinds have accumulated. To put this information into permanent form and to make it available to the coming generations has been our effort during the past two years. Time and opportunity did not permit it being done earlier. To date not a very great deal of this work has been done, but we have made what we believe to be a strong beginning. Time and a diligent pursuit of our present policy ought to yield results that will be of the greatest value to all of our former friends.

Among the especial problems resulting from this investigation is the problem of reconstructing the records of the students and graduates of the College prior to the year 1904. This can be done only in a partial way. From such fragmentary evidences as we have at our command and by applying the principle that before that day the flexible curriculum was rather an unknown institution we have been able to assist our former students and Alumni. In this manner we have supplied credentials to some of our students as far back as the scholastic year of 1868-1869.

Aside from the above troubles we have had our hands full in our endeavor to supply the usual information concerning the scholastic work of the institution for the five years or so following the fire when the recording machinery of the institution failed to function properly. Of more recent date is the work of reducing the records in longhand to the type written and permanent form for the use of subsequent generations. Our service to our friends

of the decade 1900-10 cannot be nearly so rapid as we should desire but we shall act as rapidly as the resources we have will permit.

At the same time that we have had to deal with the above problems we have also endeavored to develop a system of record keeping that will be leak-proof and give 100 per cent satisfaction to our students and Alumni in the years that are to come. We have endeavored to replace haphazard ways of doing things with routine and system that will not fail to leave the proper record at the proper time and place. Splendid assistance by the teaching staff is bringing the desired results.

Incidentally the years following the fire resulted in some confusion in the information we had concerning the graduates of former years. Some of this confusion has not yet been rectified, but we are now making an especial effort to do this also. About a month ago we sent to all our graduates and Alumni the usual questionnaire asking for personal information concerning each individual as a graduate of old L. V. C. Of the 1000 questionnaires thus sent out almost 700 have been returned properly filled in. A few more than 300 yet remain from whom we have had no reply even in answer to our second notice reminding them of the matter. In a short time another questionnaire will be sent to the various friends and classmates of these 300 persons in an endeavor to bring our information concerning them up to the minute. If the persons receiving these requests for information will send in the same promptly, the task will soon be accomplished.

SAMUEL O. GRIMM,

'12 Registrar.

"So this applicant for the bookkeeper's job claims he is a college man," asked the bank president addressing his clerk. "Has he anything to back up that claim? Can he qualify?"

The clerk stepped to the door and returned.

"The young man says," he reported, "that with your kind permission he will come in and give the college yell."

Judge—"What's this man charged with, officer?"

Cop—"Careless walkin', yer honor. He bumped into a truck and bent both fenders and the radiator."

THE CRUCIBLE

THE FORWARD LOOK

Lebanon Valley College has always believed in the symmetrical development of the entire being—physical, mental, and religious. Neglect of any of these means a lop-sided man or woman. Our powers and capacities are gifts from God, and every one brings with it the responsibility for development and proper use. The United Brethren Church founded Lebanon Valley College in harmony with that thought. For fifty-six years, it has been molding and fashioning the lives of its students, and it aims, in the future, to extend its influence to many more students, because of its growing equipment, endowment, and enlarged sphere of usefulness. The College aims to turn out well-trained and consecrated young men and women who are able to cope with conditions anywhere and make their influence felt on the positive and constructive side. Last year, 42 graduated from the various departments, while this year the number will be slightly increased. Our freshman class numbers 101. There has been a splendid increase in the total number of students. Our buildings are all crowded to their capacities.

The College made quite a number of attempts to secure an endowment fund, but prior to the endowment campaign of 1917-'18, the total amount of endowment did not exceed \$60,000. That campaign proved a wonderful success. Our entire district was stirred to action as never before. Fifteen thousand two hundred and eleven individuals signed notes and in addition, to these, there were one thousand cash gifts. Every third person in our co-operating territory contributed to this fund. The amount of endowment now invested now stands at \$314,000. Besides this, \$120,000 on endowment. About \$70,000 of this will not be due until October 1, 1922. We are hoping that every subscriber will pay the entire amount by the time the last payment falls due. This endowment is proving a great help to us.

This year, several new members were added to the faculty, and a trained librarian was put in charge of the library. The additional endowment and funds from other sources make it possible for us to add several members to the faculty next year. We will secure professors with the Ph. D. degree.

A Summer School was conducted last

year at Mount Gretna, seven miles from Annville. Fifty-five students were enrolled and of this number fifty were of college standing. Arrangements are being made for a similar school the coming summer.

Some College extension work is being carried on by the faculty in Lebanon and Harrisburg. The school is thus meeting the need of the community and making friends.

For many years the College has been seeking aid from the General Education Board (Rockefeller) of New York, but never with any success. Our efforts however have borne fruit for that splendid organization recently informed us that it would contribute \$8,000 a year for two years beginning July 1, 1921, towards increases in teachers salaries in Lebanon Valley College. This is truly a godsend and will prove a tremendous help and blessing as the College goes forward in its excellent work. This great board in its work of helping the college to help itself merits the gratitude and commendation not only of the President, Faculty and Board of Trustees, but of every friend of Lebanon Valley College and of Christian Education. This gift will inspire our people to stand by the College and help it as never before. We will remember with sincere gratitude the General Education Board, its secretaries and Mr. Rockefeller because their kindness and benevolence made this gift a possibility.

The people as never before realize the value of the College and in this new united enlistment movement will give the College its rightful place in the benevolences of the Church.

In harmony with the action of the General Conference last May the Board of Administration recently voted to turn to Lebanon Valley College \$30,000 next year if the effort to raise \$1,000,000 for all purposes throughout the Church is successful. We most earnestly hope that the goal will be reached.

We will put on another big campaign for endowment and enlargement at some time between November 1, 1922 and November 1, 1923. We do not know if the great New York Boards will find it possible to help us at that time or not. We are sure, however, that they are very friendly to us now. We are confident, too that since our Church and alumni so loy-

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Alumni Notes

ALUMNI NOTES

Some highly interesting facts concerning our Alumni have come to light through the medium of the 700 replies received by the Registrar to the questionnaires sent out, and the following are offered at random:

John Henry Graybill, who received the degree of A. M. in 1872, is now Pastor Emeritus at St. Mary's, Elk County, Pennsylvania, where he has been preaching for the past thirty-two years.

Concerning the class of 1873 there is, as yet, no information. The two remaining members were traced as far as California, but whether they are still there, have come back to the East, or gone farther West we do not know. Any information concerning Mrs. Sarah Burns La Roche and S. Charles Daniels will be greatly appreciated.

Samuel Hassler Clair received the A. M. degree from L. V. C. in 1875. He has been engaged in the teaching profession almost continuously since then, and is now principal of schools at Leechburg, New Jersey.

E. Hershey Sneath, of the class of 1881, during the past eleven years has held the position of Professor of Religion and Religious Education at Yale University.

C. Eby Geyer, a graduate of 1882, is statistician in the Auditing General's Department at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Henry Lincoln Musser, class of 1884, is engaged in the seed business at 1635 Westmoreland Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

William Stahle Ebersole, a graduate of the Classical Course in 1885 is, at the present time, Professor of Greek and Archeology at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Ia. He has held this position since 1893 and that of Registrar of the College since 1914.

Morrison, class of 1887, is pastor of the Congregational Church at Douglass, Kansas.

Nettie May Swartz, Conservatory 1888, writes that she is at present "a missionary to poor whites of the South in this mill village of 5000 people." Her address is Marion, N. C.

Samuel Henry Stine, Conservatory '92,

has been pastor of the Trinity Reformed Church, York, Pa., for the past twelve years. His address is 119 South Duke Street, York, Pennsylvania.

John D. Rice, '92, has been practicing law at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, since the time of graduation. Mrs. Rice was Carrie E. Smith, Conservatory '91.

Simon P. Bacastow, '93, is now chief of the division of Internal Revenue, Harrisburg, Pa. His address is 266 Cumberland street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Horace W. Crider, '93, is president of the Homestead Baking Company, Homestead, Pa.

Oscar E. Good, '94, is president of the Penbrook Trust Company, Progress, Pa.

George K. Hartman, '94, is pastor of the United Brethren church at 1204 G Street, The Dalles, Oregon.

William H. Kreider, '94, has been engaged in the practice of law at 416 Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, since 1898.

James F. Zug, '94, is in the retail mercantile business at Boone, Pa.

Harry H. Heberley, '96, is pastor of the United Brethren Church, 816 11th street, Aurora, Nebraska.

James Alexander Jenkins, '96, is president of Union Theological College, 5436 Haddon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Raymond Philip Dougherty, '97, is Professor of Biblical Literature, Goucher College, Baltimore, Md.

Howard Edwin Enders, '97, is Professor of Zoology and head of the Department of General Biology, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Allen U. Baer, '98, is a rancher at Tam-pico, Montana.

Orville P. De Witt, '98, is practising law at National Park, N. J. since 1909.

Clarence V. Clippinger '99, is head of the Commercial Department in the High School at Auburn, N. Y.

William Otterbein Jones, '99, is now Pastor of York United Brethren Church, York, Nebraska. Prior to taking this position he was Superintendent of Nebraska Conference.

Lena M. Owens, Conservatory, '00, is Farm Agent for the State National Bank, Texarkana, Ark.

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Christian Organizations

Y. W. C. A.

"And this is not all we have done this year in Y. W.," said Miss Effie Hibbs, president of the Y. W. "Our finances have never been in a better condition. The girls have co-operated splendidly, and look at the results! We have been able to reach our three highest goals—to furnish the Y. W. room in North Hall, send five girls to Eagles Mere summer conference, and one to the National Convention at Hot springs, Arkansas.

Can any one accuse us of being asleep? Not us, and we don't let others sleep either. When we are not having tag days or food sales, we are gathering in money from concerts, lectures and basket ball games. We raised over two hundred dollars from two tag days alone. Sacrifice Day was also observed in order to give fifty dollars to the Student Friendship Fund. Our quota, one hundred seventy-five dollars, which we subscribed to help our missionary in Africa, Mr. Weidler, has been paid in full. In co-operation with Y. M. we put out the College Handbooks and gave a reception to the new students at the beginning of the school year.

"We also have a new scheme of holding our meeting," continued Miss Hibbs. "Due to the fact that our five-day members cannot be here for the meetings on Sunday, we have arranged to have educational programs every other Monday evening. This gives all the members a chance to take an active part in Y. W., and creates more interest and enthusiasm. Different members of the Faculty, or out-of-town speakers come and talk to us on educational subjects. The girls also take part and discuss things of interest to them.

"Through our religious and educational meetings, we aim to promote two phases of a well-rounded Y. W. Association—the spiritual and mental. Beside the reception to new students, we developed the social side by having a joint hike with Y. W. to the Water Works; gave a party in honor of the Field Secretary; rendered a Christmas pageant, and, as is customary, will participate in the May Day exercises.

"May we enlist your good will and your good wishes in attaining still higher goals next year.

RESUME OF THE Y. M. C. A.

After the spring elections of last year when a new cabinet went into office, plans were at once laid for a bigger and better year in every aspect of the Association activities. Among the many responsibilities facing the new organization, the major ones were financing a budget, equipping the quarters for the Y. M. C. A. in the Men's dorm, sending delegates to the various conferences and devising a successful scheme of devotional meetings.

Considering the many difficulties in the way to clear action, much of the above has been accomplished and all will have been done by the time the new cabinet takes the reins. The Y. M. C. A. as a whole finds itself in a better financial condition possibly than at any other time in its history. And at the present with the prospects of obtaining an additional sum of money raised several years ago by the S. A. T. C. for Y. M. C. A. purposes in war, the financial status looks much brighter.

The organization this year also boasts of the largest membership for many years, at least one hundred men having joined. This factor in getting practically the mass of the college men into the Y. M. C. A. has done much for cooperation of all the different groups.

In all the history of the College, the Y. M. C. A. has been distinctly handicapped by the serious lack of quarters for meetings and activities. A small room on the first floor of the Men's Dorm constitutes the only space allotted to it by the College authorities and it is much too small for any practical purposes. However, with the idea of improving that which is in our possession, it was decided to improve the furnishings with the addition of a Victrola and also chairs and tables which were paid for by subscriptions gathered among the fellows. With the receipt of additional money, more efforts

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College Activities

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

The assertion appearing in a recent issue of a musical magazine that more progress in musical knowledge and culture has been made in this country within the past few years than during the entire previous decade is probably no exaggeration. Certain it is that the growth of the musical industries of the United States has been little short of phenomenal.

Each year adds thousands to the number who appreciate the true value of music, and more money is being spent for instruction, concerts and opera in spite of the commercial and industrial depression suffered during the past year; which is certainly a clear enough indication that we recognize our need and opportunity.

Many colleges now have well equipped schools of music, and the list of these wide-awake institutions continues to grow. We recall with pride that Lebanon Valley was one of the few colleges whose faculty and officers early realized the importance of music study, and many years ago established a department devoted to this branch, which has been of incalculable benefit to hundreds of students.

The outlook for the Engle Conservatory is very encouraging. There is an advance both in enrollment and the number of branches taken. The faculty continues to maintain high standards. During the past summer months every member pursued special studies and investigations in musical centres of America or Europe.

Frequent class and public pupils' recitals, faculty recitals and choral concerts supply inspiring musical atmosphere. Among the artists who appeared recently were Elise Sorelle, harpiste, and Skovgaard, violinist.

The Eurydice Club continues its splendid work, rendering parts songs and cantatas under Miss Withrow's able direction. The College Glee Club under Professor Campbell's leadership has given many and invariably successful concerts.

Great interest is manifested in the work of the Normal Department, directed by Miss Engle. The results achieved have

been highly satisfactory. It is a practical course of teacher-training, designed to prepare pupils for efficient teaching.

A series of lectures, open to pupils of all departments, given by the director, beginning in February, will be continued throughout the semester. Subjects include Psychology, Appreciation, Interpretation, Choral and Orchestral Conducting.

The instructors in our Public School Music department are keeping pace with the rapid development of this branch of public education, and we believe no more comprehensive courses of training for this
(Continued on Page 18)

THE STAR COURSE

With the appearance of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis on Monday, March 13, the Star Course Season for 1921-22 came to a close. Dr. Hillis proved a fitting climax to the biggest and most successful Star Course ever offered at Lebanon Valley.

The Star Course has always been a Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. offering, for the purpose of raising money to send delegates to the several conferences, but the Course has come to be a losing rather than a paying proposition, so that the money cleared one year had to be used to cover the deficit made in previous years.

When the present Committee was chosen, it was suggested that the Committee have representatives from town and enlarge the Course. The idea was timely and the new Committee chosen consisted of three from the Y. W. C. A., four from the Y. M. C. A. and three from the town.

The new committee took up the work with the sole purpose of giving Lebanon Valley a first class, well-balanced Course, and one that would be well patronized. Both the college and the town have given such support to the new idea that this has been a banner year.

Too much credit cannot be given to the town representatives Mr. Gideon R. Kreider, Jr., Dr. I. E. Runk, and Rev. U. E. Apple and to Professor T. Bayard Beatty, the faculty advisor.

May the coming year be the best ever!

Societies

THE PHILO LIMITED

"All aboard! First stop, Alumni Gymnasium. All off for the Hallowe'en Party." I had heard of the Philo Limited before I landed as a Freshman at L. V. C., but I could not fully appreciate its wonders then. Here I was starting out on my first trip on the Philo Limited over the years 1921-1922. Let me explain to these who are not well acquainted at Lebanon Valley College that the Philo Limited is the tourists' train of the Philokosmian Literary Society.

My room-mate said to me a few weeks after school began, "Bill, did you get your ticket for Philo Limited?" "The Philo Limited! What's that," I replied. "Well, come along, you can ride free tonight. This is a trip to the Alumni Gymnasium." "All off, the Alumni Gymnasium," the conductor cried. Bill and I trotted into the gym and we were surprised by seeing it all dressed up for an old fashioned Hallowe'en Party. Things didn't remain quiet long, however. The gym was spotted with costumed figures. We were all given little tags with the name of a clan on it. I had the Turkeyfoot Clan. Some fellow got up on a platform and said, "You have all been given tags with the name of a different clan. I want all those belonging to the same clans to group themselves together. We are going to have a few contests and each clan must send in a contestant." The contest started, and talk about fun. While going home on the Limited, my room-mate, Tom Dodge, asked me what I thought of it. "That was a Cracker-Jack of a party, Tom," I replied. "I think I too shall purchase a ticket for the Philo Limited."

I bought a ticket and have enjoyed all the trips immensely. Every one is as good as the first. We take a trip every Friday evening to Philo Hall. There a fine program is rendered by the members of the society. We sometimes have special programs on scientific and other subjects. They have already proved very popular, and bid fair to prove even more so. The programs are well arranged and are very helpful. The debates are a special fea-

ture. As I look over Philo Hall this particular Friday evening I see that most of the chairs are occupied, for Philo is the strongest society in College.

We are looking forward to the Fifty-fifth Anniversary, the biggest trip of the year. Great plans are being made for this and all things point toward a finer anniversary program than has been had for years. We are living up to the motto of the society, "Esse, quam videri." Well, so long, I hear the conductor yelling "All-aboard!"

CLIONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

From the Clionians—greetings. We come to you, our friends, knowing that you are interested in our progress as well as our problems. And we have had a goodly share of both this past year, whether we have solved these problems wisely or not, only time can tell.

Last October when our president called the Clionians together, we realized that something had to be done. More than eighty girls had been rowded into our dormitories. Could all of these, plus some twenty day students, be crowded into Clio?

Remembering that the capacity of our hall is limited, we declared it an impossibility. Moreover, we were confronted with an inactive list, disinterest and dis-sension.

Many meetings, consultations and much serious thought brought us to the point where an open discussion in chapel was necessary. Having freely expressed our opinions and having heard those of the faculty members, ballots were passed and the girls voted on the question, "Shall we have two societies." Unanimously the decision was "yes."

We had chosen, therefore, to give honorable dismissal to those of our number who were willing to help build up a second, a new society. By means of keen competition and friendly rivalry we hoped to develop an interest in our Literary Society, hitherto unknown.

Up to this time, new members had not been received. Now the new girls were

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Athletics

OUR AIM IN ATHLETICS

Athletics at Lebanon Valley have been more or less of a disappointment to some of our constituency and Alumni while to others they have seemed an indispensable feature of the morale, spirit and life of the student-body. Speaking from the standpoint of finance, we cannot hope to make our athletics pay for themselves entirely due to the fact that we are in a small town from which we cannot draw as freely as can, for example, F. & M. from Lancaster, Dickinson from Carlisle, Gettysburg from Gettysburg, Muhlenberg from Allentown, etc. However, the Athletic Council is endeavoring to guide matters in a manner which will meet with the approval of the college authorities and Alumni from a business standpoint and will at the same time uphold the standards in athletics equal to those maintained by other colleges of our own size. The task is not an easy one as some know, and as others may surmise.

In basket ball, we are considerably handicapped on account of our small floor. In the first place, visiting teams with but one exception would not sign contracts to play us unless we played on the Y. M. C. A. court at Lebanon. The only thing left was to play at Lebanon. Our boys who practised on our floor were almost as unaccustomed to the baskets as the visiting team itself. Also, the additional street-car fare of thirty-four cents each time make it impossible for some of our students to attend.

Baseball is coming into season. Last year we were forced to play several of our games at Lebanon in order to come out financially. This year two hundred students have pledged themselves to support the games if played at Annville—so they are going to be played at Annville. The following is the schedule as it now stands though it is likely that several changes and additions will be made:

- April 8—F. & M. at Annville.
- April 20—Juniata at Huntingdon.
- April 21—Susquehanna at Selinsgrove.
- April 22—Bucknell at Lewisburg.

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ATHLETIC REVIEW

Players and spectators will recall how often a contest is played over and often over and over again, both by its spectators and by the participants. It is in this review or playing over again that many excellent plays are emphasized, and mistakes are also noted. When the athlete succeeds in performing a good play he remembers and tries to duplicate it. If a mistake is noticed he tries to avoid making the same mistake again in succeeding contests. This is particularly true of the coaching staff.

Let us play the athletic year of 1921-22 over again. This may have the value of the points suggested in the above paragraph. It also gives our alumni an opportunity to see what L. V. C. has been doing athletically thus far this school year, and affords them an excellent opportunity to compare results, schedules and types of athletic activities with the same the years they spent at L. V. C.

The athlete always couples the opening of college with football. He comes to college in September eager for the greatest of American Intercollegiate sports. I do not think there ever was a more eager squad of men ever reported to an institution than the men who reported to L. V. C. a few days before the official opening of school for the 1921 team. The men started the task set before them with the real old spirit that has always been a part of L. V. C. They worked morning and afternoon until registration day. Then the same energy was put on their studies so they would not fall below in their grades. No longer does a man come to school as a foot ball player only but as a student who wishes to broaden his development by playing foot ball in connection with his studies.

The foot ball schedule opened officially with Penn State. The weather was anything but ideal for foot ball. Despite the beat, Penn State desired the full time quarters in order to give their three teams of huskies a good workout. Our team held the big State team to one lone touchdown the first fifteen minutes of play. An entire fresh team took our boys off their

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THE CRUCIBLE



AFTER THE BALL GAME—1921 REUNION

ADUMNI DAY, 1921

In all her history Lebanon Valley College never before witnessed so large an outpouring of Alumni as during Commencement Week, 1921. Never before had an Executive Committee planned with such diligence and foresight. To President Appenzellar a large part of this credit is due; but the response of the Alumni was gratifying, and there was everywhere manifest a spirit of loyalty and an esprit de corps which surpassed the recollections of the oldest Alumnae. Alumni day, 1921, set a goal difficult to reach. We do not have before us the statistics of this gathering; but any one familiar with the assemblage at past Commencements will verify the truth of the foregoing statement.

One of the features of the work of the week was the attempt to reach certain definite objectives. It was believed that one reason for the failure of many Alumni to return during Commencement week is due to the fact that there is nothing constructive for them to do. In order to meet

this obligation the round table conference was called. The attendance and spirit at this meeting surpassed all expectations.

Those acquainted with our smaller colleges well know that one of the weak points was the lack of trained, professional librarians. To bring this question before the Alumni in conference Miss Ethel Myers, librarian of the A. Herr Smith Library, in Lancaster, was asked to read a paper on the necessity of having librarians who understood the profession thoroughly and who have had experience in practical library work. The paper was an excellent discussion of the subject, and resulted in the adoption later in the business session of the Alumni of a resolution definitely recommending the appointment of one qualified to do the work.

The result of this recommendation was the appointment of Miss Myers to the position, and the assumption of duties in September. Lebanon Valley College has set a high standard in this respect for few of the smaller colleges have yet reached this advanced position.

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ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from Page 8)

Galen David Light, '99, is General Assistant and Secretary to the President of Northeastern College, Boston, Mass. His address is 316 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

William H. Burd, '01, is now Principal of the Junior High School, Altoona, Pa. His address is 1929 West Chester Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Emma R. Loos, '01, is teaching in Camden, New Jersey, and her address is 1009 McGill Avenue, West Collingswood, N. J.

William O. Roop, '01, is practising medicine at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

John H. Alleman, '02, is Superintendent of Schools at Uniontown, Pa.

Claude Roy Engle, '02, is a chemist in the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Chemistry, and his address is 2156 Penn street, Harrisburg, Pa.

John J. Sanders, '02, is now head of the Department of English, North Central High School, Spokane, Wash.

Ralph C. Schaeffer, '03, is a surgeon at Tacoma, Wash.

Mabel Edna Engle, '04, is serving as a missionary to India. Her address is Stall's Compound, Guntur, South India.

Charles Henry Fisher, '04, is principal of the State Normal School at Bloomsburg, Pa.

Ivan J. McKenrick, Conservatory '05, is practising law at Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.

Charles Clinton Peters, '05, is Professor of Education, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

John Johnson, Under '03 is County Superintendent of Schools, Vineland, New Jersey.

Frank F. Hardman, Conservatory '08, is at present Director of Pennsylvania College of Music, Meadville, Penna.

George Albert Williams, '13, is now Professor of Chemistry at Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, N. C.

Paul J. Bowman, '15, is now Assistant Surgeon in the Fort Bragg Hospital, Fort Bragg, California.

John W. Larew, '15, is Shop Superintendent, Boston Navy Yards and receives his mail at 49 Harlow Street, Arlington, Mass.

Earl S. Bachman, '20, has now tackled the salesmanship end of the shoe business with the A. S. Kreider Company, at 312 West Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

Robert Martin Atticks, '18, is physical director Franklin High School, Franklin, Pa.

Isaac F. Boughter, '19, is at present a graduate student at University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Frank S. Heinaman, '04, is Supervising Principal of Schools, Sheffield, Pa.

Benjamin P. Baker, '19, is an Inspector in Physics, University of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ruth L. Haines, '19, is pursuing an M. D. degree at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Isaac received from Thomas E. Lyter, '14, who is pastor of the Washington Park Presbyterian Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, advises that his classmate, Carl F. Schmidt, has just been appointed to the teaching staff of the Rockefeller Medical Institute, Canton, China, and that he will sail for the Orient in July to

William Otterbein Fries, '82, replying to our inquiries writes among other things: "It would give me great joy to attend the commencement this year of L. V. C. and have a reunion of class '82, but the prospects are not very bright." We trust that the class of '82 will be able to have a most delightful reunion during this their fortieth anniversary period.

INFORMATION WANTED CONCERNING

The following who have completely dropped out of our knowledge:

1873	Sarah Burns La Roche.
1873	S. Charles Daniels.
1878	Virginia Burtner Pitman
1881	M. Van Meter Funderburk.
1882	Mary S. Kulp Kennedy.
1884	Joseph E. Medsger.
1885	Ida M. Speck.
1887	Katie E. Rauch Miller.
1888	Albert Gerberich.
1893	M. E. Weinman Lytle.
1894	M. Fortenbaugh Bowman.
1897	Dr. George A. Ulrich.
1900	Enid Daniels.
1900	Oren G. Myers.
1902	Gertrude Bowman Wright.
1905	Amy Gable Depree.
1905	Blanche Wolfe.
1906	R. M. Hershey Beddoe.
1907	Elias M. Gehr.
1907	Florence Coppenhaver.
1907	Lida Ebright.
1908	Della Coursan.
1908	Mary Gantz Yoder.
1909	Charles W. Mills.

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LIFE'S GREATEST ASSET

(Continued from Page 5)

velopment of consciousness, the greater the soul of the individual.

This leads to some very practical questions. For what purpose is man's intellect? How best can he use it? Why develop these dormant faculties? Why spend so many years of training in the school room? Can we justify our great educational system? Is it simply to store the mind with so many facts? Is it only that we might rival one another in the sciences? Is it to make new discoveries and satisfy the curiosities of man? Many other questions, of equal significance, can be asked. If this was the chief end of all our years of study and culture, it surely would not justify our efforts, but there is a nobler and a loftier purpose.

A wise Creator has placed us in a most wonderful universe, with beauty indescribable. Surely, the individual who has developed these God-given faculties is better able to appreciate and enjoy the grandeur and the glory of this universe than the man whose senses are dull and whose eyes are holden. My own experience affords me a concrete example. I began the study of Botany late in life. On the farm I was surrounded with manifold forms of beauty which I passed by unnoticed. Upon entering college, with the aid of a microscope and the help of a teacher, I saw whole realms of beauty in flowers which hitherto I trampled under foot. I am not yet able to fully appreciate the beauty in flowers, yet the flora of a given community means much more to me in the way of enjoyment in life than ever before. Life is richer and fuller to me because I have studied Botany. The symmetry, the perfection, and the delicate coloring of even the tiniest flower leads one up to God. Well may Tennyson write:

Flower in the crannied wall!

I pluck you out of the crannies.

I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,

Little flower—but if I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all.

I should know what God and man is.

The astronomer and the psychologist have forever taboed superstition and fear. Surely the physicist is better able to appreciate the working power of any given

machine than the man who has no scientific knowledge of mechanics. Let us for a moment think of the science of music. I covet keenly the developed ear that is able to understand and appreciate those finer tones, those rounded notes, those strains of harmony. Surely, life means more to the cultured musician, at least from that particular angle, than it does to the one whose ears are dull and heavy. I have wished frequently that I might be able to enjoy the rapture and thrill of a beautiful selection of music as some other folks enjoy it.

There are many folks who exist twenty-four hours each day, but only that individual lives, in the fullest sense of the term, who is conscious of a world of beauty all about him. This sense of understanding and appreciation belongs only to the individual who has culture. The greater the culture, the greater the enjoyment of life. Sometimes we hear the question, "Why educate a girl? Why should she go to college?" It would be just as reasonable to ask whether a woman has a right to enjoy the fullness of life. Our enjoyment of life is in proportion to what we put into it by way of study and preparation.

At this point, we must pause to qualify the preparation one is to make. There is much education to-day, but not enough of the right kind. Jesus said, "I am come that they may have life and may have it abundantly." Again, he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." We may teach people how to live according to all the laws of hygiene and social ethics, but this will not insure peace and happiness and supreme enjoyment in life. We must teach them how to live and love; how to love nature and nature's God, realizing that he is much more beautiful. In this, we find our strongest argument for Christian education. That education that does not lead an individual up to God is not worth the getting. The Christian college thus becomes the great benefactor to those who would live, in that larger, richer and fuller sense of the term.

BISHOP A. R. CLIPPINGER, '05.

Mrs. Clara Horn Loser, '13, writing us from 706 Leland avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey, says in answer to inquiry as to present occupation, "Caretaker one baby, one husband, one house."

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THE DRAMATIC ARTS SOCIETY

Although its membership is small, and although it has not been given much publicity during the past school year, the Dramatic Arts Society has been very active, and has done some very effective work.

The meetings have been held regularly, upon every first and third Thursday of the month, at which time a Dramatic Program has been rendered. The Society has reviewed practically all the new plays of importance, studied and discussed the modern theater, and has "walked through" several one-act plays.

Then, too, the Society is most fortunate in having Miss Adams for its Advisor, and it is to her that it really owes the success and interest of its programs.

The Dramatic Arts Society is yet young in the history of Lebanon Valley College, and although its influence has not been very widely recognized, it has plans for the future which undoubtedly are going to make it one of the best of our College organizations. All it needs is the hearty support and co-operation of every student who is at all interested in Dramatic Art, who would like to become interested in it. It satisfies an aesthetic need within the individual, in a manner that no other phase of College life can reach; and at the same time, keeps us well informed in Current Drama, a practical side of our education.

THE MATH ROUND TABLE

At the opening of this school year, it seemed as though the other organizations of the College were taking some of the time that rightfully belonged to our old organization, the Math Round Table. But, within a short while, the former members, realized that the meetings of this organization were a great help to them, and as a result of this, we are now having just as interesting and well-attended meetings as in former years.

Lovers of the exact science and those who expect to teach any of the branches of mathematics surely profit by attending these meetings. The next meeting, which will be our anniversary session, will be held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Lehman.

If, at any time, any of the Alumni or friends of the College have any mathematical difficulties, the Round Table offers its aid in the solution of these problems.

ALUMNI DAY, 1921

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In addition to the results above noted and in response to the needs of the Library, Mr. Alfred K. Mills and his sister, Mrs. Lucile Mills Gerberich, offered substantial sums of money annually for five years for the purchase of books. In the afternoon meeting, Rev. Harry Kleffman, representing the class of 1916, donated one thousand dollars worth of Liberty Bonds as an endowment for the Library.

Another question thoroughly discussed at this meeting was that of compulsory church attendance. It was conceded that the failure of a large number of college students to attend church services constitutes a serious problem. The consensus of opinion was distinctly favorable to some form of compulsory attendance and among the resolutions adopted in the afternoon meeting was one expressing this view. The recommendation has not met with the practical results desired, and the question of attendance at religious services on the Sabbath Day is as yet unsolved at Lebanon Valley College.

The presence at the Round Table Conference of Dr. Elias H. Sneath, of Yale University was much appreciated and his valuable suggestions added materially to the success of the week's exercises. His able and scholarly Baccalaureate sermon easily sustained his great reputation, and the College is deeply indebted to this honored alumnus for his contribution to the success of Commencement week.

An unusual feature of the afternoon was the walkaround of the different classes under their class standards. This apparent spontaneous movement could scarcely be checked in time for the business session which was largely attended, the Chapel of Engle Conservatory of Music having been packed to the doors.

Following this meeting President and Mrs. Gossard gave a reception to the alumni thus introducing a pleasing innovation for Commencement Week.

It is not the purpose to give in detail the incidents of the week for the limits of the article forbid it. The Alumni banquet was well attended and the addresses were above the average. It is to be hoped that the standard set last year will be approximated this year and if possible surpassed.

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MINISTERIUM

The Ministerium continues its very interesting, helpful and spiritual meetings on Thursday evening. Mr. Rhoad, our president, has succeeded splendidly in his efforts to make our meetings interesting. Our unusual large enrollment of twenty-five adds inspiration and encouragement to the organization. The attendance has been unusually good throughout the year. The members feel that to miss a session of the Ministerium is to miss an hour of inspiration and instruction that can be gotten from no other source in school. From twenty to thirty minutes of our meetings are spent intercessory prayer, and about thirty minutes are used for discussion. The study of the book entitled "The Victorious Life" gains in interest as we advance in the course. Professor Spangler, our much appreciated faulty member, guides our study with broad minded suggestions and helps. Many interesting discussions are entered into, from which a deeper knowledge of the Word of God and His will concerning us is gained by the sharing of each others opinions. Many alumni look back with a great deal of pleasure to the fellowship meetings of the Ministerium. We are glad to say that the same spirit still continues. We appreciate the interest of the faculty in the organization. Professor Spangler meets with us regularly and gives us much food for thought. Professor Butterwick also, on several occasions has met with us and given us very interesting and helpful messages.

OUR STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

The primary object of the Student Volunteer Movement is to secure recruits for foreign mission service. Nearly fifty per cent of all missionaries are enlisted in this organization before they go, and many would probably never know the world challenge of missions in its proper proportion but for the propaganda of this agency.

But what of the Band's place in Lebanon Valley? Just this: The movement must have the local organizations for the purpose of reaching the individual who after all is the unit that must be considered. Formal organization is discouraged, as the Band exists not to furnish offices to officers, but to stimulate the religious life of the members, to provide fellowship

for those interested in the different phases of a common cause, to keep the volunteers informed concerning particular needs and to provide a connecting link between the movement and the individual, as well as to help non members who are sincerely seeking to find their place in the will of God, to know its challenge, and if led to do so, to affiliate with the movement, and thus present Jesus in a personal way in the lands where the actual conflict with heathenism is being waged.

RESUME OF THE Y. M. C. A.

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will be directed in this direction. It is now under consideration to petition the College authorities and finance committee to add to the space of the room by removing the partitions of one of the adjoining suites, thus throwing the entire section into Y. M. C. A. quarters. This will constitute a noble advance until a substantial building can be erected on the campus for Y. M. C. A. purposes.

Two delegates will be sent to the summer conference at Silver Bay during the latter part of June by direct aid from the Association. This had been the custom of the Y. M. for many years but for the past few years has been overlooked. The revival of this feature indicates notable progress.

The religious and devotional activities of the Y. M. C. A. have been well taken care of under the direction of capable cabinet officers appointed for that particular work. Special programs have been arranged thruout the year, attracting large numbers of the young men and proving of inestimable influence in the life of the students. Several joint sessions were held with the sister organization, all of which proved highly successful and enriching.

The Y. M. C. A. at Lebanon Valley College is working for the higher interests of all the men of the school, that their individual lives may be bigger, nobler and better. It is to this end that the old outgoing staff wishes "Godspeed" to the new cabinet which follows in the course of a few weeks.

Do you wish your son to take logarithms?

I don't mind, he's used to taking a little home-brew.

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THE EURYDICE CHORAL CLUB

"Are you going to practice tonight?"

"Sure, I'm going, aren't you?"

Such are the remarks one might hear every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday nights since Christmas. From snatches of such a conversation, a passerby might conjecture that a practise, to be sure of some sort was going to take place; but just what kind of practise, he will perhaps ask himself. Well, the practice is that of the Eurydice Club. The club did not get together nor make any preparations for this year until after Christmas. Then a meeting was held, and with pent-up enthusiasm, the club set to work. At the suggestion of Miss Withrow, the directress, the club decided to do something new. For quite a number of years it had been the custom to give a public program consisting of a special singer assisted by the club. But this year there is going to be something new. And every practice night, with clock-like punctuality. Each Eurydice member takes her place, the accompanist begins, Miss Withrow raises her baton, the club watches for the downward stroke, and lo, from twenty-eight throats, there issues melodies such as would charm the heart of Orpheus himself. Now, perhaps you, dear reader, have been wondering just what this "something new" will be.

Well, it is a Japanese Operetta. Now isn't that ideal? The Operetta is called "The Japanese Girl." And if you think that the club can't talk and sing in the Japanese language—well, of course you must judge for yourself. O Hann San, the Japanese Girl, has poise, beauty and a voice—ah mais oui, a marvelous voice! Then there are her two attractive cousins, O Kitu San, and O Kayo San, and Chaya, a tea servant. But there aren't only Japanese in the Operetta. There are Americans, also. Miss Minerva Knowall, the governess, and Nora and Dora Twinn, her wards, are a big part of the program. And then last but not least is the petit and charming Japanese dancer. Now doesn't it all sound as though there will be something new as well as something musical, artistic and entertaining?

The Club this year is one of the largest and best for a long time. It has enthusiasm and willingness to work. Every member is doing her bit to make this club the best one Lebanon Valley has ever had.

MEN'S GLEE CLUB

The Men's Glee Club of Lebanon Valley College gave its annual home concert before a crowded house in the Engle Conservatory of Music, Thursday night, March 16th. The club was supported not only by a loyal representation of students but by many of our townspeople as well.

The sketches "On the Ohio" and "A Musical Surprise" were played with remarkable ability. And all in all many are saying that the program was the best balanced ever rendered by our local Club.

Due recognition must be given to Professor Campbell, the musical director and pianist, for only by much sacrifice has he been able to make this year's club the best in years.

The Club's first trip to the towns of Lykens, Elizabethville, Millersburg and Shamokin was very enjoyable and the programs were conceded to be the best ever given in that field. Here the new men showed wonderful ability. There men will be a great aid to the success of the Club in future years. Mr. Fay and Mr. Smuck, both new men, not only displayed wonderful talent, but have proven to be good socializers as well.

The next trip began March 18th and is conceded to be the best of the year. The following towns and cities are included in the tour: Red Lion, Baltimore (in which place three concerts were given) Washington never before visited by the Club) and Harrisburg.

Besides these trips the Club will make its annual visit through the Cumberland Valley before Easter.

The Club expects to make this the most successful season in the history of the Glee Club of Lebanon Valley College.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

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profession are offered by any similar institution.

From time to time we receive reports of the splendid achievements of our graduates. It is gratifying to know the work done here has resulted in such immediate substantial success.

There is reason to believe the Conservatory is entering upon the best period of its history.

U. H. HERSHEY, '95.
Director.

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KALUZETEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Kaluzetean Literary Society is in the midst of the most prosperous year she has witnessed since the war. During the early months of the term she added more than a score of new men to her ranks. The majority of these men were Freshmen, while a few were second and even third year men.

On Wednesday evening, March 8, these men were initiated into the full rites of the Society, and we see her now pushing forward in an undivided and determined phalanx, as she marched in the good old pre-war days. It was hard and almost discouraging at times, but today she stands on the same solid rock that she once stood upon and vigorously waves the old red and orange banner signifying that despite the chaos of war, Kalo, like all societies with a purpose, shall not remain long crippled.

Kalo has had many lively and interesting programs during the winter months, but following the response of Nature and of Spring, she is having still better programs. She has had the honor of holding the first joint session with Lebanon Valley's newly organized sister society, the Delphians, which was a marvelous success. She has added a new feature to her program, in the form of a Biological Program, which will probably become an annual affair. To this she is indebted to Professor Derickson. Quite frequently she has had the pleasure of entertaining Old Kalo's who returned to hear a Kalo program, and to see the old hall once more. These men, with Professor Derickson, Dr. Gossard and Mr. A. K. Mills, the latter being with them always, brought to them many pleasant memories of their old Kalo days, and also many helpful suggestions to those of today. In fact, so pleased were these men with the success of the society, that several of them have started a fund for the repairing of the hall, to which all interested may contribute. The repairing of the hall has become a dire necessity, and the present members feel that since several of the old members have begun the fund, it would be only proper to give all a new chance to do something for their Society. Dr. Gossard has opened the fund with ten dollars.

At present Kalo is preparing for her Anniversary program to be given on Friday.

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DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

With the number of girls coming to Lebanon Valley increasing yearly, the need for another literary society for girls has been evident for the last five years.

The problem, however, was neglected from year to year until, under faculty supervision, the decisive step was taken in the fall of this school term, or in October, 1921, and the Delphian Literary Society was formed.

The Delphian consists of forty girls, only one-half of whom have formerly belonged to a literary society. All, however, have the same vision—that of carrying on their society to the goal of success.

The members have worked co-operatively and whole heartedly, and, in addition to their weekly program, in which an endeavor has been made to bring out in as great a degree as possible, the talents of each their first public program, through which member, they gave, on February 17, 1922, they brought before the attention of their interested friends, the life and works of George Washington in such an effective manner that it will live long in the hearts and minds of all.

Our needs are great. We do not have a society hall, although one has been promised us upon the erection of a new dormitory for girls; we do not even have the necessary equipment for the regular routine of a literary society, but we are idealizing the real and with the help of our interested friends and Alumni, we expect to start the coming school year, 1922-1923, better and more fully equipped, and with our ever-increasing enthusiasm in hope to make that year carry us nearer our goal.

Before the close of this, our Charter Year, we would like to add to our membership some honorary members. If you are interested in us and desire to help us on our way, the way is open.

We therefore earnestly desire the interest of the Alumni and wish to state that we will always be glad to give information to or receive encouragement from any of them, by either a personal visit to see us in our work, or by a letter addressed to the president of our society.

"Say, Pop, what is gravity?"

"Gravity, my son, is a force which brings down everything in this world—except prices."

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ATHLETIC REVIEW

(Continued from Page 12)

feet in the second quarter and scored twice. A third bunch of huskies in the third quarter found our boys weakening, and they tallied twice. Then Hugo Bezdek thought that his big team, the team that became so famous this fall, had a good rest, and in they came the fourth quarter. Our boys still had the fight and they were able to cross our goal line but twice.

The above description gives a summary of the fight and make up of the team. Georgetown was met and were fortunate to score a touchdown and win. The Army succeeded in defeating us by a larger score. Our injuries were beginning to weaken the team.

The fourth game was with our old rivals Muhlenberg. They thought us rather inferior to their exceptionally well-balanced heavy team. Breaks were numerous in this game for both teams. Despite their superior weight, their excellent forward pass system, and line plunging plays the affair ended 21-21. We won our lone home game by displaying superior team work and training.

Our Irish rivals, Villa Nova, proved our first taboo. After going through them for a touchdown without losing the ball we received one injury after another, and the score mounted against us in proportion. Juniata gave us a good battle but we came through with a 34-0 victory. With five of our regular men at home on the injured list Lehigh had little trouble in defeating our weakened team although we did succeed in scoring a touchdown against them.

The defeat at Susquehanna left a rather bad aftertaste. Especially so when we realize that most of the game was played in their end of a sea of mud. We succeeded in crossing their goal once, but, nevertheless, the game ended with the score of 2-0 against us.

The L. V. C. second team played a good brand of ball, and tied and defeated teams their superior in size and weight. To the scrub team much praise is due, and it is our aim to give them as complete a schedule as possible. Some very promising material played on this team.

Although victories were not so many as some of us may have hoped, we will have to remember that it was our Coach Wilder's first year, and he had to play a heavy schedule.

The basket ball season opened with several new faces in our lineup. Our first game with the Lebanon Independents was won. We next invaded Gettysburg. We lost this contest by one point in an extra five-minute period.

The team was then allowed to go on a barn storming trip through New England during the first weeks of the holiday season. Such schools as Seton Hall, Trinity College, and former coach Geyer's school, Connecticut Agricultural College entertained us. Much praise has reached us concerning their excellent showing and clean sportsmanship.

Our first trip after the Christmas holiday season was to Juniata and Penn State. Juniata by scoring three field goals from the center of the floor in the last few minutes of play defeated us 28-30. We gave Penn State a good battle but they were superior in size and we were forced to concede victory to them. Franklin and Marshall's big team defeated us at Lanaster by seven points. On our southern trip a shower of field goals from our forwards and accurate foul tossing by Wm. Wolf easily won from Gallaudet. Georgetown University lived up to their reputation, and we lost to them by five points.

A lay-off of almost three weeks for mid-year examinations proved disastrous and Juniata defeated us on the Lebanon Y. M. C. A. floor. The following day the team left for Susquehanna. They were determined to redeem themselves for the defeat the night before, and to avenge the football defeat. As a result, Susquehanna was defeated 27-22. Bucknell's combination proved too strong for us on their home court and we suffered defeat by the only large marginal score of the year.

Susquehanna was again defeated at Lebanon. Drexel Institute was forced to be satisfied with the short end of the score on their home court when we met them.

Villa Nova by a spurt in the final minutes of play, in a game that was nip and tuck throughout, barely nosed out L. V. C. Penn Jr. Varsity proved a good foe on our Lebanon court and we could only boast of a one-point victory. Moravian proved to be a less difficult task to defeat the following week.

The season ended with Villa Nova at Lebanon, Friday, March 17, with the score of 31-8 a victory beyond dispute.

The Jr. Varsity of L. V. C. played ex-

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cellent ball against the best high schools, normal schools, and independent clubs of this section. They often made the varsity go their limit to defeat them in practice games.

The girls' varsity split even on their victories and defeats.

The boys and girls interclass basket ball and volley ball leagues proved to be the big attraction at school. The gymnasium was packed to its capacity when these games were played at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Senior basket ball league for boys ended in a tie. Each class has met each of the other classes twice, after which the tie was played off.

Volley ball was a comparatively new sport at L. V. C., but great interest was displayed as it developed. So much interest in fact, that a varsity volley ball team was organized and a light shedule played.

Other than class teams were organized in both sports and issued challenges to similarly organized teams; both among the girls and boys.

The faculty is organizing a volley ball team and will challenge any class team.

The great handicap was the inadequate gymnasium facilities for the winter sports. Our home games of basket ball had to be played at Lebanon. This made it very inconvenient and expensive for practice and for the students to get to the games.

The gymnasium located in the Administration building is often rather annoying to professors conducting classes in the rooms over the gymnasium. With the inadequate number of class rooms classes must be conducted late in the afternoon, and with the heavy schedule for the gymnasium it is in use all afternoon and often in the evening.

A few statistics are given below to show just how the boys are taken care of in different sports. The girls schedule is less complete and no statistics are as yet compiled.

Male enrollment	141
Football L. Men	18
Football L. 2 Men	22
Football men who did not earn insignia	7
.....	47
Soccer ball squad	38
Tug of War (one contest only)	30
Basket Ball L. Men	7
Basket Ball L. 2 Men	10
Interclass Basket Ball, Senior	

League	36
Interclass Basket Ball Junior League	24
.....	60
Volley Ball Varsity	11
Volley Ball Interclass	37
.....	48
Wrestling Class	12
Hand Ball	4
Men in Calisthenic Classes	78
JOSEPH K. HOLLINGER, '16	

OUR AIM IN ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 12)

April 29—Dickinson at Carlisle.
May 3—F. & M. at Lancaster.
May 6—Susquehanna at Annville.
May 13—Gettysburg at Annville.
May 20—Dickinson at Annville.
May 26—Ursinus at Collegeville.
May 27—Villanova at Villanova.
May 30—Villanova at Annville

All these schools are in our class, and with the prospects of a good team we ought to have a good season. We are also going to inaugurate a drive to sell tickets to the towns' people at a special rate. The ticket offered will be good for three admissions for one person, non-transferrable, and will sell for one dollar. We hope to sell to two hundred people—and if we do we will just break even on the season.

Our aim is to eventually stage all contests at Annville, for athletics are conducted primarily for the benefit of the student body. We want our friends to know what we are working to accomplish, and that we are adopting what we consider the best means to gain the end—namely, a Physical Department which will function under its director just as the Biology, Physics, Chemistry, or any other Department, operates under its Professor or Professors. A department which is self-sustaining, economical and inextravagant—where conservation of equipment is not a neglected goal. A department which by mutual co-operation and understanding has the good will of every other Department—which state of affairs will make towards a co-ordinated curriculum which has a minimum number of conflicting activities. All of this for its own merit in that it ought to be so. But yet, not for that alone; we want to gain the confidence and support of all our friends and ground unison and harmony more firmly than it has ever been known to stand.

P. S. WAGNER, '17.

THE CRUCIBLE

THE ALUMNI NUMBER

(Continued from Page 5)

pin a dollar bill or your personal check to the appended coupon, and mail to Mrs. Lillie G. Shroyer. If you have taken the campus course and have been fortunate enough to secure a certificate of proficiency, in the shape of a helpmeet, may we not anticipate that your enclosure will be a "two-spot."

Second, there will be increased interest in the activities of commencement week, and a larger attendance thereat. It is urged, particularly, that every alumnus who is able to so arrange, set aside TUESDAY, JUNE 13th for a visit to old Alma Mater. A portion of this day has been reserved for the exclusive use of the alumni and their friends. Those who participated in the various events of Alumni Day last year, will want to return this year. Those who were unable to be present then are urged to avail themselves of an opportunity this year to spend a pleasant day with former schoolmates and college chums. The events this year will include an informal reception by Pres. and Mrs. Gosard at the Presidents home, alumni association business meeting, luncheon and ball game. Opportunity will be afforded for class and group reunions. Forget about work and cares, come back to Lebanon Valley on June 13th, and drink again at the "Fountain of Youth."

Third, there will have been established such a spirit of co-operation between college and graduate that eventually will prove beneficial to the college and which in turn will reflect credit not only upon the institution, but on every graduate as well.

CLINONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 11)

given the option of joining a society with experience and prestige, or, helping to organize and build up a new one. A more satisfactory division could not have been desired, for it resulted in leaving the two societies practically an equal number of members.

Our difficulties cleared up, we went to work in earnest. On November the nineteenth we gave our anniversary program. It consisted of the president's address, an informal essay, several musical numbers

and a little play entitled "The Princess Weaver of the Skies." We were pleased to hear alumni, and others, declare the program a success.

Nor have we been idle since then. Novel posters have announced unique and interesting programs. We have studied the social and economic problems of our friends across the ocean, and at present, an inter-class contest is drawing forth originality and a display of talent. To add zest, there is an occasional impromptu program, and we must not fail to mention the joint sessions too.

We aim to give our hall a much needed coat of paint in the near future, but find it financially impossible at present.

We sincerely hope that what we have done will meet with the approval of Alumnae Clinonians. We are pleased with your interest in us; we want you to give us suggestions and support. In fact, our one regret is that we so seldom have the pleasure of entertaining you. You are welcome in our midst. Need we send a special invitation?

KALOZETEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 19)

day evening, April 7, 1922, at eight o'clock, to which old Kalos and friends of the society are invited. Kalo is indeed fortunate to have the aid of Professor Beatty in preparing for this her forty-fifth anniversary. Come and help make it what Kalo has always striven for—one big success. The present members are sacrificing much, and they feel sure that you will do the same.

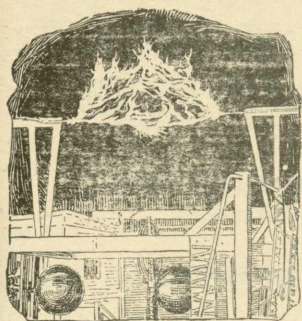
Having achieved this success, and with still other plans for the future, Kalo will be able to say that she is again at her height, and when gazing over her newly repaired hall filled with men of the true Kalo type she can laugh at the destruction of war.

Kalo is calling you. What are you going to do for her? She will appreciate your most feeble effort.

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"Beg pardon, sir, but could you tell me is there is a man living at this hotel with one eye named John Hardy?"

"Maybe I could help you out. Do you know the name of his other eye?"



Man-Made Lightning

FRANKLIN removed some of the mystery. But only recently has science really explained the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm.

Dr. C. P. Steinmetz expounds this theory. Raindrops retain on their surfaces electrical charges, given off by the sun and other incandescent bodies. In falling, raindrops combine, but their surfaces do not increase in proportion. Hence, the electrical pressure grows rapidly. Finally it reaches the limit the air can stand and the lightning flash results.

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“Keeping everlastingly at it brings success.” It is difficult to forecast what the results of the next thirty years may be.

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A FORWARD LOOK

(Continued from Page 7)

ally stood by us in the campaign of 1918 that they will be equally as loyal in the new campaign.

We will need in the near future quite a number of buildings and equipment such as a woman's dormitory, man's dormitory, domestic science department, dining hall, gymnasium, heating plant and additional equipment. We will also need more scholarships and a greatly increased endowment fund. We will not build, however, until the money is in sight. Certainly this is a big program and a challenge to all our people. These buildings, however, cannot all come in a day or a year. It may take ten or fifteen years, but they are sure to come, especially if we pray right and then help the Lord answer our prayers.

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

APRIL 11, 1922

ANNVILLE, PA.

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The April Number

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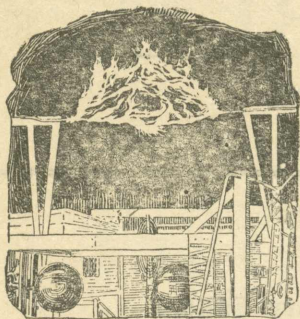
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Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Single copies, 15c each. Address all communications to E. G. Vandebosche, Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Penna. Please notify us in case of change of address or if you fail to receive your copy. Entered at the Annville Post Office as second class matter.

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

EDITORIAL

With time-worn problems confronting us and age-old ambitions spurring us on, the new Crucible Staff comes into being presenting to our readers the initial number. It is with a certain amount of timidity that we take up the task where those who have gone before laid it down. To carry on the work that has been handed down by so many generations of other staffs who have passed on and to be worthy holders of our birthright are those things that we call our ambitions.

It is splendid to think that we take up this work in the springtime of the year when hopes are high and ambitions so easily realized. But then we cannot hope to do much more for L. V. C. than that which has already been done. We can merely hope to be the beacon light and lead the way to greater things.

There are those who might say of us, that we in our youth are gay and frivolous forgetful of the serious things of life, but we would remind them that never has youth so staunchly met the problems facing it and never have the problems been so great. So while others may think that we are having a gala time we are all of us preparing to face the great problems of the great world, and to meet them unflinchingly.

Now as never before public opinion means so much to individuals. It seems to be our law by which we live. Public opinion is voiced in the periodicals and newspapers published over the entire country and in consequence our small voice may be so small that it may be heard in only a few of the many communities of the land. But we cannot expect to be heard among the booming voices of our brothers to a very great extent. We can be heard, however, in our own sphere and we can make the things to be heard count.

We were awakened rather abruptly to learn that only two per cent of the people of the United States attend college. Do we students at Lebanon Valley College

know what that means? Do we realize that yearly we send out groups of men and women ready to cope with the problems of the world? Do we realize that their individual influences reach hundreds of others and that through them the standards and ideals of Lebanon Valley College are given to the world?

We say that Lebanon Valley College has given them and is giving us certain standards and ideals. We know it has. But can we concretely name any one ideal or standard that we have to present to our new students as they come to us at the opening of school?

Have we not known our Alma Mater long enough to establish these traditions verbally and in written form so that they may be handed down to those who come after us. Is this not a task well worth attempting to finish?

The Crucible Staff that has just passed on, fulfilled many of our ambitions and developed standards that should go on record as steps in advancement for Lebanon Valley College.

Are we big enough to fulfill the task that has been passed on to us? Many things may be accomplished but not without the whole-hearted support of you, our friends,

(Continued on page 12)

THE HONOR SYSTEM

What do you think of the "Honor System" in class rooms? Do you think it would be a success at Lebanon Valley College if it were carried out as it has been at other schools? This is a challenge to you to send in your ideas with reference to such a plan. We should like to know what you think about it. Do you think it would be practical? There are numerous other questions that will rise in your mind in connection with such a plan. Send them to the Crucible. We need your support and your ideas. Stop! Look! Be sure to read what we have to say in the next issue concerning Honor Systems.

The Mirror

THE MIRROR

It is of interest to note that of the four officers elected to carry on the work of the "Young People's Organization" of the Lebanon County Sunday School Association for the coming year, two are members of our own student body. The President being John Rhodes of Palmyra, one of our Freshmen, and the Secretary, Della Herr, one of our Juniors from Annville. It is with satisfaction that we see among our group the leaders of tomorrow, and it is with thankful hearts that we see them prepared to do their work well.

Miss Pearl Heaps, of Baltimore, is the guest of Professor and Mrs. J. E. Lehman for several days.

Prof. and Mrs. T. B. Beatty and Prof. and Mrs. R. R. Butterwick with their respective families are occupying their new homes on the H. W. Miller property on East Maple street.

Misses Pearl Seitz and Effie Hibbs were fortunate enough to be able to hear an address by Immigration Commissioner Wallis at Harrisburg on Thursday, March the thirtieth. We hope to be able to secure Commissioner Wallis to address us in the near future.

Miss Helen Mealy, '24, was the recent guest of friends at Middletown.

Misses Esther Brunner, '23, and Elizabeth Brenneman, '25, visited the United Brethren church at Meyerstown by way of studying the development of various phases of Sunday School Administration relative to the Teacher Training course.

Miss Stelle Hughes, '25, who has been elected to represent our Y. W. C. A. at the National Conference to be held at Hot Springs, Arkansas, directly after Easter will leave for the convention on Monday the seventeenth of April. Our best wishes go with her for we know that she will represent Lebanon Valley College most efficiently.

Miss Edna Yake, a former member of the class of 1924, is making her home with her brother in Connecticut, where she is making preparations to enter Smith College in the fall.

Miss Mae Morrow, '23, spent the weekend at her home in Duncannon.

Prof. Gingrich's plan for the stimulating of interest in Economics by conducting a discussion class in the evening is indeed well taken. We are looking forward with interest to the time when discussion groups will take their places among the real college necessities.

It will be of interest to note that Ralph Homan, '22, has been elected to fill an enviable position in the High School of Ticonderoga, New York, as athletic director. His selection from a group of more than one hundred applicants is of no small consequence. It is an example of the success that comes to graduates from an institution where the development of the individual is one of the chief aims of the members of the faculty.

FROM THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

March 30th—Since the last time that I wrote anything in this diary, I have scratched my head, not because I was thinking but because it was itchy. I have hit upon a plan. I've decided to write a summary of the week's events. (This includes social blunders and jokes.) Now on Tuesday morning we went to chapel and came out about an hour later greatly exhilarated at missing a class. The talk that Mr. — gave us was very good and the students appreciated it. His subject was one which he, as a former college student and teacher could bring to us in an interesting manner. Everyone was attentive and listening and all were truly sorry that he discontinued his talk before nine o'clock. The other morning Professor Butterwick told us that his grandmother as a boy would sit by the hour knitting woolen socks. It certainly is interesting to note the increase in production since then. Yesterday grandma knit one pair of socks in a day but now several hundred pairs may be made by the machines in the factory.

This morning I arose from my eider-down (?) with a headache. I dressed

(Continued on page 12)

Literary

A SOCIETY TO FORBID LEARNING TO PLAY THE CORNET

A cornet is a very innocent looking instrument, but then one can not judge by appearances. But speaking of the arts and devices of the cornet, it is quite one of the most diabolical schemes ever invented to plague mankind. No one has ever thought particularly much about the formation of a society to forbid learning to play the cornet. But coming to think the matter over, wouldn't it be a good idea? You who have never lived near or never have been molested by a person who thinks that he is destined by The Divinity to play the cornet, have missed half the misery of this world of woe. And besides, you, who perhaps have for a moment heard the dreadful din, have the privilege of clapping your hands to your ears, and rushing away from the noise. But the person who is to be pitied, nay even more, the person who is a martyr is the one who must remain near that clamor. Of course you immediately retort that that said martyr may leave. But that isn't a fair reply. One must needs know that sound (such sound) penetrates, and it is not always convenient for said person to evacuate. Now there is the case of people living side by side. One morning Mrs. Smith will smilingly whisper to Mrs. Jones that Horace the eleven year old prodigy has got a new cornet from his father. She goes into detail to tell just how wonderful Horace is on this priceless instrument, how his father went into all the best music stores in New York city to get the pride and joy a valueless instrument for his genius. Mrs. Smith is certain that some day Horace will be great, that he is really a born musician.

"Funny, isn't it, how children will turn out to be great musicians, even though their parents aren't particularly inclined that way?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Mrs. Jones, you must come over and hear Horace play. He has taken only two lessons, but he gets along so splendidly!"

And then the story goes on how Mrs. Jones is slowly driven insane by the toot-

toot, toot-toot of a cornet which is always out of tune or has a bad cold.

Finally Mrs. Jones asks Mrs. Smith in a very tender and sweet tone that she (Mrs. Jones) does wish that she (Mrs. Smith) would try to suppress Horace's playing just a trifle, you know. "Oh, yes, we enjoy it, and all that, but it does keep us awake quite often." And then Mrs. Smith says a few nasty words, and then Mrs. Jones replies with a few nastier ones, and the fight is on. Onward Christian soldiers! And matters go on along the same line. Mrs. Jones entertains and does not invite Mrs. Smith; during the entire evening Horace keeps blowing with might and main into the confounded cornet. The party is not much of a success to say the least, and again the Joneses tear their hair. "In the morning and in the evening, ain't we got fun!" shouts Mr. Jones to Mrs. Jones, one morning after the young Smith had begun his usual toot-toot. "O, if there were only some melody to that cursed instrument, I wouldn't care so much, but—good night, nothing but that confounded toot-toot from morning until night. "O," moans Mrs. Jones, "if there only were a society to forbid learning to play the cornet!"

There are thousands like the Joneses. There are thousands in this dear land of ours who are driven to distraction by this blamed practice. Can we as Americans and Christians expect so much of an average human being? Can we expect him to keep his religion when in such circumstances? We are quite eager to fight the "graft" in our politics, we are ready to help the Red Cross and the Purple Cross, etc., but why shouldn't we be willing to help the down-trodden citizen who has to bear such a burden, and keep it to himself and his family. One can't bring in complaints all the time, putting them under headings such as public nuisance, disturbing public peace, etc. Sometimes questions may be settled in this manner, but what the suffering citizen who braves the firing of scorching notes from the throat of a croak-voiced cornet, needs, is sympathy. And the best plan for bringing that needed sympathy is a society which

THE CRUCIBLE

stands for a certain thing. The Humane Society, a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, is a wonderful organization. Many a poor common cur's life is made happier through this society. What can appeal more to our sympathy than the story of a cruel master who in a fit of anger, seizes a little cur, his only true friend, and cuts off his ears and tail? And then comes Nemesis, the Humane Society, on the trail of the brute. It tracks him down, and takes the poor little broken cur from him, to help it and give it the sympathy and love which it has so long hoped for. But that was a common cur, and yet it was removed from its agony by a society, but man, the highest animal, can not have the care and protection of a similar society. O, the brutality of it all! I am for a Society to Forbid Learning to Play the Cornet. Are you?

INTROSPECTION

The snow-bird keeps away the dreariness,
When gusts of snow-clouds hide the murky sun,
And leaves me with no sense of loneliness,
When all the routine of my day is done;

And when the summer calls the flowers to play,
They wake, and laughing, greet their friends again,
And every breath they give is rare and sweet,
And bird and beast drink gladly all they can.

The stars light up their lamps at eventide,
And make them silver dim at peep of day,
But all the cloudless night they twinkle on,
Mayhap, to help some traveler on his way.

The waves beat high on many a rugged coast,
And thunders crash in many an angry sky.
But air fresh scented compensates the blasts,
When waves grow calm and thunder clouds go by;

So in the storm, or in the hour of peace,
In winter's squall or summer's happy role,
By day or in the blackness of the night
The universe pursues its certain goal;

And when I take a look at hours I flung,

Decked with the moments I can buy no more,
I stand abashed before each modest flower,
That gives its constant cheer to rich and poor;

And when I note content and confidence,
In featherlings that know no anxious care,
I feel ashamed whene'er I ope my mouth,
To scatter fresh complaints upon the air.

And oft I wonder if the storms of soul
That make me bitter when I long for calm,
Have anything within to compensate,
Or leave, for words that burn, a soothing balm.

And if when dusk has put the flowers to sleep,
And birds have sung their little ones to rest,
I wonder in my sober second thought,
If I've been true to what I know is best.

Neighborly

A South Dakota state senator recently gave a new illustration of that fine saying of an ancient philosopher, "Man was born for mutual assistance."

A customer entered the small town barber shop.

"How soon can you cut my hair?" he asked of the proprietor, who was seated in an easy chair, perusing the pages of a dime novel.

"Bill," said the barber, addressing his errand boy, "run over and tell the editor that I'd like my scissors if he's got done editin' the paper. Gentleman waitin' for a hair-cut."

"One Wednesday Morning"

Senior: "You say you have been hearing suspicious noises in your room? What did they sound like?"

Freshman: "They sounded like heat in the radiators, but of course it couldn't have been that."

"What is an embargo, Bill."

"It's what you put on ships to keep 'em from going out, Sam."

"It ain't, you fool, That's the anchor."
—Canadian Fisherman.

"Nuts" Homan—Reading in Latin class:
"When he was within ear-sight—"

Alumni Notes

ALUMNI NOTES

John K. Wright, who received the degree of A. B., A. M. in 1870 is now pastor of St. Paul's Church, 101 Harrison Avenue, Jersey City.

George F. Beiman, Ph.D., D.D., class of '78, is living at 425 West Oleg Street, Reading, Pa., where he has been the instructor in Spanish in the High School for the last nine years.

Emma Louise Landis, who received her A. M. degree in 1879 is living at Hummels-town where she has been teaching art since graduation.

George W. Gensemer, class of 1880, has been engaged in the tanning business at Pine Grove for the past forty-two years.

E. M. Balsbaugh, who received his B.S. degree in 1901, is superintendent of city schools, Lebanon, Pa., which position he has held for the last eight years.

Mrs. Sue Moyer Enders, 1901, has been practicing the art of home-making for the last twenty years at 249 Littleton Street, West Lafayette, Ind.

David Dickson Brandt, '04, has for the last two years been Professor of History in Mechanicsburg High School, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

W. Ralph Appenzellar, '04, is living at Chambersburg where he has been a trust officer for the past eight years.

Robert Graybill, '06, has been a proof reader for the last four years. His address is 1950 Bellevue Road, Harrisburg, Pa.

Clayton Gohn, class of 1902, is preaching at Woodruff, Indianapolis, Ind. He has been minister there for the past five years.

Henry H. Baish, '01, has been executive secretary of Pennsylvania schools employees retirement system for four years. His address is 711 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Charles Homer Arndt, '14, is now research fellow in Plant Physiology at University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rechart Barnhart is living in Annville, where she has been teacher in the public schools for four years.

Cyrus D. Harp, 1880, has been a minister at Providence, R. I., for thirty years.

Ada May Beidler Herr, class of '18, is

living at Norfolk, Va. (Colonial Apts.)

Boaz G. Light, who received his A. B. degree in 1913, has been sales manager (Wholesale Coal Company) for last six years. His present address is Lebanon, Pa.

Harry Haywood Charlton, '14, has been Assistant Professor of Anatomy at University of Missouri, for two years.

Larene Engle DeBuff, class of 1915, is living at Linglestown.

Edward Pratt Allen, '20, is living at 45 Garden Street, New Haven, Conn., where he is a student at Yale.

Helen Ruth Heffelman, '17, is teaching at the Annville High School.

John Owen Jones, who received his A.B. degree in 1915, and who later received his A.M. from University of Pennsylvania, is pastor of Sixth Street U. B. Church, Harrisburg.

Edward Franklin Castetter, class of 19, is instructor in Botany in Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

Merab C. Gable, '18, has been teaching for the past two years at Greenville, Pa.

Ruth Loser Attinger (alias Blitz) writes that she is very happy in her new position of homemaker and housekeeper.

MATHEMATICAL ROUND TABLE

At the home of Professor Lehman on Wednesday, March the 29th, the members of the Math. Round Table held their annual party. Mr. Vanden Bosche, the president, presided at the meeting. The first number was a reading by Dwight Daugherty on the History of Geometry and its progress since the days of Euclid. Professor Grimm gave a very interesting talk on the Disciplinary Value of Mathematics and the Purpose of Continuing Mathematics in High Schools and Colleges.

Everybody enjoyed Professor Lehman's mathematical stunts and much laughter ensued. Mathematical Roll Call by the secretary, Miss Brunner, followed, and then the business meeting adjourned.

Delightful refreshments followed, and then the party, as all good parties must, broke up. The members of the Mathematical Round Table wish to thank Professor and Mrs. Lehman for the pleasant evening spent at their house.

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COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

DELPHIAN

On March the twenty-fourth Delphian held one of the most interesting and most unique programs of the year. It was historical in character, every number presenting some phase of history in a novel way.

The chaplain had charge of the opening exercises; a song, Scripture and prayer. An essay followed, "Benefits of the Study of History," by Kathryn Kratzert. It showed the real value of history and the use we derive from the study of it. Following Miss Kratzert's essay was the "History of the National Hymns," by Ruth Baker. This was interesting as well as instructive, for we were told when, by whom and under what circumstances each of the National Hymns were written. Next on the program was a song by the society after which there was rendered a one-act play, "Famous Women in History." The play opened with Dorothy Fencil reading history. She becomes interested in the characters and wishes that she could see them in real life. She reads until sleep overtakes her. She dreams of the characters about whom she has been reading and one by one they come before her in costume, and tell her what they have accomplished. The characters included, Xantippe, by Ruth Oyer; Cleopatra by Esther Singer; Joan of Arc by Mary Yinger; Marie Antoinette by Lola Dessenberg; Charlotte Corday by Helen Hostetter; Elizabeth of England by Isabelle Smith; Florence Nightingale by Effie Hibbs; Jenny Lind by Mary Hershey; Madame Curie by Gertrude Gingrich; Jane Addams by Rachel Heindel; Edith Cavell by Elizabeth Brenneman; American Girl by Dorothy Fencil. The singing of our own "America" gave the program a pleasing ending.

CLIONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Clionian Literary Society has elected and installed her officers, who are to serve for the rest of this semester. They are:

President, Alta Bortz; Vice-President, Minerva Raab; Recording Secretary, Agnes Mershitis; Corresponding Secretary, Mildred Kreider; Chaplain, Mary Hair; Critic, Anna Stern; Editor, Sarah Greiner; Pianist, Della Herr.

Now that the party is over, and the new officers are installed, we are again able to proceed with our interesting series of programs. The plan, which includes every member of the society, consists of an inter-class contest. A night is given to the girls of each class to produce a program to the best of their ability, starting with the Seniors and ending with the Freshmen. The judges are judging the programs on these merits,—literature, value, interest, presentation and originality. This plan has excited a friendly spirit of class rivalry, and every girl is working on top notch.

Thus far, the Seniors have given their program. Everybody was highly pleased, and the remaining classes are trying all the harder, because they realize that the contest will not be an easy one.

This plan has been broken, by impromptu programs and a minstrel show, of the most entertaining nature. Whenever you happen to come to Clio, as we hope you will, you may be assured of hearing an interesting program, and of having a good time.

Y. W. C. A.

The annual meeting of the Y. W. C. A. for the election of officers and a social evening was held on Monday evening, April 3rd, in North Hall parlor. We heard the reports of the various committees with reference to their work for the coming year and a resume of the work just completed. It is with satisfaction that we note the work of the cabinet during the last year, and we commend them most heartily. The new cabinet has our best wishes and hopes that they will carry on the work so splendidly begun.

It may be of interest to note that the U. F. R. served on three inter-collegiate committees, acting as chairman of two. These committees consisted of girls selected and elected from representatives of all the colleges of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland that support the Y. W. C. A.

The election of officers brought the following results:

President, Della Herr; Vice-President, Esther Brunner; Recording Secretary, Marie Steiss; Corresponding Secretary, Madie Shoop; Treasurer, Kathryn Kratzert; U. F. R., Ruth Oyer; Pianist, Helen Hostetter; Advisory Members: Miss Adams, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Gossard, Mr.

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Beatty, Mr. Mills.

After a snappy social hour under the auspices of the Social Committee, of which Miss Glenn is chairman, the girls dispersed to plan for the work of the new year.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Thursday evening, March 24th, was a very pleasant evening for those people who attended Dramatic Society. An invitation had been extended to all the societies and to the faculty. There was quite a large audience present who witnessed one of the best programs ever presented by the society. The program was a proof that there is much talent in the Dramatic Society, and that the Society is coming into its own as an organization of recognized power and interest.

The first number on the program was a pantomime, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." The reading was very ably done by Miss Agnes Merchitis. Mr. Russell Bowman, the hero, the Lord of Ulva's Isle, and Miss Mary Yinger, were the lovers fleeing from the wrath of Lord Ullin, portrayed by Miss Helen Mealey. The boatman was well pantomined by Miss Florence Siegfried. The stage setting though very simple was brought out very well by incessant lighting (of a flashlight), the only stage lighting. For its dramatic value, in respect to humor, pathos, and interest, the pantomime may be judged quite a success.

The second number on the program was a violin solo by Miss Kathryn Nissley, Miss Nissley's number played with her usual skill and talent, was very much appreciated by all.

The third and last number on the program was very entertaining and interesting. It was what may be called "Walking through a play." The play, "Where but in America!" was very clever, under the direction of Miss Kathryn Kratzert. Mr. Carl Hiser took the part of the husband, and Miss Esther Singer, that of the wife. Miss Helen Hughes was the Swedish maid. All characters brought out in a very clever manner the role which he or she portrayed.

After this, the audience was cordially invited to stay and observe or rather partake of another phase of the program. This part of the evening was very much enjoyed by all. It may be noted that the punch was especially good.

ST. PATRICK'S PARTY

Did you say you weren't at the St. Patrick's party? Well, you certainly missed a good time. I know you'd like to hear about it, so I'll try to tell you just how splendidly Clio entertained us.

When we entered North Hall about eight o'clock, we thought that surely we must be dreaming, for were we not in Ireland? There were the lovely little Irish girls, smiling so sweetly; and there were the Irish lads, too, with the mischief shining out of their roguish eyes. Even John Bull himself was there, strutting about with his hands in his pockets, and his nose in the air.

The girls of Clio, however, assured us that we were not dreaming, and gave each of us a card, on one side of which was a number, and on the other, a jumble of words. We then went into the beautifully decorated parlor, where we played some amusing games.

After the games, someone announced that we were to clear the way for the presentation of several Irish ballads and pantomimes. The first of these, which was "Mother Machree," was given by Miss Seitz and Miss Rosa Zeigler. Then two Irish boys, who were, in reality, Misses Edna Baker and Mildred Kreider, sang and acted "My Mother and Father were Irish," in a striking way. John Bull, whom we discovered to be none other than Ellen Keller, was the next one to enter the room and amuse us with an imitation of John Bull and the Sinn Feiner." The last number, entitled "Kitty of Coleraine," displayed the talents of the Misses Cynthia Drummond, Marie Steiss, and Dora Billet.

We all enjoyed this little program so much that we were sorry when it was over, and we were told that the next game would be Progressive Conversation. But this game proved to be very entertaining, also, and we were soon interested in finding out how long we could talk about one subject at a time.

Last, but not least, came the refreshments. The Clio girls must have worked hard in order to show us a good time all through. Besides the good eats, we even found, on our plates, dainty little souvenirs which shall always remind us of one of the most delightful evenings ever spent at L. V. C.

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THE EURYDICE CLUB

The Eurydice Choral Club of Lebanon Valley College gave its annual concert Tuesday night, March 28, 1922, before a crowded house. The members of the club decided, upon the advice of the directress, Miss Withrow, to render something new. They presented an Operetta, "The Japanese Girl."

O Hanu San, played by Miss Dorothy Shohy, with her cousins, O Kitu San and O Kayo San, played by Esther Gilbert and Kathryn Hoppie, respectively, with many girl friends made ready to celebrate her eighteenth birthday, or the time when she becomes of age. Her father sends word that because of war in China he is unable to be present at the party, and with his message he sends a bird, "The Bird of Love," as legend puts it, into which he has breathed his spirit. The song of the bird imitated on the piano by the accompanist, Miss Ruth Engle, tells of joy and sorrow.

The second act introduces Miss Knowall, played by Miss Rosa Zeigler, who is the governess to Nora and Dora, the American twins, played by Misses Mary Hershey and Kathryn Balsbaugh. They find their way into the garden in which the party is to be held.

The governess falls asleep and is awakened by the Japanese girls whom she thinks are soldiers. She tries to speak to them in English, French, German and Italian. They answer in Japanese and pretend not to understand. Just then O Hanu San appears and reproves the girls and asks the Americans to join their party, which they do with alacrity.

Chaya, the servant girl, played by Miss Pearl Seitz, comes rushing in with the news that the Mikado is honoring them with a visit. The Mikado, played by Miss Minerva Raab, enters with great dignity and accepts the invitation of O Hanu San to the celebration. The Japanese Dancer, played by Miss Mildred Kreider, gave a characteristic Japanese dance. The Operette ended with an Oriental dance by the chorus who, with their Japanese costumes were very well liked.

The stage was decorated beautifully and the color scheme was well carried out. The Club surely deserves our most worthy praise and our most hearty congratulations.

GLEE CLUB TRIP

The College Glee Club left on Saturday, March 18th, for the second trip of the season, after giving a most successful concert at the home on the 16th. The first town that the club hit was Red Lion, the town of Leber, Leber and Smuck. Everybody was glad to get to a good home after a three quarter of an hour trolley ride. The main attraction in this town was the splendid meals, and everybody must have done their bit, as they were talking eats the next day. The Club sang before a large crowd Saturday night in the United Brethren Sunday school room, and the audience seemed well pleased.

Sunday afternoon the men left for Baltimore. They arrived there at 6:10, and after a light lunch served in the church, sang at Christian Endeavor and at the church services, after which they were escorted to their homes. Monday night they sang before the largest crowd of the trip, in the Salem Otterbein church. On Tuesday night the concert was given in the Junior Mechanic Hall, after which they were entertained in the lower rooms of the hall. Wednesday night the concert was given in the church of which Rev. Lutz is pastor. Dr. Gossard was present at this concert. The main pastime in Baltimore was getting lost, and many of the members indulged. The Club was treated royally during their long stay in Baltimore, but as a whole seemed glad to move to new fields on Thursday.

On Thursday noon the Club reached Washington. They spent the afternoon sight seeing and there was plenty to do. The Capitol, Washington Monument, these seemed to be the main centers of attraction. The Club was given another reception in the U. B. church, after having given the concert before an unusually large and enthusiastic crowd. Friday morning most of the fellows went sight seeing in automobiles. Everybody seemed well pleased with the first appearance of the Club in the National Capitol.

Prof. Campbell now led his troupe to Harrisburg on Friday afternoon to spend the night in the Capitol City of the State. The concert was given before a comparatively small crowd in the Tech High School auditorium. The members came straggling back to school on Saturday and again realized that they were mere men. Thus ended a trip that will live long in the memories of the Glee Club men.

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"STEPPING ASIDE"

The big doors of the factory opened and the long line of workmen, the day's work finished, began to stream out on the way to their homes. With scarcely an exception each stopped in surprise at the door and said, "I didn't know it had rained today." At the same time the news boy across the street was calling out, "News! News! Seven men killed by lightning! Biggest thunder storm in years! News!"

Why had these factory men failed to hear the noise of the storm? Just because the rumble and excitement of factory life had taken all their attention and thus drowned out this more than audible sound.

So in our lives if we are to hear the voice of Him whom we claim as our Creator we need to step aside from the noise and business of everyday life into quietness with Him. Then we will hear clearly the voice that perhaps has seemed indistinct. The regular Tuesday evening prayer meetings afford just such an opportunity for stepping aside. Our last meeting for March was led by Miss Elizabeth Hopple. She gave us thoughts from Matt. 5:16 which were helpful to all present.

New leaders for next year will be elected within a few weeks. Can you be counted upon as one to stand back of the leaders and help them to make the meetings a real "Stepping Aside" to hear His voice?

MAJOR SWAN LECTURES TO THE STUDENT BODY

Major Swan of the United States Army and an eminent physician of New York City, brought us a message concerning modern problems which was greatly appreciated. He gave two addresses, one on Wednesday night, March the 29th, to the boys, the other on Thursday morning to the entire student body in Chapel.

The one to the boys was a splendid heart to heart talk in which he took up present day problems relative to sex. He differed widely from most speakers on these questions in that he chose to talk rather of the beauties of God's plan of life in preference to the horrors caused by neglect or the wilful sin of man.

The talk in Chapel was equal to, if not better than the one on Wednesday even-

ing. He started the talk with his optimistic outlook for the future and its opportunities, yet pointing out the necessity of purity and a correct understanding of the marriage relations by the people of today if these things are to be realized. As he sees it, the greater part of the educating of people along these lines lies with the colleges, people who make up only 2 per cent of our population, hence the necessity of seriousness on their parts in doing their full share of this work.

Major Swan has spent several years in the army and in medical work in which he made a specialty of sex problems, thus the information he brought was first hand. He was sent to us and his expenses were paid by the National Y. M. C. A. We feel very grateful for this privilege and will be glad to welcome the Major back at any time.

THREE STRIKES—YOU'RE OUT!

Great stuff gang,—Why the old pill simply rolled all over itself about six times and then nestled calmly in the catcher's mitt. And speed—if the ball hadn't known its destination before it left the pitcher's hand, any more than the fellow who held the old tooth-pick, it would have reached Mars three days ago. But having briskly wiped the smile off the husky batter's face, it lay in the catcher's trusty mitt and smiled. Simply wonderful how the balmy atmosphere calls us to the diamond with enough pep and enthusiasm to send any team to certain victory. Been out to the diamond this season? It's time to start and no bad habit either to go out every evening and watch the boys and help them prepare for the game that week-end. You'll enjoy it and the fellows will certainly appreciate it. If you don't believe it, try it. Not only that but it is your duty to help the boys all you can whenever you are able. There is nothing like morale in any team, and it is up to you to place a portion of it there, unless you have done so you have very little criticism coming. Let's be with the team and show to them that we are with them and they will in turn try more and more to represent to the best of their ability, Lebanon Valley College, our Alma Mater.

The cheer of Spring is not the only cause for which we will be with the team in Victory or Defeat: The seasons of the
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MINOR AND LEAGUE SPORTS

This season will mark the continuation of a few of those feats which we enjoyed during the winter months, namely, the out-door volley ball leagues. The exact location of the out-door court has not been fully decided thus far. However, it will be within easy reach of every student and will present a wonderful opportunity for any one who enjoys the game. There will be no balcony or ceiling which might harm while serving or any serious obstacle preventing one from making good. The sky's the limit, you know, as it is out in the open sunshine and fresh air and what more might one desire. It'll be great, and if you have not signed up as yet for the leagues, do so at once and spend a helpful hour on the court and forget your dull routine of study. Not only will you enjoy this splendid pastime game, but Coach Hollinger is very anxious that more students develop into good, strong, sturdy athletes in any sport that they may desire. Let's have the cooperation of the out-door leagues that was witnessed in the leagues this winter.

"Say, Mildred, did you sign up for the tennis tournament?" "I did, you see there have been so many signed up that really, realizing that all can't win, I'm willing to take a chance. Besides, I'm afraid that there may be so many signed up that those who have signed up will be using the courts all the time and we wouldn't have a chance to get any recreation." This conversation typifies the enthusiasm which is being shown in the Tennis outlook. I'm will be able to enjoy many good games in sure that with such earnest endeavors we both the girls' and boys' tournaments. There are also very good reasons why we should have a strong college team this year.

There will also be a chance, for those desiring to participate, in indoor outdoor baseball and possibly track. We anticipate a great deal from the outdoor baseball leagues and believe that they will be a success. We are sorry that there are not more efforts put forth in the line of track but at the earnest desire of the students we believe that an interest could be aroused in this specific sport in which Lebanon Valley has made splendid records in days gone by.

We have simply set forth some of the

possibilities in the line of athletics here at Lebanon Valley for this year. It is up to you, the student body, to utilize these privileges and also to create any other which you may desire.

THE MIRROR

(Continued from page 4)

feeling that I would be blue all day. I felt blue even if I was wearing green. I sulked through all my classes until it came time to go to mass meeting. I was so blue that I didn't care whether I yelled or not. I listened, listlessly to the athletic program and to the announcements. After that I prepared to sleep through the address that Major Swan was going to deliver. Well, I might as well say right now that I couldn't sleep because I soon became greatly interested. I took in every word Major Swan spoke. When I left mass meeting I had no headache, no blues nor anything like that. I felt fine. When a man can awaken all the students with a speech like that, he must be complimented. He spoke to us about facts and his speech was delivered to help acquaint us with a condition that is most important to our personal and national welfare. Perhaps his speech applied to all of us but it certainly hit some of us and I hope that everybody will take Major Swan's advice. It does not cost anything. Let's hear that lion roar for Major Swan. (Let's go!)

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 3)

who are making it possible to carry on this work. We sincerely hope that you may find something in these columns of yours, that you may take with you as rays of light from the great work that Lebanon Valley College is destined to do for the advancement of mankind everywhere.

THE STAFF.

Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it!—Thomas Carlyle.

We are trying to make The Crucible original. If it is possible we want to use every bit of available original material. Will you help us? If you have any material that you think is especially good, let us know about it.

Special Features

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A GIRL WHO BOBBED HER HAIR"

It doesn't always pay to do one's best. The way I learned this was by doing my darndest to have my hair bobbed. On, now I once liked short hair, and on, now I now hate, yes, even despise it! The people who were foolish enough to have their hair cut grate on my nerves. I did my best, and as a result have bobbed hair which I hate, a disagreeable feeling towards short haired people, and an awful yearning and pinching at my heart for my long locks.

For six weeks the feeling for wanting short hair worried me. Was I to have it cut or not? Night after night I went to the girls' rooms and found them having their hair cut short. Time after time I thought of mine being short until at last the fatal night came.

While the Freshmen were away at their banquet and the Seniors at hard work there were only a few of us left in the "Dorm" to hunt something to do. However, we did not need to search long, for in one of the rooms we found a bunch of girls having a bobbing party. At this sight my heart gave way. Yes, I would have my hair cut and that right away. I sat down on a chair—but no—I couldn't give it up. I got up again and decided to leave, but my feet wouldn't move. What was I to do? By this time the second girl had her hair cut. Had she more courage than I? No! No! No! Again I sat down, shut my eyes and said, "Let 'er go, now, and be quick, for I have done my darndest for weeks to keep from doing this."

Their work was "quick," for in less than twenty minutes my hair was cut, washed, dried and trimmed. All that night I couldn't sleep—if mother only knew it—if only I had not done such a foolish trick—if only—but why go farther? I had hurt my pride, had a guilty conscience and had lost friends from the rash act. Things couldn't be patched up now, for it was too late. I twitched and turned and was even told to get out of bed if I couldn't be more quiet. How cold my roommate

was to me! If only I might have slept! I tried hard to do so but there was something greater than doing my best—and as a result I could not sleep.

The next day arose doing its best to be sunshiny while I was trying to do mine by not giving vent to my feelings. Compliments flew. More than one person said that I looked like a boy, some even ventured to say worse things but nothing could make me bluer than I was. People gawked at me, others didn't even know me—how I felt! I just couldn't get used to my new appearance. I took a walk but had to come back because the air was too cold for my head. My ears have been cold ever since, and a shiver is forever running up and down my back.

In the afternoon I decided to write and tell mother of the terrible mistake, but the words froze on my tongue, the ink on my pen. I lacked every bit of energy I once possessed. I did not write that letter. I was afraid of the answer I might get. Consequently I am still trying to muster up enough courage to write that letter. So far I have not succeeded.

When evening came I was a total wreck from worry. While the others were rejoicing over their bobbed hair I sat alone in my room mourning and grieving over mine. No one came near to cheer me. A few persons had some pity for me, but my anguish was so great that their pity did not even touch my sorrow. For me the world was unmercifully cruel. At a minute's notice I could have burst into tears, but pride made me hold them back. I wanted to die, for death seemed to be the only way out of things. However, I couldn't do that, or at least I didn't seem ready for it. Since I am compelled to live with my short hair and have to make the best of matters, I have decided to do my best once again in that I have my hair to my shoulders by Easter time.

Why teachers stuff the key-hole and turn on the gas.

Respiration is the resting stages a frog goes through when its tired.

Characteristics of animals are head, eyes, nose, ears and mouth.

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BIOLOGY AT L. V. C.

Heretofore the policy of the Crucible has been to print articles concerning science of interest only to those students taking scientific courses. The articles printed have been of a general technical nature; the more intimate scientific activities at the college itself have been largely neglected. We realize now that a bit of news on the progress made in the scientific departments would be of interest to students not taking the sciences, and also the people outside of the college who are interested in our welfare. Therefore in the future the science column will set forth the activities of scientific interest not only of a general character, but also of the specific work being done at L. V. C. However, not to limit the subject too closely, the column will at first be devoted, each issue to one particular department of Science.

The department of Biology is under the able Professor Samuel H. Derickson, M. S. He has traveled extensively and collected hundreds of Biological Specimens in the interests of L. V. C.—specimens not only from local districts but from the foreign countries as well. The courses offered in Biology are unusually well adapted for students desiring to take up the medical profession, as emphasis is laid upon the detailed study of organisms in the Laboratory.

The advanced Biology students recently completed their study of Embryology and are now deeply engrossed in the study of Histology. The students taking these courses are preparing for useful careers as Doctors and as Specialists. The class in Zoology took their initial field trip recently. Frequent field trips will be taken in the future under the guidance of Prof. Derickson. The common forms of animal life are being studied in their natural habitats. Field mice have been captured for detailed study. Recently some of the students captured over fifty turtles on the "Quittie" and brought them to the Laboratory for dissection and study. Previously such specimens had to be purchased from supply companies. The largest snapping turtle ever seen in this locality was captured by Calvin Fencil in the last week, along the "Quittie".

The class in general Biology has been unusually large this year. When the class

was first enrolled last fall the lecture room was crowded, and very few of the students have dropped the course. Many of the boys and also the girls are preparing for medical work. Such interest has been shown that a number of students are of their own accord carrying on investigations and observations of the life and environments of the animals studied in the laboratory. Recently a detailed study of the earthworm was made, and at present the students are working on the crayfish. Some of the students are placing Aquariums in their rooms so that they may make a study of the aquatic forms of life at their leisure.

On the whole it seems that the students are taking more interest in the scientific studies this year than ever before. This is especially true of the Biology students, and that interest is sure to increase as Nature reveals her beauties and wonders in the newly awakening Spring.

To the sorrow of the Scientific students the Scientific Club was not reorganized this year. It was felt that the Club was encroaching upon the provinces which could be taken care of by the Literary Societies. And indeed the Societies have shown that they are capable of fulfilling the wants of the science students perhaps even more fully than the Club itself. In that interest, Prof. Derickson offered to assist in presenting a special Biological Program, and the matter was immediately taken up by both of the men's societies. Special slides were secured from the State Capitol, and most interesting programs prepared by both Societies. The program rendered by the Philos was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Due to unavoidable circumstances, the program arranged by the Kalos has not yet been rendered. That this type of program has met the favor of the students is shown by the decision of the Societies to make the Biological Program an annual affair. It has also been decided that in case of future scientific programs the co-eds will be invited for in this way the entire school may be benefited. A special program on Physics April 6, and a chemical program in the latter part of April also show that the Sciences are taking their place in the interests of the students.

A visit to the Biological Department will reveal a host of things that are of interest to each one of us, especially now

THE CRUCIBLE

as the students gather in the creatures just reviving from their long winter's sleep. Truly, Biology is a subject that should fascinate every student at L. V. C. no matter what course he or she may be taking. There is a great satisfaction to be gained from a knowledge of, at least, the fundamental laws of living things. Many questions you have asked yourself about the creatures you find every day on the campus, along the "Quittie", or in the wood, you can answer only by a study of Biology. There is nothing so helpful to one's reverence as the realization that a Supreme God can create and provide for the existence of the millions of creatures about us. The great remedy for ego is an understanding of the vastness of His creation. That God in his infinite plan of life created the unlimited expanse of stars and worlds like our own, then should narrow his attention to our little globe and fill it with its millions of species on living things. and finally that you and I are but one being of the many millions of the past, present and future. Omar Khayyam expressed this thought when he wrote:

And fear not lest Existence closing your
account, and mine, should know the
like no more;

The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has
pour'd

Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.
M. P. M. and C. C. S.

KALO ANNIVERSARY

The Kalozetean Literary Society held its forty-fifth Anniversary Program in Engle Conservatory, April 7, 1922. The program was one of the most elaborate seen at Lebanon Valley College in many years, and is one that will be long remembered. The following program was rendered:

Invocation Dr. E. O. Burtner
Welcome Address

Pres. E. G. VandenBosche

Organ,

(a) The Adoration.....Felix Browski
(b) At Evening.....Ralph Kinder

Ira M. Ruth

Oration.....Edwin M. Rhoad

Play—"Everyman."

Organ—The Grand Chorus.....Rodgers

Ira M. Ruth

The old English Morality play, "Every-

man" was played by the Society under the direction of Prof. Beatty. This was practically the first amateur playing of "Everyman" in this state, and it was thoroughly appreciated by all present. The cast was as follows:

The Messenger	John Hovis
God	Edwin Rhoad
Death	H. L. Miller
Everyman	E. G. VandenBosche
Fellowship	Jas. Bingham
Kindred	Howard Burtner
Cousin	Charles W. Dando
Goods	Wm. F. Wenner
Good Deeds	Luther A. Weik
Knowledge	Oliver S. Heckman
Confession	Heber Mutch
Strength	Warren W. Fake
Beauty	Ralph Martin
Discretion	Edw. H. Adams
Five Wits	Edwin Rhoad
Angel	Israel Earley
Doctor	Edw. Balsbaugh

The play as a whole was a complete success, all the members of the cast discharged their duties with remarkable ease, especially Mr. VandenBosche, who had the heavy part of Everyman. Mr. VandenBosche acted the role of Everyman in a very becoming fashion.

The costumes and tapestries used in the play were very elaborate and were typical of the life at the time Everyman was written. To Mr. Wm. F. Wenner belongs the distinction of having painted what is considered the most extraordinary set of tapestries ever used at Lebanon Valley College in a play of any sort.

The Society organist, Mr. Ira M. Ruth, is to be highly complimented upon his splendid selections. Mr. Ruth is a musician with rare talents.

The society owes much to the tireless efforts upon the part of Prof. Beatty in rounding the cast into form and presenting this remarkable play.

F. Seifreid—"I have a queer ringing in my head"

H. Mealy—"I suppose that's because it's empty"

F. S.—"Do you ever have a ringing in your head?"

H. M.—"No!"

F. S.—"I guess that's because it's cracked"

* * *

Hovis—"You need to take chloroform."

Frosh—"Who offers that course?"

THE CRUCIBLE

THE EXCHANGE

The Exchange is a new department of The Crucible. Its aim is to show what other college papers are like; we shall not only copy jokes but review the contents of other college papers, pointing out similarities and differences existing between other institutions and papers and our own school and paper. For this edition the "Critograph" was reviewed. It is published by Lynchburg College, Lynchburg, Va. From articles that appear in the "Critograph" one learns that Lynchburg is a Christian college of about two hundred men and women. The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. each have a column in the paper. As in our own college literary societies, not fraternities and sororities, have their rightful place in college life.

An interesting department is that one headed "Dormitory Ditties." One of the "Ditties" being the following:

TRIGONOMETRY

(With all due apologies to who ever wrote "The Rosary.")

The hours I spent with thee, O Trig,
Are as a thousand years to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
One hour a day, an awful task
To try to stay awake in class,
I pinch myself until I'm blue,
And still I sleep.

O triangles that twist and turn,
O nights I sit up hours and "dig,"
And with my meagre brain I strive
At least to learn

A little Trig, oh dear, a little Trig.
—E. T., '22

An odd thing is the proportion of the business staff of eight to the editorial staff of five. In other words, it takes eight husky men to handle the business of a four-page paper edited by five intellectuals, but then half of the paper is devoted to advertisements. The "Critograph" devotes about one-fourth of its space to athletics, more space than sports get in our own paper.

Lynchburg has its weekly lectures according to these extracts:

Tuesday, March 7th, the noted poet and lecturer, Edgar M. Guest appeared in the college auditorium. The subject of the lecture was "Just Folks."

"Dr. Royal J. Dye, returned missionary from Africa, gave several interesting talks to the students at the chapel exercises.

"Dr. Hill and Dr. Sternhiem of 'Review of Reviews,' were other prominent speakers."

There seems to be trouble concerning chapel attendance at Lynchburg, because in the department, "News of Other Colleges," appears this paragraph:

"At Richmond University, chapel attendance is under the 'Honor System.' Each student is allowed six cuts per semester. Overcuts must be reported to the student government senate. No checking system is used."

Their Exchange is full of jokes and jingles such as:

"A peach came walking down the street;
She was more than passing fair;
A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
And the peach became a pair."

—University Hatchet.

The "Critograph" contains many original jokes picked up among the students, as:

"Rat—(A pet name for a Freshman) (Looking at a pipe organ in church):
"Does it take that big radiator to heat this room?"

"Soph—'Did you ever take either?'"

Fresh—"No, who teaches it?"

"Ladies' man—I think I'll stay home and study tonight."

"Philosopher—'So will I. I couldn't get a date either.'"

OUR VOLUNTEER BAND

Did you ever walk along a forgotten path and see a beautiful flower blooming all alone, then wonder why such a beautiful flower should bloom in such a secluded place? Such was my feeling as I attended two sessions of the Student Volunteer Band that met in such an unpretentious way yet presented such wonderful thoughts.

At the first of these meetings Miss Pauline Bouterse, captain of the Salvation Army of Lebanon, gave a quiet talk on her call into His work, and of the need for workers. With these thoughts she gave some beautiful illustrations.

The second meeting was led by Miss Mary Hair. The thoughts given were largely gleanings from the field, telling of the needs and of the sacrificial work being done by those who have thought it worth while to give their lives that the world may know of Him who gave His life for all.

GENERAL ELECTRIC ANNOUNCES NEW RADIO BROADCASTING STATION WGY

A radio broadcasting station, more powerful than any now sending out programs, has been installed by the General Electric Company at its plant in Schenectady, N. Y.

From the roof of a five story factory building, two towers 183 feet high and spaced 350 feet apart, support an antenna at such height as to give the wireless waves unobstructed freedom to travel equally well at a speed of 186,000 feet per second in all directions.

This station has not been regularly operated nor has advance announcement been made of the impromptu or test programs sent out, which would cause amateurs to be listening, yet, letters have been received from such distant points as Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Minneapolis and Santa Clara Cuba, the latter place 1450 miles distant, announcing that the programs have been heard. These reports come from operators who, in an evening's experimenting with their receiving sets, have accidentally come upon the waves from Schenectady and are no indication of the distance this station may be heard.

Broadcasting stations, with but a fraction of the power of the G-E station, have been heard at distances of 2,000 miles or more under favorable atmospheric conditions.

The General Electric station has been licensed to operate on a 360 meter wave length under the call letters of W. G. Y. It is equipped with the most modern of radio apparatus, including the multiple tuned antenna which, because of its many advantages, has been installed in Radio Central the world's most powerful commercial station at Rocky Point, L. I., and other transoceanic stations of the Radio Corporation of America.

A three room studio, where the programs are produced, is located in a Company office building, 3000 feet from the transmitting station. One room is used as a reception room for the artists, where they may sit and chat until their time on the program arrives without danger of interfering with what is going on in the studio. The second room is the studio, where a concert grand piano, victrola, an organ and other equipment for the artists are to be found. Here a number of portable microphones, which are commonly

known as pick up devices can be shifted about to locations best suited for the reception of announcements, musical numbers, or whatever may be sent out. In the room on the opposite side of the studio is apparatus for amplifying the sound wave before they are transmitted by wires to the broad-casting station.

A switchboard in the studio, which lights a red light when the station is in operation, thus warning persons in the room that whatever they might say will be sent out to thousands of ears of an invisible audience, is within reach of the studio director at all times. Not until he throws a switch can anything reach the antenna. A telephone attached keeps him constantly informed just how the program is going out and allows him to change position of the artists or microphone if such is necessary to improve the tone quality of the entertainment.

With the exception of the small pick up devices or microphones and the switchboard, there is nothing in this room to indicate it as different from any musical studio.

In the apparatus room, the sound waves are put through a number of steps of amplification by means of vacuum tubes which increases their volume thousands of times the amplified sounds are then put into a wire and sent to the broadcasting station, where they enter another bank of vacuum tubes, known as modulators or molders of the electric waves.

Direct current at a high voltage is necessary for the operation of a transmitting station. To obtain this, a 220 volt alternating current line, which is but little longer than the voltage used for lighting purposes in the home, is boosted to 30,000 volts by means of a transformer. This voltage is then applied to a number of vacuum tubes, acting as rectifiers, which change the voltage to direct current. Placed between the rectifier and the modulator or molding tubes, is a high power oscillator tube. The electric power entering this tube sets the ether into vibration and upon these vibrations the electric waves, molded into shape in the modulator tubes, are sent to the antenna to go out into space.

Behman—"They say money talks."

Bachman—"It does but it never says more than two words to me, 'Good bye.'"

THE CRUCIBLE

3 STRIKES—YOU'RE OUT

(Continued from page 11)

year may come and go, the years may pass into the decades and on into the centuries,—but there will always be that with which Time can not compete nor ever destroy—it is the spirit of Your ALMA MATER. And, fellows, we're here to back you up through the thick and thin of every night that you may win and thus bestow new laurels upon the school which you represent. Within this season Past Records, whether Private or Common, cannot make this or any other year a successful one. Only your present earnest, sincere and undivided efforts can determine the manner in which Lebanon Valley can succeed or fail. The fellow on the grandstand will play the game as hard as you though he may never touch the ball, each student whether present at the game or not will suffer or enjoy as much as you defeat or victory. We're with you and confiding in you we trust that the season of 1922 will have twelve straight victories for Lebanon Valley College. It is not impossible for we have beaten these teams before and now it's up to you. The chance for a successful season begins with the first ball pitched. It ends with the last strike-out.

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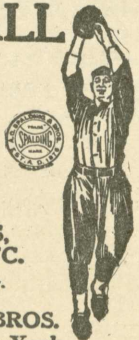
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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

MAY 6, 1922

ANNVILLE, PA.

The merry May hath pleasant hours, and
dreamly they glide,
As if they floated, like the leaves, upon a
silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds, the
woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music, like a tune
with pleasant words.

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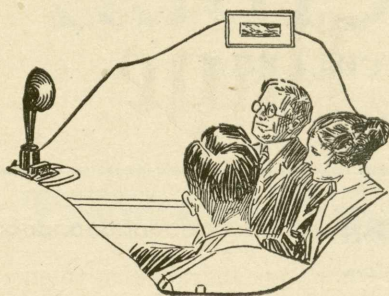
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Take It From The Air

NOT only music, but news, speeches, messages of every sort, are today being picked out of the air.

"How has this come about?" we ask.

The new impetus given to radio development may be definitely associated with the development of the high power vacuum tube, for that made broadcasting possible. And the power tube originated from a piece of purely theoretical research, which had no connection with radio.

When a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company found that electric current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum and could be varied according to fixed laws, he established the principle of the power tube and laid the foundation for the "tron" group of devices.

These devices magnify the tiny telephone currents produced by the voice and supply them to the antenna, which broadcasts the messages. At the receiving end, smaller "trons", in turn, magnify the otherwise imperceptible messages coming to them from the receiving antenna.

Great accomplishments are not picked out of the air. Generally, as in this case, they grow from one man's insatiable desire to find out the "how" of things.

Scientific research discovers the facts. Practical applications follow in good time.

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

THE INSTRUMENT OF GOD

In this age of ours, when the scramble for wealth seems to be the main aim in life, let us take a few minutes time away from this bustle and roar, and consider something which strikes a respondent chord in us all. It is music. "Music, poetry—and, for the matter of that, all art—is good or bad, not because it is unsophisticated or ingenious, simple or complex, but because it is, or is not, the true, sincere, ideal expression of human feeling and imagination," says Cecil J. Sharpe. The prize fighter, the miner, the laborer, the prisoner, the thief, all may be enthralled by its strains. "It may call the wanderer home, or rescue a soul from the depths. It opens the lips of lovers, and through it the dead whisper to the living."

In America, the art form of musical expression is in the making. But we are very proud of our artists. Foremost in the minds of Pennsylvanians are the names of her two favorite daughters, Louise Homer and Florence Hinkle. And now Pennsylvania has gone so far as to set aside a special week for music. All over Pennsylvania this week is being observed. People are beginning to realize the value of this gift of God. All music strikes a universal note of understanding, and we, the average American, have just begun to find it. It is not hidden, it is not unattainable. It is within the reach of every one, if we but strive for this understanding. And we must strive for it. It is within the soul of each one of us, and the only thing it needs is the will and desire of the individual. Are we willing to breathe music, to feel music, to know music, and to understand music? It isn't always the music student who has the most musical soul. A little girl hidden away in some remote corner of a New York tenement may have the soul of an artist. It is a God-given gift, and must not be slighted. It is up to each one of us to develop our talents.

The American Indian—the mention of the name brings to us visions of pine-clad mountains, clouds and sunshine, and above all the vast greatness of this land. We have never really understood the Indian, but have to turn to the songs of his race to find the real truth. In his war songs, his hunting songs, and love songs, we can visualize the true Indian. It requires an acute understanding of the "inner ear" to dies that lie at our very door. And these dies that lie at our very door. And these melodies do lie at our door, and are ours, if we but open the door and take them in. We look upon the Indian as a savage, and yet he has within him all those fundamentals which are the beginnings of culture. It is up to us of this present day to understand these Indian songs, not to look upon them as merely the mad outbursts or plaintive dirge of a savage heart.

Then, too, what can stand more for strength, endurance, manliness than the mountaineers. As wild and fearless as the eagle that soars high above their homes, these stalwart sons, hidden away on some lonely mountain, have in their hearts that quality for which we are striving—the appreciation of music. Their songs, very simple and for the most part folk songs, are real music, but they are the results of hearts which have felt the call of music, and have answered it. Music is to them a part of nature, a part of God. It speaks to them through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-bound shores, the sighing and moaning of the wind in the trees.

Illiterate of speech, and rough in action, sleeping under the sky with the "star-studded canopy of Heaven for a tent," Mother Earth for his bed, we see the American Cow-boy. "Dauntless, reckless, without the unearthly purity of Sir Galahad, though as gentle to a pure woman as King Arthur, he is truly a knight of the twentieth century. A vagrant puff of wind shakes a corner of the crimson hand-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

The Mirror

Prof. May Belle Adams recently attended the conferences of the teachers of Public Speaking from the Eastern Colleges of America, at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Announcement has been made at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Boudier, of the classes of '19 and '20, respectively, in Baltimore, of the engagement of Miss Mary Hilda Hiltner, of that place, to Mr. Harold T. Lutz, a former member of the class of 1923 at L. V. C. Mr. Lutz was one of the most active members of the student body, and was associated with all phases of college life through the many activities. He is now pursuing a special course at Johns Hopkins, and is a member of the editorial staff of the Baltimore Sun. As a former member of the Crucible staff and one of our student leaders we tender him our best wishes.

The demand for the continuation of the publication of the special Science Articles sent to us by the General Electric Company of Schenectady, New York, will make it necessary for us to change our policy slightly in that we shall continue to publish these articles to carry out the desires of the student body.

Miss Stella Hughes, our delegate to the National Y. W. C. A. convention at Hot Springs, Arkansas, has returned to us with much inspiration and many new ideas which will mean so much to our local student Y. W. C. A. in the carrying on of the work. As one of the eight girls, members of the "National Committee on Business to be Brought Before the Convention," she came in personal contact with the American girls who will be our leaders tomorrow. As one of them she helped to shape and form the policies that will affect practically every college girl in the United States. Among the great world leaders at the convention she was privileged to hear Maud Royden, England's only woman preacher. Miss Royden is to make a tour of the United States next

winter, and we are anxious to secure her to address the students at Lebanon Valley College. Miss Hughes will make her report of the convention in several installments, the first of which will be given on Sunday, May seventh.

A FRESHMAN'S DIARY

April 6—

I went to Engle Conservatory this morning at 11 o'clock to be greeted by the same plea in a different way for a different cause. Someone needed money to support a foreign missionary and as a result, some practical joker suggested asking the students of Lebanon Valley College for money. Money! the scarcest thing in the entire college world and the hardest thing to keep in captivity known to mankind. The first coin to drop in the tambourine was a seven day subscription by Prof. Beatty. Well, the Freshman class volunteered to pay the last two weeks if only the other fifty were subscribed to. Mr. Boyer went after those fifty weeks in a truly original manner. His enthusiasm and perseverance made the drive a success. The various organizations of the college then gave their bit: the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the literary societies, Bible study class. The drive being completed, assembly was adjourned.

April 20—

Well, here I am again after having spent a happy Easter vacation. Some thing new has been brought along back from the world of fashion. Girls, did you see the latest style for men? Did you see the heads of three of our most illustrious students? How many more of college boys will follow the example of "The Curse of an Aching Heart," "Madame Butterfly," or "Jughe Frank" remains to be seen. The tuft of hair which is left on reminds one of a kewpie. The hair-cut is cute, but might give one

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Literary

OUR MODERN INVENTIONS

Editor's Note: At a recent club dinner, where several of our leading Americans were present, the question was raised, "Are all modern inventions unmixed blessings?" A representative of our paper was one of the number at the dinner and he has succeeded in securing the ideas, opinions, and experiences of some of the foremost people in public life on this stupendous question. This is the first instalment of the results of the research, one of which will appear in each issue of the *Crucible*. This is what one man tells us of the tennis racket:

FOR SALE—One second-hand tennis racket, \$28. Address, 204 Lincoln St., Cy.

I saw the above notice in a newspaper column some five years ago. At that time I was an ardent tennis enthusiast, although not a player. However, I was very anxious to become an expert in the sport and had been inquiring as to the best kind of equipment to acquire. It seemed to me that everyone who played the game recommended a different make of racket, and so, when I saw the advertisement, I immediately called at the address given. The racket which I secured for the stated amount was more or less like any other racket, I suppose. It had a frame, a handle and some strings. I bought it. Being thus far equipped, I started out with some friends to play tennis. It looked easy and exhilarating. I found it more exhilarating than easy, however. When I first tried to receive, I hit the ball and landed it beautifully on the other side of the net. I was progressing finely. Then came the second ball. I raised my racket; I struck; no, not the ball (it was some three feet away), but I brought down that beastly racket with a resounding thump on my left wrist. They say, "It never rains but it pours," and, sure enough, instead of hitting the third ball I cracked my head soundly with that execrable racket. After that I was desperate. Ball after ball flew past, and I could

but wave my new racket madly in the air and only hope to fan them and bid them hasten on their way. My friends encouraged me, cheered me, and laughed at me in turns. Eventually, in my exhilaration (I have said the game was exhilarating), I said words which helped me not one whit, but which instead were forbidden on the courts. The set was finished, and with drooping spirits I returned to the bleachers. But more was to follow. I did not know that tennis rackets, new and second-hand were dependent upon weather conditions for their existence and, furthermore, I was not used to carrying such an article about with me. Accordingly, when I went home I left the racket lying on the grass beside the courts. That night it rained. The following day I bethought myself of my new racket and, since my defeat of the following day was somewhat diminished in my eyes but not in my aching muscles, I sped to the courts to find my racket. It was there, more or less like any other racket, I suppose, with a frame, a handle, but alas, no strings. It greatly resembled an aeroplane that had been caught in mid-air by a hurricane. I took it home, sadly. It now hangs upon my wall, a sorry picture of defeat, for I have never since tried to play the easy and exhilarating game of tennis. I really do not care for the sport.

P. S. A tennis racket is, perhaps, less modern than it is an invention. Nevertheless, it may, we think, be classed with that type of self-manipulating, non-destructible, wear-ever, easy-to-handle, work-saving, money-saving articles known as "Modern Inventions."

Bachman—"Do you want to see something swell?"

Singer—"Certainly."

Bachman—"Just put a sponge in water."

Eve—"Let's shoot a game of crap, Adam."

Adam—"Can't, Eve, we've lost our Paradise."

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MY FADED FLOWERS

They stand there, the flowers that yesterday
Were fresh and fragrant. Now they are
all dead.
Then, their riotous fragrance filled the
air.
Today, they are withered and all their
freshness fled.

But, even yet, among the wreck I spy
A tiny blossom here, a bud just peeping
through,
And a faint sweetness steals upon the
air,
As if 'twere opening in the meadow, kissed
by dew.

Just so, amid the wreck of human kind,
Where our doubtful thoughts assail both
man and God,
Perhaps a tiny bud of faith and trust
we'll find,
If we but search beneath the common clod.

THE ONE I ENVY

I envy him his skill who said the last
Good thing about a sunset's fleeing gold;
I weep that those good days are well nigh
past,
When there were still new praises to be
told.

I envy him who tells the beauty out,
Of fluffy curtains moist with angel tears,
Drawn rapt across that scene, and spread
about,
Like some great screen that hides a tale
of years.

I wish they had a single word left more,
For me to say, and for my heart to sing;
I covet just a thought or note unused,
To magnify creation's Artist-King.

CARL W. HISER.

LA PHILOSOPHIE

O vitae Philosophia dux! O virtutum in-
dagatrix expultrixque vitiorum! Unus
dies, bene et ex praeceptis tuis actus, pec-
canti immortalitati est anteposendus—
Cicero.

the philosophy of six hundred years
has not searched the chambers and mag-
azines of the soul. In its experiments
there has always remained, in the last

analysis, a residuum it could not solve.
Man is a stream whose source is hidden—
Emerson.

To be deceived by our enemies, or be
betrayed by our friends, is insupportable,
yet, by ourselves we are often content to
be so treated—Rochefoucault.

Some men never speak a wise word, yet
do wisely; and some, on the other side,
never do a wise deed, and yet speak wisely.
—Rochester.

If a man empties his purse into his head
no man can take it from him. An invest-
ment in knowledge always pays the best
interest.—Franklin

It is not necessary to be rich, or to be
great, or to be powerful, to be happy. The
happy man is the successful man. Happi-
ness is the legal tender of the soul. Joy
is wealth.—Robert Ingersoll.

Men are born to succeed, not to fail.—
Thoreau.

I have known a man to come into my of-
fice, and I have given him a check for a
million dollars, and I knew that he had
not a cent in the world. Character is be-
fore money or property, or anything else.
Money can not buy it.—J. Pierpont Mor-
gan.

Health and long life are usually bless-
ings of the poor, not of the rich, and, in-
deed, if a rich man does not in many
things live like a poor man, he will cer-
tainly be the worse for his riches—Sir
William Temple.

When a man wants to murder a tiger,
he calls it sport; when the tiger wants
to murder him, he calls it ferocity. The
distinction between Crime and Justice is
no greater.—Bernard Shaw.

Of those things only should one be
afraid

Which have the power of doing others
harm.

Of the others, no; because they are
not fearful.—Divine Comedy.

There is nothing from without a man
but the things that come out of him, those
that, entering into him, can defile him:
are they that defile the man.—Jesus
Christ.

Philosophy can hold an easy triumph
over past and future misfortunes; but
those which are present triumph over her.
—Rochefoucault.

Perry—"I suppose you dance, Helen?"

Helen—"Yes, I love to(o)."

Perry—"Well, then we'll love."

Alumni Notes

ALUMNI NOTES

Orin James Farrell, '21 star, is teacher of Mathematics, Burnham High School. We are as yet unable to announce his marriage with '21's other star.

We are glad to inform you that Jacob Joseph Walfersberger, '21, is a teacher at East Greenville, Pa., for the past six months.

Kathryn Landis Clippinger, who received her B. M. in 1901, is a teacher of the Commercial students of the Auburn Academic High School.

Ralph Landis Engle, who received his B. A. in 1905, is Physical Assistant Professor of children's diseases, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He has held his position for the past two years.

Florence E. Clippinger, 1913, is Field Secretary of the W. M. A. Her address is 1141 U. B. Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

George A. Wolf, 1881, has been a merchant at Mt. Wolf, Pa., for the past forty years.

Emma Frances Engle Brandt graduated in 1905 in the Historical-Political course, received her A. M. in 1906. She now resides at Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Irvin S. Seitz, who graduated in June, 1907, in the Historical-Political course, is now the pastor of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gertrude Bowman, a graduate of the 1902 class, is married to Dr. Walter Wright dentist, of Dayton, Ohio. She resides at 26 Bellevue Avenue.

Enid Daniel, graduating in 1900, is married to Dr. E. L. Phillips, of Kansas City, Mo.

Ruth M. Hershey, a graduate of the 1906 class, is married to Mr. Thomas Beddoe, who has recently taken a position with the Klein Chocolate Company, of Elizabethtown, Pa., where they will make their home.

Mrs. Ella Moyer Geiger graduated in 1886, receiving the M. B. degree. She now lives at 329 N. Ninth St., Lebanon, Pa.

Helen F. Hoover graduated in 1918, with the A. B. degree. She is now teaching French in the Glassboro High School, N. J., where she has taught for two years.

David F. Detter is at present Superin-

tendent of Schools, Arnold, Pa. He is a graduate of the 1916 class, and ever since his graduation has held the same position at Arnold.

Forest S. Hensel, a graduate of the 1912 class, now resides at Lykens, Pa., where he has been a merchant for ten years.

Miriam Lenhart, who graduated in 1919, with an A. B. degree, is now teaching English and French at Camp Hill High School.

Percy M. Linebaugh, who graduated in Music in the year 1916, is now teaching Piano at Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Oliver T. Ehrhart, who received his A. B. degree in 1911, is now preaching at Lancaster. His address is 344 W. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

Ada C. Bossard, a graduate in the Historical-Political course, in 1919, is now teaching French in the Annville High School. Her address is 127 Lancaster St., Annville, Pa.

Esther R. Bordner, a graduate in the Music course, in 1919, is now teaching Piano, and has been for the past two years, at Fredericksburg, Pa.

John W. Ischy, a graduate of the 1912 class, is now preaching at Dell Roy, Ohio.

William C. Carl, class of 1916, has been physical director for the past six months at Asbury Park, N. J.

S. Huber Hentzelman, who received his A. B. in 1916, is in business with his father in Chambersburg. He and Louise Henry Hentzelman like their home on 37 W. Queen St. very much.

Lillian S. Burkey, who graduated in Music in 1901 and '04, is teaching Music at 5 Walnut St., Lebanon, Pa.

Mary S. Lutz, '19, has been teaching in Chambersburg High School for the past two years.

John E. Oliver, '19, is a Senior at the Seminary. His address is 1566 W. First St., Dayton, Ohio.

Francis Douglas Beidel, '20, has been a teacher in Enola High School for past year. His address is 43 S. Front St., Steelton, Pa.

Harry E. Schaeffer, '17 and '21, is pastor at Penbrook, Pa.

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College Activities

PHILO

When it became evident that the Scientific Club was a thing of the past and when it was realized that some needs hitherto fulfilled by the Club were unsatisfied, the literary societies decided to devote a little more time to objects of scientific interest. The first program which was devoted entirely to science was the Biological Program, rendered by the Philos on March 3rd. At that time only male students were admitted, but the interest aroused was so great that more scientific programs were planned and it was decided to invite the entire school, including co-eds and faculty, to them.

On Thursday night, April 5, the Philokosmian Literary Society rendered its second special scientific program. Philo Hall was so crowded that chairs not only from the French Department, but also from the Biology Laboratory were pressed into service. The first number was a demonstration of high-frequency currents. Professor Samuel O. Grimm, head of the Physics Department, operated the apparatus. C. C. Smith, a member of the Class of Twenty-Four, was his assistant. In the darkened room, a butterfly, surrounded by a network of flashes, suddenly appeared. Then Mr. Smith, standing on a glass plate, touches an ordinary electric bulb to one terminal of the apparatus and conclusively proves that two wires are not required in order to light a bulb.

The professor then proved that wood is a very good conductor, for, touching Mr. Smith's head with one end of a Geissler tube while he himself held the other end, the bulb became illuminated. A steady illumination was obtained in this way from Mr. Smith's nose, ears, elbows, chest, and other parts of the body. It may be stated here that while experimenting with the apparatus earlier in the day, the professor accidentally allowed such a current of low frequency to pass through his body that the filament in the bulb he was holding was burned out; he has not yet entirely recovered from the effects of the shock.

Due to the lateness of the hour and the

shortness of time, the debate, which was to have been on the subject of the war-time advantages possessed by the heavier-than-air flying-machine and the balloon, was dispensed with. Mr. Robert E. Allen read an interesting paper on the history of wireless, tracing the development of wireless communication from its earliest discovery to the present day.

It had been planned to give a concert via the wireless from some point such as Pittsburgh. For this purpose Prof. Grimm had been able, after an expenditure of much time and money, to secure an amplifier. This was connected with the receiving station in the Physics Laboratory. Due to static, however, the concert was spoiled, only snatches of it coming agreeably to the ear. Some of the members of the society active in the use of their voice then adjourned to the Physics Laboratory. Soon the exquisite voice of Mr. Carl W. Hiser issued from the horn connected to the amplifier, filling every nook and corner of the hall with a selection of lovely melodies. A quartette then made itself known, but its rendition was cut short by the operation of the moving-picture projector. A few films, on educational subjects, were shown and then, after the co-eds had withdrawn, due to the lateness of the hour, a few more films were thrown on the screen. The one which perhaps attracted the most interest and attention was one on plant and animal life under water; the pictures were colored and, as they were labeled in French, gave considerable trouble to some of the boys present.

On the first Friday after the Easter vacation, April 21, the program arranged for that evening, with the exception of the music number, was dispensed with. The efforts of the quartette, composed of Ness, Izzi, CC, and Pete, were duly appreciated. Some films were then projected on the screen. The audience was introduced to all the little details of the manufacture of thermos bottles. A trip to St. Augustine, Florida, was taken; many points of interest, such as the oldest house in the United States, the ancient Spanish forts and the ancient and

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modern thoroughfares, being shown.

The special chemistry program, the last of the scientific programs arranged for this year, was to have been rendered on April 28, but was postponed, due to the preparations for May Day and for Philo Anniversary. It will be rendered in the near future. A most interesting and instructive program has been selected. It is hinted that not only practical things will be discussed, but also that some perplexing theories will be humanely explained. The program will be under the supervision of Doctor Andrew Bender, head of the Chemistry Department.

In the stead of the chemistry program an impromptu program was rendered on April 28. Mr. W. S. Nevling spoke on "Why I am a Freshman." A debate, "Resolved, That All Freshman Rules be Eliminated at L. V.," followed. The speeches of Messrs. J. Russel Bowman and Carl W. Hiser on "If I Were to Live My College Life Over" and "How It Feels to Be a Senior," respectively, were delightfully interesting.

Don't fail, O ye young men and maidens, to attend the chemistry program.

DELPHIAN

Delphian opened her first post-Easter program Friday evening, April the 21st, with a scientific program. Every number which was of a scientific nature was instructive as well as entertaining.

The opening exercises—a song, Scriptures and prayer—was in charge of the chaplain. Following this was an essay, "Alchemy vs. Modern Chemistry," by Mae Reider. It showed how chemistry started with the ancient subject of alchemy. A song by society came next, which was followed by a number "From the Wand of a Magician," by Martha Gingrich. This was the most unique number of the program, in which Miss Gingrich amazed her audience by her wonderful feats in that mystic art.

Next on the program was a very instructive paper on "The History of Numbers," by Kathryn Nissley. The program ended with a song by society.

On Friday evening, April the twenty-eighth, a most interesting program of a literary nature was rendered.

The opening exercises by the chaplain were followed by an original short story

by Margaret Walters, which certainly kept up Miss Walters' reputation as a humorist. Next on the program was a discussion, "Did Bacon write Shakespeare's Plays?" Kathryn Long upheld the affirmative side of the question, while Kathryn Balsbaugh spoke on the negative. Although the question was very ably discussed pro and con, the judges voted in favor of the negative. This was followed by a song of Burns by Elizabeth Smith. Rachel Heindel then entertained the audience with a reading from two American writers, Edgar Allen Poe and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The last number of the program was the most novel of the evening. It was a burlesque on "Romeo and Juliet." Helen Mealy was the ardent Romeo, and Sue Ziegler his Juliet. Marion Strayer took the role of the cousin, and Dorothy Longenecker that of the father and the priest. Martha Ziegler completed the caste, playing the part of another suitor for the hand of Juliet. The burlesque was quite original and humorous. The critic said, "After Mantell and Sothorne leave the stage there is no doubt but that some members of this caste may take their places." What higher praise could be given?

THE CLIONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Junior girls of the Clionian Literary Society entertained the other members of the society with a French program, Thursday evening, April sixth. The first number was a paper on "French Customs," by Lucile Shenk. Following this was a resume of the French story, "Paul and Virginia," by Della Herr. The third number was a piano solo by Verna Pell. A French reading by Mae Morrow followed. The next number was a French solo by Dorothy Sholly. The last number was the presentation of a French playlette by Esther Brunner, Agnes Merchitis, Mary Hiester and Eleanor Sheaffer. The society then united in singing "The Marshels." The unity of the program was very striking and it was so well rendered that everyone was sorry when it was over. It was interesting to note how much better the Clionians learned to know the French people, their customs and manners in that short hour than they ever did before. It certainly seemed like a good manner of study, and so interesting!

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The Sophomores were unable to give their program at the scheduled time, so there was an impromptu program, April twenty-first. Everyone enjoyed it, if one is able to judge by the enthusiasm exhibited. It has been said that good things take time to produce, so it is expected that the Sophomores will produce a splendid program.

The Freshmen girls gave their program on Friday evening, April twenty-eighth. It certainly is going to be a hard thing for the judges to decide which of these class programs is merited best.

The first number was an old-fashioned song given by Mabel Silver, with Ellen Kellar at the piano. They were both garbed in the fashion of years gone by. After this there was a reading, "The Styles of Yesterday," by Mary Hair. The third feature was "The Follies of Fashion," a series of beautiful tableaux, accompanied by music appropriate to each period of history in dress, represented. Marian Hess, playing the party of "Folly", introduced each tableaux, the first of which was Edith Nye as an Indian girl in 1615. Priscilla, the New England maid of 1620, was portrayed by Blanche Lingle in Puritan costume at the spinning wheel. The part of a dame of 1775 was well portrayed by Ruth Hoy. Martha Schock took the part of the demure French maiden of 1815. Maidie Shoop and Edith Geyer presented the styles of the Civil War period. 1865. Verna Seitsinger came next, dressed as a woman of 1885. Mildred Leach and Ellen Keller represented a young lady and gentleman of 1895. The period of the world war portrayed to us by Esther Hughes as an American soldier and Sarah Dearwechter and Esther Roudenbush, Red Cross nurses. As a climax, all the girls of the periods of days gone by grouped around the modern American girl, typified by Olga Smith, and the entire group sang "America".

GLEE CLUB TRIP

The Men's Glee Club left for its last trip of the season on Wednesday, April 9. The first stop was Middletown. They got there in time to sing part of the concert to Prof. Campbell and then hurry to supper. Automobiles met the club at the station and escorted them to their homes after prac-

tice. The concert was given before a crowded house in the theatre.

Thursday they jumped to Carlisle, the home of Dickinson. A large crowd heard the concert given in the college chapel. Several Dickinson students were sitting in the front row and seemed to enjoy the concert against their wills. Ask Dave Fink about the waitress at the boarding house. (Her name was Rachel.)

When the club got on the train for Chambersburg, Friday noon, they met the Lafayette club on its way to Hagerstown. The combined clubs gave quite a concert on the train. Our club was greeted in Chambersburg by a rain, but that did not dampen their spirits, as all knew they were in for a good time. The crowd at the Strand Theatre, where the concert was given, was a disappointment to the club, but did not prevent them giving a good concert.

A wild Saturday was spent in the "city" of Leemasters. The concert was given before a large crowd in the new High School Building, of which Prof. Strine, a former clubman, is principal. Mutch and Wenner were the only ones with dates in this town. Sunday morning the club sang in the U. B. Sunday School, with Stabley at the organ, due to the absence of Prof. Campbell.

Sunday afternoon the club left for Greencastle in cars, where they caught a train for Hagerstown. Here Rhodes Stabley preached a very good sermon before a packed church at the evening service. The club also sang two selections. Monday night the chapel was filled to its capacity to hear the last concert of the season. There were tears in the eyes of Shadel, Snider, Miller, Stabley, Daugherty and Herr as they were about to give their last concert with the L. V. C. Glee Club.

An added attraction on this trip was the reading of Mr. David Fink, which received a large amount of favorable comment at every concert.

Tuesday morning the club returned to school to settle down to hard work for the rest of the year.

Important Discovery

Emory Riedel announces that he has discovered both the Fountain of Youth, and the Land of Promise. These, he affirms, are but direct benefits from that divine state of bald-headed bachelorhood.

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Y. W. C. A.

During the past few weeks, Y. W. had had some very interesting and helpful programs. At the regular meeting on April the 9th, the main part of the program was a talk by Reverend Spessard, pastor of the Reformed Church. Although it was several weeks ago, we still remember that meeting because of the excellent thoughts Mr. Spessard gave us about the influence of our personalities.

The Easter service was one which the girls would not have wanted to miss, even if they did have to rise earlier than usual. Each part of the program made us, in some way, understand better the significance of Easter. The special numbers were: a reading by Miss Lucile Shenk, a piano solo by Miss Martha Zeigler, a reading by Miss Kathryn Kratzert, a vocal solo by Miss Rosa Ziegler, and a quartet by the Misses Ruth Oyer, Helen Hostetter, Marian Hess and Olga Smith.

Sunday, April the 23rd, we held a song service, which was made all the more enjoyable by two beautiful vocal solos given by Miss Dorothy Sholly and Miss Pearl Seitz, and by a well-rendered piano solo by Miss Florence Stark.

During the following weeks we expect to have better programs and more lively meetings than ever before. We have planned to give a series of programs touching the lives of the great poets whose works have had a lasting influence upon religion. On April 30th, the following program, the first one of the series, was given:

Instrumental Solo.....Minerva Raab
Reading—"To a Waterfowl".....May Morrow
Poetry as a Religious Influence.....

.....Mabel Silver
Reading—"Thanatopsis".....Miss Adams
Song—"Follow the Gleam".....Association

Judging from the interest shown in this meeting, we know that our new plan will be a success.

NEW Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS ELECTED

The members of the Y. M. C. A. of L. V. C. elected the officers for the coming year. The results of the election were: Ralph Boyer, President; Chas. C. Smith, Vice President; Ira M. Ruth, Treasurer; Lester Leach, Secretary; and Luther A. Weik, Secretary of Literature.

With these new officers the Y. M. C. A. can feel assured that the year 1922-23 will be a prosperous one. The new officers are capable of filling their positions, as they have been carefully selected from the large body of active members of the "Y". It is the goal of the new officers to equal and even excel the wonderful work done by the 1921-22 Cabinet.

During the past year the "Y" has been exceedingly active and has grown immensely, both in membership and facilities; and the old Cabinet has discharged its duties in creditable style. The whole male student body is behind the new staff to see that the year 1922-23 will be a booster year.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

On Thursday evening, April 27th, a very interesting program was presented by the Dramatic Society. Owing to the many other college activities, the audience was not as large as usual, but seemed to enjoy the program.

The first number on the program was the reading of a play written by Lord Dunsany, which was well rendered by Miss Mae Morrow.

The next number was an essay, "The Life of Synge," by Miss Della Herr. This was followed by another essay, "The Life of Yeats," by Miss Meta Burbeck. Both of these essays proved very interesting and helpful.

The last number on the program was a one-act play called, "Workhouse Ward." Misses Meta Burbeck and Lucile Shenk took the parts of two old, quarrelsome Irishmen in a charitable institution, and Miss Josephine Hershey, that of the sister of Miss Burbeck. The characters were very cleverly portrayed, and the use of Irish brogue was quite amusing.

MAY DAY

Saturday, May the 6th, was vastly different from the usually quiet Saturdays at L. V. C. Our campus was the scene of a wonderful event, for it was May Day, the greatest gala day of the whole college year. Relatives and friends, from far and near, came to enjoy with us this day of days. Do you blame them? The celebration of May Day is always well worth witnessing, but we can truthfully

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say that, this year, no one could afford to miss it. Many years from now we shall often find ourselves looking back upon our college career. We shall discover, then, that some days hold a bigger place in our memories than all others. Without a doubt, May Day, 1922, will have a place all its own.

Our program this year was somewhat different from those of other years. Before the regular program began, there was a long procession, interesting and beautiful to see. First came the heralds, who were Mr. John Snider and Mr. Oliver Heckman. Soon the pretty little flower girls came tripping into view. These were Betty Bender, Velma Gingrich, Kathryn Mills, Lois Beatty, Helen Kreider, Kathryn Kreider, Mary Derickson, and Helen Butterwick. Then we saw approaching us, the Maid of Honor, Miss Ethel Lehman. Amid laces and ribbons and flowers, she was a true vision of loveliness. She held the ends of long, bright ribbons, which streamed from her hands to the top of a Human Coach some distance behind her.

This coach was cleverly arranged and very effective. Several boys carried the body of the coach, which was beautifully decorated with many kinds of flowers. In the midst of these, in all her beauty, sat the May Queen, Miss Josephine Stine. On each side walked a row of Senior girls who held gaily colored parasols, which they turned as they went along, so as to resemble wheels. Two little pages, who were Alfred Mills, Jr., and Henry Grimm, immediately followed. The Queen's attendants, dressed in pure white, walked at a short distance from the sides of the coach. They were the Misses Meta Burbeck, Miriam Cassel, Ethel Hartz, Gertrude Gingrich, Maryland Glenn, and Varina Hess.

Of course, the representation of a queen's court would not be complete without a jester. No one could have filled this position better than Mr. William Wenner. He supplied enough humor to the affair to keep everyone in high glee.

After the Queen's coach came the children of the town schools. Then followed, in order, the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshmen classes of the College. At last, the procession had ended and the heralds stepped forth to announce the first part of the program. This was the presentation of gifts to the Queen by the presi-

dents of the four classes. Mr. Luther Weik, of the Freshman class placed a footstool at her feet; Mr. C. C. Smith, a Sophomore, gave her an orb; Mr. Richard Smith, a Junior, presented a sceptre; and Mr. Vanden Bosche, president of the Senior Class, placed the crown upon her head. The Queen gracefully accepted these gifts, the symbols of her dignity and honor, and then spoke to all her subjects in a beautiful and appropriate way.

The merry-makers, or the school children, then came upon the platform to pay their honor to the Queen. After their exercises, the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen joined in a Mass Dance, which added greatly to the joyfulness of the occasion. Miss Sara Greiner then held the attention of all in a solo dance, which proved that Lebanon Valley is not lacking in her share of talent along that line, as well as any other.

Afterwards, a selected chorus from the Men's Glee Club and the Eurydice Club rendered several very pleasing selections. Then the Sophomores, all in splendid costume, gave a real Russian dance. When the hearty applause which they received had died away, twenty-four couples from the Freshman class danced gracefully onto the platform, to the rhythm of the Minuet. The Freshmen certainly proved that the old-fashioned Minuet has lost none of its quaint charm and beauty.

Following these dances, one of the St. George plays was given. This play, which had been adopted and directed by Miss Adams, was very much appreciated and enjoyed by all. The Morris Dance, directed by Mildred Kreider and Sara Greiner, was also a success. The Maypole Dance, by the Juniors, brought the exercises to a fitting close.

As visitors were leaving the grounds, they were heard to remark, "It was all splendid. Isn't it a pity that many more people could not see it?" They did not know that a moving picture man from Reading had been among them, and that he was making it possible for thousands of people to see the beauty and splendor of a May Day at L. V. C.

Confirmed Misogynists

Stine—"I do despise, abhor, and detest Lebanon girls."

Wack—"Allah be praised, for they are indeed offensive to my aesthetic culture."

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STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

Isn't it pleasant at the close of the day to join the family group around the library table to chat and read and enjoy the fellowship of one another?

A sight so homelike may be seen every Monday night as a group of Volunteers assemble informally in the parlor for a period of helpful fellowship. Mr. Carl H'iser, the faithful retiring president, led one of these recent meetings. He gave thoughts from one of Robert E. Speer's addresses, from which he also related the following incident: In the Speer home the father gave each of his children a diary at the beginning of each year. During this particular year, Robert had declined his father's plans for him to become a lawyer, and had decided to become a missionary. Robert felt keenly that his father was grieved and disappointed. However, his joy was unbounded when upon opening his new diary, he found written in his father's handwriting—"My son, go on to your duty."

Let this be our motto to carry with us through life, endeavoring to do our duty.

THE PRIVILEGE IS YOURS

Does it seem hard to believe God's promise that if we ask anything in His name He will do it? Yet such is His promise, and if we really trust Him it is possible to make this promise our own. In one of the recent meetings of the Ministerium, the discussion took this course. Lives of men who live on very high planes with God and who made this promise theirs were discussed. It is wonderful to see how they receive things for the asking, and how through this promise the seemingly impossible things are accomplished.

These meetings are not only interesting, but helpful as well. No ministerial student can afford to miss them. On May eleventh there will be election of officers for the coming year. It is hoped that all members will be present to receive the inspiration and also to participate in the selection of leaders.

JUDGE HENRY HELPS L. V. C. COMMEMORATE BIRTH OF GRANT

A delightful address by this well known Lebanon County exponent of the law add-

ed materially to our Open Forum, as well as proved to be an inestimable adjunct to the commemoration of General Grant's birthday.

The Judge first refreshed our memories concerning the earlier life of Grant, then proceeded to unravel the "Gordian knot"; or present what he termed "the legal aspect of the secession." This he did in masterly manner, as only men high in his profession can. Intricate matters of law and diplomacy, so confusing to the layman, were expounded in such a way that every one was certain they had had nothing more than an inkling of the gigantic problem which confronted the leaders of that day, and felt highly grateful for this further enlightenment.

We were also highly gratified to hear the beautiful tributes paid our all-wise mentor,—the martyred Lincoln. His encomium to Grant, the American Napoleon, further enhanced our appreciation of that patriotic genius, and the tremendous task he accomplished; so that a summarization of the Civil War, with a vivid portrayal of Grant's tactful leadership, and the whys and wherefores of his signal victories, interspersed with instances of his bravery, perseverance, and magnanimity, predicates a greatness that must ever enshrine him in American hearts, and render his name immortal in the halls of American fame. Judge Henry did not fail to emphasize the duty and gratitude which we as a people owe to the loyal Yankee boys who "followed where Grant led"; and may it be said right here that L. V. C. was delighted to entertain one of those followers in the person of Mr. Seabold, the local head of the G. A. R.

We wish to thank Judge Henry for the privilege accorded us, and tender our earnest desire to hear him soon again.

"Did you know what Si did after he read the new novel?"

"No."

"He wrote 'Central Avenue' on the Main Street signs."—Harvard Lampoon.

Somnolent Frosh

Tourist—"Hello, lad, why the green fez?"

Frank—"Indeed, I don't know."

Tourist—"What! you don't know."

Frank (rousing)—"Oh, there is a college up there."

Special Features

PHYSICS AT L. V. C.

We are living in a scientific age. That fact has been clearly demonstrated in the last quarter century. It is true that every field of human endeavor has its history of development from the crude ideas of its originator. The development of Science in the last few decades has been far above any other field and the question may be raised as to why this is so. But the reason can readily be seen. Man as he develops in every field must have certain labor-saving devices, inventions and facilities to aid him, and to the scientist falls the duty of providing these needs. And science is coming under the public eye more than ever before. Every day we marvel at some new invention as we read of it in the newspapers. And as our interest increases it falls on the scientific departments of our college to supply the information we want and to cultivate our interest.

However, the bulk of scientific advancement in late years has been along the electrical line, and this subject falls under the Physics department.

If anyone should visit the department he will find that interest is certainly not lagging. Thursday and Friday afternoons always find a number of the students taking Physics I, hard at work in the laboratory. They have advanced well in the course and are confident of completing the laboratory course this year. There are also five students who are taking advance work in physics. They have just completed an interesting course in a detailed study of wireless and its present day application and are beginning a study of Radioactivity and Light. It might be well to say a bit about the interest in wireless at L. V. C.

Up until last year, the interest in wireless was limited to a very few who took the time to learn reading the code messages, since telephone broadcasting was then a rare occurrence. The outfit used was also rather limited. At first it consisted of a simple loose coupler and crystal detector receiving outfit. But that was soon

replaced by an Audion tube detector and a two-stage amplifier, and signals could be heard from distant stations. It was at the beginning of this year that the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company established broadcasting stations at Pittsburgh, Newark and other cities. General Electric followed with similar stations in other cities. As a result, we find that radiotelephone programs are being broadcasted at any time of the day. With the two-stage amplifier, we were able to "listen in" on the programs from Pittsburgh, Newark, Springfield, Detroit and, occasionally, the station at the University of Wisconsin. Since these programs were actual spoken words, and music, not requiring a knowledge of the International code to understand them, a great number of the students came over to the "Lab" to hear the concerts. One inconvenience, however, was the shortage of head "phones." The first attempt at giving a concert to an audience by means of a Magnavox was made by the Philokosmian Literary Society several weeks ago, when they rendered a physics program. The attempt was not very successful on account of static disturbances in the atmosphere, but it was clearly shown that such a thing is entirely possible. And since that the Magnavox has given excellent results in the Laboratory. There are many more possibilities of extending the amount of radio equipment at L. V. C., and it is hoped that in the near future we may have a licensed transmitting station, as well as a splendid receiving outfit. It may be of interest to know that the Annville Radio Club has already been organized, by radio enthusiasts from the college and town.

In addition to the wireless equipment, there have been several additions to the equipment of the workshop in the physics department, and the photographic dark room has been put into shape for the summer work. Still, there is need of some new materials for the department. Our institution is growing. The department, students. Plans are now under way to too, must grow to meet the needs of the improve and make additions to the appa-

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ratus now found in the laboratory, and we may look forward to a bigger and more complete physics department during the coming year.

THOUGHTS ON SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

By Dr. W. R. Whitney, General Electric Co.

In our human affairs as they have been moving, at least during the past century, this is roughly what has happened. A relatively very small number of men took mental excursions outside the circle in which most of their neighbors moved, and of this small number, some found means of increasing forever the diameter of the circle of the rest. They had their eyes open and their minds prepared, they wondered, wandered, speculated or theorized. This is simply and quickly recognized in the ever-increased territory of our earth, which a few men discovered and many now occupy. It is equally evident in the myriads of things which contribute to our civilization. The thousands of concentrated industries, the countless application of natural forces and stored energies to the service of people, the use of steam and electricity, of chemical reactions and physical processes, all can be traced back to some acting, inquisitive mind and to single observations. The work of such minds constitutes most of our written history. There is a clear system through it all. The same thing has taken place in all the fields which constitute our interests. In art, music, and literature, these are exactly the same signs as in physics, chemistry and engineering.

History is useful only as a means to more effectual advance. The world has found that happiness, health and human improvement have grown most rapidly in what we call civilized countries. What distinguishes them is their continued appreciation of myriads of natural laws, for, roughly speaking, the world is everywhere evenly supplied with identical raw materials, but appreciation has generally widely varied. And so we may say that the most advanced peoples are the ones which try the most, learn the most, and speculate or theorize the most.

While we have thousands of American manufacturers and about 100,000 engineers, we have only a very few explorers of science. As experimental work is the

foundation of engineering and manufacturing, this condition is alarming. We are failing to realize that back of our engineering must be a lot of new science, and in our schools of science there must be strong, independent scientists. Such men in the past have usually been "different," abnormal hobbyists, absorbed in peculiar stunts unappreciated until dead. These criteria of originality are becoming impossible in our scientific men today. They are asked to co-operate, to act on committees, to compromise and teach, but not to develop themselves. Individuality in scientific work is being undervalued. Probably, about every new and useful idea since Adam would have died in a committee meeting if committees were not a modern invention. Our colleges where we are trained need scientific independents for teachers and students. Students used to come into contact with singular men, not average-type. Now we almost reach the machine teacher, or the absent treatment method. This American attitude towards the pure scientist ought to be changed.

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

Have you been to prayer meeting since the new officers have been elected? Have you helped them by showing by your presence that you are interested? In the meeting of April 25 the new leader, Ralph Boyer, gave a talk that ought to inspire every one that was present to strive to do his or her best to make the prayer meetings of the coming year the best ever known at L. V. C. and not only to do their best to make it such, but to inspire others to take part also. The leader's talk was on "Attainable Heights." He pointed out that there would be dangers and difficulties, yet these need not get in our way. We are glad to have Mr. Boyer as our leader, and if everyone stands back of him there is no doubt that we will not only reach great heights but will fortify ourselves in such a way that we can hold them, and continue our conquest of even greater heights another year. To do this will require the co-operation of everyone and a constant effort on the part of everyone to make each meeting the best.

Miss Hair was elected as Assistant Leader; Miss Stella Hughes, pianist; J. S. Stambach, chorister, and E. Andrews and L. M. Leach, as librarians.

Athletics

BASEBALL

The following is a review of our baseball season to date. Lack of space does not permit a detailed account of every game. The box score will give both the individual and collective record of our squad.

On April 8, 1922, we witnessed our first game, with Franklin and Marshall, at home. Box score:

Lebanon Valley

	A.	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Smith, lf.,	4	0	0	1	0	0	
Homan, 3b.,	3	0	1	0	1	0	
Cohen, ss.,	2	1	0	0	2	0	
Witmer, p.,	3	0	1	1	3	0	
Finn, cf.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	
Yake, rf.,	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Krause, 1b.,	3	0	0	11	1	0	
Heilman, 2b.,	2	0	0	0	3	0	
Metoxin, c.,	3	0	0	11	2	1	
Perry, cf.,	1	0	1	0	0	0	
Totals	26	1	3	27	12	1	

Franklin and Marshall

	A.	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Mays, lf.,	2	0	0	1	0	0	
Jones, ss.,	2	0	0	1	2	0	
Clarke, p.,	3	0	0	1	8	0	
Cocklin, c.,	3	0	1	11	0	0	
Rumbaugh, 3b.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	
Roberts, rf.,	3	0	0	0	1	0	
Cragin, cf.,	3	0	0	3	0	0	
Weaver, 2b.,	3	0	0	1	2	0	
Williams, 1b.,	2	0	0	4	0	0	
Newfer, rf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Weismuller, 1b.,	1	0	0	2	2	0	
Totals	25	0	1	24	15	0	

Franklin and Marshall.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lebanon Valley.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0

Stolen bases—Cohen, Homan. Base on balls—Clarke, 5. Hit by pitcher—Witmer, 2. Struck out—Clarke, 8; Witmer, 11.

After our first victory over Franklin and Marshall, our team suffered three successive defeats, at the hands of Juniata, Susquehanna, and Bucknell, on April 20, 21, and 22. As a come-back from these defeats, we defeated Dickinson, on their own field, 15—6, April 29. Scores:

Lebanon Valley

	A.	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Homan, 3b.,	5	0	1	1	1	2	
Smith, lf.,	5	1	1	2	1	0	
Perry, cf.,	4	1	1	1	3	1	
Yake, p.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	

Wolfe, rf.,	4	2	2	2	1	0
Krause, 1b.,	3	1	2	7	1	0
Nitrauer, 2b.,	3	0	1	1	2	1
Metoxin, c.,	3	0	0	7	2	0
Heilman, ss.,	4	0	0	3	1	1
Witmer, 2b.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wolfe, P., c.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	5	8	24	13	5

Juniata

	A.	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Meloy, 2b.,	5	2	2	1	1	1	
Oller, 1b.,	5	2	2	7	0	0	
Hoffman, c.,	2	1	1	13	0	2	
Lehman, cf.,	4	2	3	0	0	0	
Shaute, p.,	4	1	1	1	5	0	
Snyder, lf.,	4	1	3	0	0	0	
Donaldson, 3b.,	3	2	1	4	0	0	
Bart, ss.,	4	2	2	1	1	0	
Seth, rf.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	
Totals	35	14	15	27	7	3	

Lebanon Valley.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Juniata	0	6	0	2	2	2	1	1	0

Home runs—Wolfe, Donaldson. Stolen bases—Smith, Perry, Wolfe, Krause 2, Witmer, Meloy 2, Oller 2, Hoffman. Struck out—Yake, 1; Perry, 2; Shaute, 1; Snyder, 10. Wild pitch—Perry.

Lebanon Valley

	A.	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Homan, 3b.,	2	0	0	1	1	1	
Smith, 2b.,	4	0	0	2	0	0	
Perry, cf.,	3	0	0	1	0	0	
Witmer, rf.,	4	1	1	0	0	0	
Wolfe, W. p.,	4	0	1	2	5	0	
Yake, lf.,	4	0	2	1	1	0	
Krause, 1b.,	3	0	0	10	0	1	
Metoxin, c.,	4	0	0	8	2	3	
Heilman, ss.,	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Nitrauer	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	32	1	4	27	9	5	

Susquehanna

	A.	B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Groninger, rf.,	4	1	2	0	0	0	
Bannon, cf.,	4	0	0	3	0	0	
Emerick, lf.,	4	1	2	1	0	0	
Sweeney, ss.,	4	0	1	2	5	1	
Rogawitz, c.,	4	1	1	4	1	0	
Baker, 1b.,	4	1	2	11	0	0	
Brouse, 2b.,	3	0	0	4	6	1	
Thomas, 3b.,	4	0	1	0	2	1	
Clark, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	35	4	10	24	14	3	

Susquehanna	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Lebanon Valley	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0

Home run—Bogawitz. Stolen bases—Perry, Smith, Sweeney. Double—Baker, Yake, Witmer. Struck out—Wolfe, 7; Clark, 3.

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Lebanon Valley

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Homan, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	3	2
Yake, lf.,	4	1	1	1	0	0
Perry, cf.,	4	1	1	3	0	0
Witmer, p.,	3	0	0	0	2	0
W. Wolfe, rf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, 2b.,	2	0	0	1	2	1
Krause, 1b.,	2	0	0	9	1	3
Metoxin, c.,	3	0	0	9	0	0
Heilman, ss.,	3	0	0	1	3	0

Totals 30 2 2 24 11 6

Bucknell

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Calhoun, cf.,	2	1	0	1	0	0
De Cnoisey, 2b.,	4	0	2	1	4	0
Gaskill, ss.,	5	0	0	2	2	2
Kopp, 1b.,	5	1	1	8	0	0
Dietrick, lf.,	5	1	1	8	0	0
Mackenrie, rf.,	4	1	2	0	0	0
Woodring, 3b.,	4	0	0	1	1	0
Julian, c.,	4	1	1	12	1	0
Tarr, p.,	4	0	0	2	0	1

Totals 37 5 8 27 8 3

Bucknell 0 0 0 0 2 2 1 0—5

Lebanon Valley..... 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—2

Stolen bases—Perry, Smith, Deconsey, Deitrick, Calhoun. Base on balls—Witmer, 3; Tarr, 3. Struck out—Witmer, 7; Tarr, 11. Bad throw—Yake.

Lebanon Valley

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Homan, 3b.,	3	4	2	1	0	0
Yake, rf.,	5	1	1	2	0	0
Perry, cf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Witmer, 1b.,	5	3	3	9	0	0
Wolf, W., p.,	3	1	2	0	7	0
Smith, 2b.,	6	0	2	4	2	0
Finn, lf.,	4	1	0	1	0	0
Metoxin, c.,	3	2	1	9	0	0
Heilman, ss.,	2	2	2	1	0	0
Clarkin, cf.,	2	1	1	1	0	0
Francis*	1	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 38 15 14 27 9 0

*Batted for Finn, 9th inning.

Dickinson

	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Smith, rf.,	5	1	2	1	0	0
C. Davis, lf.,	5	1	1	0	0	0
Collins, 3b.,	1	1	0	0	2	0
Satterlee, 1b.,	5	1	2	8	1	0
Pipps, ss.,	5	1	1	1	1	1
Sayes, cf.,	5	1	1	0	0	0
Davis, 2b.,	3	0	0	2	1	2
Hoffman, c.,	5	0	1	12	2	0

Grodiel, p., 4 0 1 0 1 0

Totals 38 6 9 24 8 3

Dickinson 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 4—6

Lebanon Valley.. 1 3 1 0 1 0 0 5 4—15

Two-base hit—Homan. Home run—Homan. Stolen bases—Homan; Smith, R., 2; Wolfe; Metoxin; Smith; Witmer. Base on balls—Wolfe, 5; Grodiel, 8; Hoffman, 1. Struck out—Wolfe, 9; Grodiel, 11.

Of the Varsity games played thus far, the one with Dickinson, on the 29th, has brought the boys the most credit, due to the fact that Dickinson has a much stronger team than it has had for years, and, moreover, because Dickinson fully expected to overwhelm us. In place of this, we knocked their pitcher all over the lot and came off with the splendid score of 15—6. Keep up the good work!

The Jr. Varsity has been very active since the opening of its season, having played four (4) games thus far and winning three and tying in the other. The first game, being with Palmyra High School, resulted in the score of 7—4, our favor. We next played Lebanon High, and came off with the score of 8—0, our favor. The next game was played with Annville High, on our own field, and, due to the weather conditions, the game ended with the seventh inning, the score being 5—5. The next home game was played with Palmyra, April 29, when our Scrubs again enjoyed a victory, the score being 7—0.

In all their games, the Scrubs showed true school spirit and splendid Pep. Not only do they deserve much credit as players, but many of them, with a little development, will be able to take the place of some of our Varsity men. Among those who deserve the most credit are Reigel, Leber, Smuck and Hovis.

* * *

Mildred Leech—"What are you taking for your cold?"

Mae Morrow—"Just make me an offer."

* * *

You never know what a kiss can mean until you say good-bye.

—Rachel Heindel.

* * *

If you think that Elsie Clark doesn't like Hartz, just watch her when they pass the celery.

From Other Sanctums

EXCHANGE

There are rumors of an honor system being established at Lebanon Valley. Many institutions have the honor system in use and more are adopting it, in one form or another. Look thru any daily newspaper and you will see such headlines as this: "The Honor System was adopted by Louisiana College, by a vote of ten for the system to every one against it"—New Orleans Times.

The honor system is not a success at every college, because the students must desire it and be interested in it to make it successful. The Honor System failed at Gettysburg, according to this clipping: "The final votes on the Honor System are now in and the results indicate that it is the will of the student body that the honor system be discontinued."—Gettysburgian.

Although the honor system failed at Gettysburg, it can be a success at Lebanon Valley, but it will need work and interest. Lehigh's honor system is successful, but it required hard work and many changes to make it so, if the following article, taken from the University paper, is true: "The future of the existing honor system at Lehigh will, in all probability, be thrashed out this week, in the joint session of the Faculty and the Arcadia (student body representatives). Several new amendments are now under discussion before the Faculty, and very likely some definite decision will be reached this week. The Arcadia is very well pleased with the response made to the ballots recently circulated among the student body, and such interest augurs well for whatever modifications are adopted. It is honor system here at Lehigh with some clearly evident that the students want the modifications on the present code. As long as the present system is not felt to be effective it can never be a success, and the Arcadia is now trying to formulate another code which everyone will heartily support."—Lehigh Brown and White.

The students wanted an honor system it a success, even if they had to change the at Lehigh, and not only got it, but made

code. All offenders are punished more so than the punishment before the system existed. Here is an example of one of the offenders of Lehigh's code: "E. J. Garra, E. E., '24, has been suspended from Lehigh University for a period of one year, from Feb. 6, 1922, to Feb. 6, 1923, for cheating in the Department of Mathematics."—Lehigh Brown and White.

The honor system can be a success at Lebanon Valley. What if the system did fail at Gettysburg. Did it not succeed at Lehigh? Lebanon Valley can do things better than most colleges and as well as the rest of the colleges, and the honor system will be no exception to the things that Lebanon Valley does right.

Here is some advice for the class in Biology, whose members use field glasses to watch the little birds bill and coo. "We must stop laughing at people who fall in love with each other. It is proper that they should do so. Now by falling in love, I don't mean this silly, freshman-like love. In these cases it results in a quick marriage and either an unhappy life or a divorce, or a repetition of three or four like affairs, and that is too hard for one's constitution. People who are really in love with each other show very few outward signs of it. The faculty and students may hear nothing of the affair until the announcement of the engagement is made by Prof. Rice in the Education 12 class Tuesday morning. We are inclined made." These interesting remarks were to side with him, and hope the freshmen will take notice.—Wheaton College Record. And lovers are knocked at other schools besides Wheaton. The Lehigh Brown and White says, "There are blue laws even in college circles. No Sunday dates are allowed at Denison College, in Ohio. The students petitioned to have the ban removed, but the faculty refused to grant it."

"Papa," asked little Willie, "Why do they call it the mother tongue?"

"Well," answered father, "just see who uses it most."—Bowdoin Bearskin.

Humor

**"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relish'd by the wisest men."**

GLEE CLUB TIPS

Balto. Conductor—"Hey, kid, just put the check in the box."

Weik—"Oh, is that what it is for?"

* * *
Union Depot Porter—"Smash yer baggage, mister?"

Fay—"Hands off that sea bag, or I'll smash your head, ye lubber."

* * *
C. Fensil—"Do they keep these Balto markets open on Sunday?"

"Dusty" (pompously)—"Sure they do, yokel."

* * *
"Heinie,—"You're the daughter of the minister with whom we are staying?"

"Doc" (interrupting)—"Yes, and I'm to see you home, am I not?"

She—"Oh, no indeed, I'm the minister's wife."

* * *
"Hinkey,—"I am always at my best in Red Lion. See how the co-eds followed?"

"Jess"—Red Lion seems to have failed me, but I have placed my faith in the Balto following."

Wihttie (benevolently)—"Grace, here is a baseball schedule for you."

She (after close scrutiny)—"Where is Pending?"

* * *
Kathryn Balsbaugh—"How near were you to the right answer to the third question in the English Quizz yesterday?"

Rachael Heindel—"Two seats away."

* * *
Ed Whisler—"Larry, may I see you pretty soon?"

Larry—"Don't you think I'm pretty now?"

* * *
Prof. Beatty—"Why, Milton would spend one week on a single paragraph."

Lauster—"That's nothing, a friend of mine is spending five years on a single sentence."

The north winds will blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will your girlie do then?
Poor thing!

She'll bob her fair locks,
And wear brother's socks,
And freeze till the coming of spring.
Poor thing!

Advice—He marries best who marries least.

"She's as pure and white as snow."

"Yes, but she's drifted."

Advice—Don't let the hair on your head beat you to it in coming out on top.

* * *
A new league has been formed in Iowa, golf; or, better said, horseshoe throwing. for the purpose of indulging in barnyard Iowa, Drake, and Coe are members of the league. Alright, just so they don't throw more than the horseshoes.

* * *
Small Boy—"Mother, can God see everything?"

Mother—"Yes, dear."

S. B.—"Can he look through cloth and iron?"

Mother—"Yes, dear, he can even do that."

S. B.—"My gosh! Think of all the circuses he must have seen for nothing."

* * *
One of the tombstones in an old English cemetery contains the following inscription:

Here lies Jonathan Steele—Good
and Upright Citizen
Weighed 250 pounds
Open Wide Ye Golden Gates

* * *
"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practise?"

"In the mornings, practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons, the rush falls off a bit."

* * *
Though college days have their delights,
They can't compare with college nights.

THE CRUCIBLE

THE FLAPPER

A Fable

There was once a Girl who was very young and very sweet and also very plain. She lived in the Backwoods and no one ever noticed her. One day she went to the big City where she saw all the girls dressed in very bright Colors and with very short Skirts and also with bobbed Hair. So she bobbed her Hair and put deeper Hems in her Dresses and dressed in loud Shades. All the people then called her a Flapper. She learned to roll her Eyes and shrug her Shoulders and dance like all the other Girls and she was very Modern and very happy. Then one day she decided that she would go Home, and she did. When she got back to her native Town all the People stared at her and no one knew her. Then she was very unhappy. Her Mother fainted and her Father lost his Equilibrium and her Lover buried Himself alive in Work because she was a Flapper. So she made her dresses long again and let her Hair grow and never went to the big City again. But when her Hair grew long her Father and her Mother had ostracized her and her Lover had married her Sister and she was unhappy ever after.

Moral: Don't bob your Hair.

THE INSTRUMENT OF GOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

kerchief knotted loosely about his throat; the thud of his pony's feet mingling with the jingle of his spurs is borne back, and as the careless, gracious, lovable figure disappears over the divide, the breeze brings back to the ears, faint and far, yet cheery still, the refrain of a cowboy song." He, too, like the mountaineer, can appreciate music. To him, music is a part of that big unknown land over which he is monarch. All his dreams of love and adventure are brought to life in his songs. These crude songs have sprung to life as the grass on the plains; but, unlike the grass, which dies and withers away, these songs remain.

Generally, in the depths of his nature, man has a soul for music. But that part of his soul has been crowded and crushed until scarcely any of it remains. We have seen how the mountaineers and the cowboys, those whom we consider rough and uncouth, have a musical soul, an appre-

ciation of music, and so we come to the conclusion that it must be the result of circumstances that the average American citizen has lost this gift.

"The World is too much for us,

Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

We must be able to understand the message in every song and every musical selection we hear. And in order to do this, we must first learn to know music, then to appreciate it.

Music is the servant and master of all. Through music, the dead speak to the living; through it, we feel the presence of God. It makes all men brothers, yet music knows no brother. Man is the father of the best that is in music, and music is the father of the best that is in man. It has been placed in man by the Creator. God, the Greatest Musician, has taken music, his instrument, and has tuned the hearts of mortals to higher better life. It is up to us to be in tune, to have our "inner ear" sensitive to the vibrations of the divine instrument.

A FRESHMAN'S DIARY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

the impression that they had recently retired from Sing Sing. It pays, though, boys, it pays (\$2.00 per capita).

April 27—

Rah, Rah, the tennis courts are in full bloom now. If you want to play tennis on the campus, you must rise from your bed at four o'clock in the morning, but even then, don't expect to play on the courts, but on the grass.

At chapel this morning, Judge Henry, accompanied by the head of the local G. A. R., delivered us a lecture about the life of U. S. Grant and the legality of the Secession. His address was very interesting, and every one in the audience appreciated it. Judge Henry is one of the foremost exponents of law on a Pennsylvania bench.

After the lecture the entire student body and the faculty "watched the birdie" for a traveling photographer and did their best to show him the value of Walker's Hair Restorer. The effort of the student body proved futile, and the man still retains the barren spot on his head.

THE CRUCIBLE

ALUMNI NOTES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

Mae Sara Hohl, '20, has taught in the Woodbury Schools, N. J., since her graduation.

Edwin Harold White, who received his B. A. in 1917, is Home Office Representative, Aetna Life Insurance Company. He has held this position for the past three years. His present address is Huntingdon, W. Va.

Ada May Beidler (Mrs. William E. Herr, '18, is living very happily at their Colonial Apt., Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bucher, both of '18, are living at Mechanicsburg, where the former has been a teacher for the past two years.

LaRoy S. Deitrick, '18, is a student at the Theological Seminary of U. L. C., Gettysburg, since 1921.

Ora Belle Bachman, 1911 and '13, has taught one year at the Kent State Normal School, Kent, Ohio, where she is Supervisor of Music.

Oliver P. Butterwick, 1912, is a broker in Sumaka, Jara, Havana tobacco for the past three years. His present address is 729 S. Queen St., York, Pa.

John Henry Maysilles, who received his A. B. in '95, and his A. M. in 1900, is living at Grafton, W. Va., where he has been manager of Hefner & Maysilles Machine shop and Foundry for the past eight years. It is interesting to note that he graduated from Purdue University in 1903 and later his M. E. Degree, in 1906.

Walter Gillian Clippinger, 1899, is living at Westerville, Ohio, where he has been President of Otterbein College since 1909.

MINISTERIUM

"One of the bitterest moments of my life," said a missionary recently, "was when an earnest young Buddhist boy said to me, 'I want to believe in Christ, but I have never seen Him in those who profess Him. How can I believe in some one whom I have never seen?'"

This quotation, which was taken from the book entitled, "The Victorious Life," which is now being studied in the Thursday evening meetings of the Ministerium, seems a great challenge to Christian people to live closer to Him.

The purpose of the weekly meetings is to help the ministerial boys to meet and to help others meet this challenge to His glory.

THE PATH YOU MAKE

A wilderness before him lay ne'er trod by
feet of men,
An underbrush of vines and roots—there
seemed to be no end
To all the vast confusion there, firm barriers
to advance!
But he was bent on getting thru' he meant
to take a chance.

Sure, people laughed as people will and
dubbed him fool and dunce,
"He'd soon come back or else be lost, he'd
try it only once,
No one had ever gone before, no one had
lost their sense."
But off he started on the trip—his grit
was no pretense.

He struggled on for many years, while
others sat and laughed,
And through the dark devious wilderness
he made a rugged path.
And now where once he fought his way,
alone, with ne'er a friend,
A highway broad and beautiful runs on-
ward to the end.

You've found a golden nugget—it is some-
thing you have thought,
Don't mind the words the world will say,
good things are dearly bought,
But start right out in confidence, let
scorning be your goad,
And you will find the path you've made
will sometime be a road.

Several of our professors and some of the members of the student body are planning to go to Europe this summer.

Our society programs seem to be much more spirited than ever before. The spirit of friendly rivalry has done much to create an atmosphere of activity and prosperity and we certainly think that the step taken last autumn in organizing a new girls' society is proving successful.

Set all things in their own peculiar place,
And know that order is the greatest grace.
—Dryden.

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MAY 30, 1922

ANNVILLE, PA.

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Shall fill an honour'd grave;
For glory lights the soldier's tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave."

—J. R. Drake

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Editorial Page

The Crucible

EDITORIAL

On the thirtieth of May our nation will pause in its busy labors to honor the memory of those heroes who "gave their lives that that nation might live". What kind of a day will it be for you? Will it mean just "a day off" from your daily tasks? Or does it hold for you a realization of the true spirit of Patriotism? It might be a little study to look around us on that day and observe the various attitudes our friends have toward that day, and their ways of celebrating it. We are often led to conclude that it is a day set aside for hilarious celebration, for it is certainly observed by some in that way. But that is hardly a fit method to honor our national dead. Certainly we should feel overjoyed that the men we honor have made it possible for our country to stand as it does today, yet we must season that feeling with awe and reverence for those same men who were willing to sacrifice their lives that we might enjoy our prosperity.

What is the significance of Memorial Day to us today? As we know, it was first set aside to commemorate those men who gave their lives in the Civil War, a tribute to the Grand Army of the Republic as defenders of the principles upon which our government was established. But to that group another army of heroes has been added. The Great World War broke out in nineteen hundred fourteen, and as a result our nation realized that the liberty and equality of man were threatened. At the call of the government a million champions of the principles which their fathers had established arose to defend them. It is an old story how they crossed the Atlantic and fought at the side of the Allies, how they struggled on, determined to come up to the expectations of those back home and to be true representatives of their country. Now many of that million lie at the side of our Civil War Veterans. Then, too, we must not forget the heroes of the Spanish-American War. They, too, fought for the principles of Liberty and Equality. Cer-

tainly we see that the significance of Memorial Day has widened very much.

But need we limit our memorial tribute only to heroes of war? Are there not others who deserve our esteem equally as much? Taking it in its broader sense we are celebrating the principles which our heroes held to, as well as the men themselves. Do you remember now you, as a boy, were thrilled when you took your place in the line and marched, proudly waving your little flag, to the cemetery where a program of speeches was to be given. You were too young then to understand why the cemetery was the place to hold this program, yet you sensed the atmosphere of patriotism about you. The inborn pride and patriotism made you hold your head high and march "just as the soldiers do". Later in life you understood that the soldiers lying dead in that cemetery were closely linked to the spirit of patriotism you felt as a boy.

There is another thing we might keep in mind as we celebrate Memorial Day this year. Abraham Lincoln in his Gettysburg address said, "It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced . . . that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion." Those men whom we commemorate have set before us ideals that we may look up to, and have served as examples that we may well try to imitate. Tasks are awaiting us for solution in the future just as they arose for those men, and we can strengthen ourselves to meet them if we take inspiration from any of these national heroes. We here at L. V. C. have had those who "gave their last full measure of devotion". Among them we might mention Max Lehman, the composer of our Alma Mater, and Marcel von Berghey, our well-known athlete.

When we celebrate Memorial Day on May 30th are we going to remember these

(Continued on Page 19)

The Mirror

LA PHILOSOPHIE

A man's real kingdom is his mind, and—no man is so placed that he does not have opportunity to feed, train and rule it.—Ida M. Tarbell.

Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth. More than ruin, more even than death thought is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible. Thought is merciless to privilege, established institutions and comfortable habits. Thought is careless of the well-tried wisdom of the ages, thought looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, a feeble speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence. Yet it bears itself proudly. As unmoved as if it were lord of the universe, thought is great and swift and free, the light of the world and the chief glory of man.—Bertrand Russell.

Achievement of whatever kind is the crown of effort, the diadem of thought. By the aid of self-control, resolution, purity, righteousness, and well-directed thought a man ascends; by the aid of animality, indolence, impurity, corruption and confusion of thought a man descends.—Allen.

A person may encircle the globe with mind open only to bodily comfort. Another may live his life on a sixty-foot lot and listen to the voices of the universe. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!—B. S. Aldrich.

The unthinking class is large. It takes in those who don't know, and therefore cannot think; and, also, those who do know but don't think.—Franklin Lucas.

Toute notre dignite consiste donc en la pensee. C'est de la qu'il faut nous relever, non de l'espace et de la duree que nous ne saurions remplir. Travaillons donc a bien penser: voila le principe de la morale.—Blaise Pascal.

Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought.—Emerson.

Truly, a thinking man is the worst en-

emy the prince of darkness can have, and every time such a one announces himself there runs a shudder through the nether empire, where new emissaries are trained with new tactics, to hoodwink and handcuff him.—Carlyle.

To those who think deeply, there is hardly anything in life that may not properly be deemed sacred.—The Atlantic Monthly.

"We are not what we think we are; but what we think, we are."

The world offers golden prizes to the man who thinks.—Emerson.

Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—St. Paul.

"A LITTLE MORE PEP!"

Since our team has been playing home games we seem to be at the long end of most of the scores. The pep and enthusiasm shown in most of the games is a great factor in putting L. V. C. at the long end. But we never can have too much of a good thing, so a little more organized cheering at our last games will count much in keeping up the morale of the team.

On the Saturday that we played Gettysburg, the entire student body was back of the team, although they seemed reluctant to show. Individual rooting was in evidence during the entire game, but as for college yells they were practically nil. The cheer-leader did his part well—but the rest of us did not seem to respond. In the same way that the pitcher needs the support of the team, so the team needs the support of the students. If a player makes a bad play, don't tell him about it, for he realizes it before you do.

It cannot be said that L. V. C. lacks material for a winning team, nor can any one doubt the ability of the coach to develop it. So if L. V. C. loses home games—do you realize with whom the fault lies—who supports the team? It is the student body.

Literary

GROUNDING UPON A CORAL REEF

It will be remembered that in the fall of 1919 the Gulf of Mexico was swept by a terrible hurricane, that entailed the loss of several vessels, and the wrecking of many others. The storm was so severe that even the coast towns suffered considerable damage from the velocity of the wind and the tidal wave, that completely inundated miles of the low lying coast, and Corpus Christi was practically wiped off the map.

At that time I was aboard the steamship *Alabat*, bound from Philadelphia to Jamaica, and south side ports of Cuba. Our captain, upon receiving the wireless warnings, immediately turned about and made for the shelter of the Quantanimo Bay. The wind sprang up as if by magic, and fortunately for us a fair wind at that, so the mate soon had us rig the auxiliary sails, consisting of Main Trysail, Fore Trysail, and a Jib Trysail. These alone increased our speed by four knots, so that the *Alabat* fairly raced through the water, and, seeming to outrun the blow, entered the bay just before the storm really broke.

Here we remained until the storm had abated and the barometer showed signs of good weather. Then the *Alabat* weighed her anchor, and again put out to sea. Five or six hours later the wireless operator received an S. O. S. that gave a position not more than seventy-five miles northwest of us; the captain immediately altered the course and proceeded toward that position. The light was sighted shortly after midnight, but we were forced to stand by until daylight permitted us to see the Ward Line freighter "*Lake Port*" high up on one of those coral reefs that are such a menace in the northern part of the Caribbean Sea and lie about fifty miles south of the Cuban mainland. The remainder of the day was spent in taking

3—CRUCIBLE
soundings from small boats so as to get her safely through the shallows and within towing distance.

Operations were resumed early the next day. A line was shot across her bow from the life gun, and this line in turn was

used to haul our heavy hawser over to them; this they made fast well up upon her fore-castle head, so that with our end to the poop-pits, the *Alabat* was enabled to have a direct haul; then everything was in readiness for the attempt. The *Lake Port* had her engines going full speed, and her propellers were churning the water to such an extent that the entire stern and after-well-deck were enveloped in a vast shroud of spray. At the first turn of the *Alabat*'s screw the heavy wire hawser snapped as taut as a bow string, but with the addition of a little more speed it parted with the apparent resistance of so much sail twine.

Neither ship had another towing cable, and splicing proved futile; so the next move was for us to board her and commence heaving her cargo of sugar over the side, which, by the way, amounted to four thousand tons, and which would be, I dare say, sufficient to sweeten the coffee at L. V. C. for some time.

Two days steady work, and the hold was two-thirds empty, but just before noon on the third day one young fellow caught his foot in a sling full of sugar bags as they were being dumped, and was carried with them into the water. Everyone on deck was afraid to look, for well we knew what to expect in those shark-infested waters; and finally when we had summoned the courage, no one was surprised to see bloody water, but every one was astounded to see his curly black head bob into view, and with a half grin, commence swimming toward the Jacob's ladder that hung amidships by one of the half lowered life boats. Upon reaching the ladder he began to climb, and then it was that we were truly horrified to see one foot terribly mutilated and dangling by a single tendon. Of course there were many willing hands that soon had him aboard the vessel, and resting as well as possible, considering that we had nothing to ease his pain. The medicine chest was ransacked, yet not an anesthetic or such drug could be found; but by signalling the *Alabat*, we soon had her entire supply on the way, in a life boat manned by a bunch of the black gang. They came along very well for such a greasy and inexperienced crew, yet when

THE CRUCIBLE

they got within a short distance of the Lake Port where the swells were a bit rough, they capsized the boat within a cable's length of us. The men soon scrambled up the ladder, for be it remembered that the presence of snarks is an excellent incentive under such circumstances, and although they were safe enough, the much needed medicine was lost, and the poor fellow thus deprived of the only available relief. In fact, the amputation had to be completed, and here again he displayed his iron nerve and sterling fortitude, for hardly a groan escaped his lips; instead, the only audible expression being, "Guess I'll not play much more baseball, will I Skipper?"

The captains decided that the Alabat should be used to rush the patient to the nearest port, so he was placed aboard her, which in itself was very ticklish work because of the heavy swell that was running stronger every minute, and it would have been no laughing matter had we duplicated the feat of the Black Gang. The Alabat then commenced her 180 mile race with death to Cienfuegos, which we reached in record time. She was no sooner beside the dock than he was on his way to the hospital, where he died five hours later.

The Lake Port was afterward taken care of by an English salvage ship that succeeded in floating her; while the Alabat proceeded to Progreso, Yucatan, Mexico, and from thence homeward to New Orleans, La.

MODERN INVENTIONS

NOTE.—This is the second of the series of articles on "Are All Modern Inventions Unmixed Blessings?"

A boy, a machine, and a girl! How often now I think of these three as they started out together one beautiful June morning! They boy was myself, the machine was my fathers', and the girl was Alice, my sweetheart. We three were speeding away over the smoothest of State roads on that brightest of June mornings, viewed now from the perspective of some six or seven years, and from the viewpoint of a married man I review the scene now with a sort of whimsical humor and a half regret for the passing of that first flush of youthful adoration. It happened in this way:

One morning in June, Alice and I started out in my father's machine never to return. We declared that we would see the world together, and live and love as the happiest of all mortals. We reckoned without the car, however. Our parents thought that we were attending a picnic. Therefore we had some eight or ten hours to effect our elopement without possible chance of rousing suspicion. And eight hours may be only a day, but it may also be an eternity if reckoned by events. We were guiding sleekly along the perfect road, and Alice was begging that I be careful. I fear she doubted my ability as a chauffeur. We killed a chicken. The blow came swiftly, silently, and I was sure the poor creature suffered no pain. There was a hurt look in my Alice's eyes, however, that made me feel that I should gladly have taken the fowl's place. I had to pay for it to the farmer who saw the unfortunately accidental murder. This pitifully depleted my little sum of money, which at the outset had been but \$7.33. Life looked bleak after that, and the rosy dawn was beginning to lose the first flush of joy for me. That monster doubt began to creep in, and I questioned whether I could support my Alice on my limited resources. But then surely Dad would come to my aid. But if he shouldn't—no, it was too awful to think about; and then, too, we had come to a cross-roads. I was rushing headlong into an accident. My gloomy thoughts had so far diverted my attention that I failed to see an approaching truck. There were three courses open to me—the truck, a telephone pole, and a bank. I took the bank. I raced madly up the slight elevation, crashing thru underbrush, scratching and smashing my machine. Hope fled. I knew that life was now empty for me. All this time Alice sat silent and frightened in her seat. Now she began to cry. Her tears moved me as nothing else could. To see my darling cry was the last straw. The truck buzzed swiftly by, and we were left stranded in the middle of the road. Oh, the fickleness of women! How Alice raved and wept by turns, declaring that I could never have loved her or I should not have placed her in such a terrible position. Then came our "mutual friend" Bob Lesly (also my rival). He offered to take her into town, and snubbed me unmercifully. She went. I remained behind until a

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Alumni Notes

Dr. Paul M. Vogt, a graduate in the Chemical-Biological Course in the year 1912, has recently moved to 1058 N. 11th St., Reading, where he is practising.

Samuel Dundore, a graduate of the 1919 class, last week received his B.D. degree at Bonebrake Theological Seminary, Dayton, O. This summer he is going to work for the Seminary, serving as Field Secretary.

Anna Torney Kreider, a graduate in instrumental music 1890, and in classical course 1892, now lives in New Haven, Conn. She married D. Albert in 1892, who at present is Associate Professor of Physics at Yale.

G. Wallace William Hanger, a graduate of 1884, now lives in Chicago, Ill., where for two years he has been a member of United States Railroad Labor Board.

Edna M. Weidler, a graduate of 1919 class, is now teaching at West High, Akron, Ohio. West High is located in a fine residential section, and its enrollment is fourteen hundred. Miss Weidler has taught there for the last three years.

David J. Evans, '16, is Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Wilmerding, Pa. His address is 437 Marguerite Ave., Wilmerding, Pa.

Mrs. Grace Smith Marshall, who graduated in Oratory in 1912, is living at 341 Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa.

Ruth Hughes, '19, has been teaching in York High School since her graduation. Miss Hughes was one of our many visitors at our May Day.

Elena Elizabeth Secrist, '19, has been a teacher at Dayton, Va., for the past three years.

C. C. Hartman, class of '20, is Assistant Chemist. His address is 1219 L St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Joseph Anthony Jackowick, '20, writes that he is teaching physics and chemistry at the Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore, Md.

Harry Katerman, '20, is teaching at the Carteret Academy, E. Orange, N. J., since his graduation. His present address is 61 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.

W. A. Brunner, who received his A.B. in 1911, and later his A.M. from Lehigh, has been teaching at Harrisburg for the

past four years. His address is 1814 Briggs St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Oliver T. Ehrhart, '11, is preaching at Lancaster, Pa., a year and four months. His address is 344 N. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

Wm. O. Ellis, who received his A.B. in 1911 and later his M.S. from Iowa State College, 1913, is living at Concord, Mass., where he is Scientific Assistant U. S. Department of Agriculture for the past five years.

William Calvin Arnold, who received his A.B. from Lebanon Valley in 1903, and his A.M. from Columbia University in 1904, has been State Industrial Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Ill., for the past three years.

Frank S. Heinman, 1904, is Supervising Principal at Sheffield, Pa. He has been supervising here for the past five years.

Mrs. Alice Crowell Huffman, 1905, is living at 1383 W. Poplar St., York, Pa.

Ray G. Light, who graduated in the classical course in 1906, has been practising law at Lebanon since 1914.

Isaac Rissmiller, who received his A.B. from L. V. C. in 1906. His A.M. from U. of Pa. 1909, his Ph.D. from Lebanon University, Ohio, and his M.S. from Penn State '18, is Supervising Principal at Donaldson, Pa.

Amos Benjamin Moyer, 1909, has been Supervising Principal of Downingtown Schools for the past seven years.

Samuel B. Plummer, who received his A.B. degree in 1912, is at present Assistant Urincipal of Williamsport High School, Md.

Clinton J. Barr received his A.B. degree in 1882. At present he is Superintendent of the Lawrence Portland Cement Company. His address is 435 Park Place, Lebanon, Pa.

Mrs. Edna Yeatts Hagar received her A.B. degree in 1909. She is now living at Mercer, Pa.

S. Roger Hartz, a graduate of 1908 with A. B. degree, is now a contractor in Baltimore. His address is 910 Garrett Bldg., Baltimore.

Donald Keister, who received his A.B. degree at L. V. C., M. A. at Harvard University, and C.P.A. at Wisconsin, is now

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College Activities

PRAYER MEETING

The pleasures of being out of doors, and of attending the regular prayer meeting, were combined, on Tuesday evening, May 16th, in a vesper service on the banks of the Quittie. The evening was beautiful, and the very novelty of the situation brought out quite a good many students. The meeting was opened by a short song service, led by Carl Hiser, and accompanied by Earnest Hartz, trombonist. Following this, J. Arnold led the group in prayer. There was also a vocal solo by Rosa Zeigler, accompanied by Kathryn Nissley, violinist. Ralph Boyer, the leader, read the Scripture lesson, and introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. Leibegott, of Lebanon. The speaker's theme was, "Clean, Pure Lives," and as a Scripture verse he took "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He showed us that it was up to the educated young people to be leaders, and to live such lives as would inspire others to do likewise. Following the address, there was a season of sentence prayers. The meeting was closed by the singing of "Day is Dying in the West." This open air meeting seemed to awaken much dormant interest and enthusiasm.

WHEN THE LAST BOLT WAS IN

He arose slowly to his feet with a big smile on his face as he looked at the completed machine. It was the product of years of labor and thought. He had tried several before, but they would not work; but now, though he was tried and had often been laughed at by his friends because of his spending so much time alone in what they thought of as foolish thinking, he was happy, for he had accomplished his dream. A few days later when the people had learned of the success of the machine and he was receiving congratulations from all sides with a "How did you ever think of it?" from many he smiled to himself and thought, they forget that when they were out enjoying themselves I was studying and preparing

for this thing, yes, this very machine, but after all the time was well spent.

How true this little story is of every walk of life. When we see a man do some great deed, make a great speech or preach a great sermon, how apt we are to say, "I wonder how he did it?" forgetting that the secret of it is that he has spent time working when perhaps others did not know of it or while they played. Perhaps he has even let go of his regular work to slip away to get an inspiration, a vision.

The May Day exercises and many other things have made it a task to hold any meetings of late, but there are those who felt it worth while to break away from other things and keep up the regular Thursday evening Ministerium Meeting, and I am sure those who have been there have felt that the hour was well spent and that it has helped to give them a vision of the climax product of their lives.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I remember when the first talking machine, as the country folks called it, was brought to our community. One of the neighbors bought it at the county fair and brought it home with the greatest of care. When I heard about it I did not think it would work; however, I was willing to be shown, so I called upon the neighbor and asked him if I might see the machine that I had heard so much about. He was much pleased and promised to do much more than that, saying that he would play it for me. But how disappointed I was when I saw it. There was nothing there but a box, a big horn, a crank, some few pieces of polished rod, and a few records. The man proceeded to put the pieces together and with each one I expected it would say something, but as it did not, I was more and more persuaded that it was all a joke. The machine was good to look at, but that was all. However, after a little cranking and adjusting of the different parts the thing began to—yes, it really began to talk, then to sing. It worked wonderfully. It only needed a little cranking and adjusting now and then to keep up its enthusiasm under which con-

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ditions it produced very pleasing harmony.

This incident was again brought to my mind a few nights ago when the new Y. M. C. A. cabinet first met. The boys on the cabinet are not new. They have been here all year; yet when they gathered together and each took his place, the enthusiasm, harmony and ideas that were expressed were wonderful. But now comes the real issue. Are we willing as students to get back of the cabinet with its ideas and make it more than just a machine that expresses itself. The cabinet has some great plans for the future and each member is anxious that everyone co-operate to carry out these plans and to make the coming year a great success. Be on the alert for some of these plans. You will hear of them before long.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

I. The first week in May was set apart by the Pennsylvania authorities as Music Week, in which the art of music was especially to be emphasized. Dr. Hershey took advantage of this fact, and on Tuesday, May 2nd, we had the privilege of hearing Miss Ethel Green Ziegler, pianist, and Mr. Charles D. Long, bass, piano accompaniments played by Miss Henrietta Owen Wiest. The Misses Ziegler and Wiest are two of Dr. Hershey's advanced pupils at York, and they both did justice to his work. The technique of Miss Ziegler was perfect, as was her interpretation, especially shown in the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6 by Liszt, and Sadness, by Hiller.

We were all delightfully entertained by the melodic and strong bass voice of Mr. Long. We enjoyed a rare treat, and really thank Dr. Hershey for arranging such a splendid recital.

The following program was rendered:

Etude Pathetique.....	Chammade
Scherzo Op. 54, No. 5.....	Grieg
Garobbe	Piram

Miss Ziegler

Infelice! e tu credevi fr. "Ernani".....	Verdi
On the Shore	Neidlinger

Mr. Long

Barcarolle in A Minor.....	Rubinstein
Sadness	Huller
Spring Weather	Sending

Miss Ziegler

Deep in the Mine.....	Jude
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Myself When Young, fr. In a Parisian Garden	Lehmann
My Big Bass Viol.....	Bohannon

Mr. Long

Intermezzo, Op. 76, No. 7.....	Brahms
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6.....	Liszt

II. On Tuesday night, May 16, 1922, the first of the annual senior recitals was held by Misses Seitz, voice, and Raab, piano. We were agreeably surprised and delightedly entertained. Both performed so remarkably well that it would be difficult to pick out specific numbers.

The following program was rendered:

Passing By (1689).....	Purcell
Cherry Ripe (1786)	Horn
Have You Seen But a Whyte Lillie	
Grow (1614) ?.....	Anon

Miss Seitz

Gavotte from Imphigenia in Aules	Gluck-Brahms
Sonata Op. 53 (first movement).....	Beethoven

Miss Raab

Ave Maria from "Otello".....	Verdi
	Miss Seitz

Du Bist die Ruh.....	Schubert-Liszt
Etude Op. 10, No. 8.....	Chopin

Miss Raab

Aminte.....	Pastoral arr. by Weckerlin
Edelweiss	Foudrain
Le Mariage des Roses	Franck
Romance	Debussy

Miss Seitz

Chant d'Amour	Stojowski
Pres du Ruisseau	Stojowski
Shepherd's Hey	Grainger

Miss Raab

Ah! Love but a Day.....	Beach
To a Butterfly	Powell
Wings of Night	Watts
Blackbird's Song	Scott
The Nightingale	Ward-Stephens

Miss Seitz

III. On Thursday the Juniors in Oratory and Music gave their annual recital. The Juniors in Oratory are the Misses Mae Morrow, Kathryn Kratzert, Mae Reeves, Lucile Shenk, and in Music, Verna Pell and Dorothy Sholly.

We should have declared this to be a Senior Recital if we had not been informed otherwise. The readings were excellent. This was proved by the way the audience was gripped by each one. Even the children were entertained and their attention held. The music, too, was praiseworthy.

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The Misses Pell and Sholly deserve our praise and congratulations for the splendid part which they played.

The following program was rendered:

Piano—Impromptu in E-flat Op. 90 (Shubert) Verna Pell

Reading—Joceyn Leih's Defence, from

"To Have and to Hold".....Mary Johnston

Kathryn Kratzert

Voice—(a) *Amarilli mia bella*.....Caccini

(b) *Caro mio ben*.....Gurdani

Dorothy Sholly

Reading—The Right Hunch (Kathryn Holland Brown) Mae Morrow

Voice—Je suis Titania, from "Mignon"

(Thomas) Dorothy Sholly

Monologue—Over the Banister (Carolyn Wells) Mae Reeves

Piano—(a) Nocturne Op. 55 No. 1.....Chopin

(b) Rigaudon MacDowell

Verna Pell

Reading—The Man of Sorrows (fr. "The Crisis") Churchill

Lucile Shenk

Voice—(a) At Night Rachmaninoff

(b) Flowers Awake.....Warner

(c) Dream Song Warford

Dorothy Sholly

In looking over the audience, we noticed that there were not as many as there should have been. Why not learn more about this much neglected art—Music? We are oftentimes bored by classical music because we are not educated, musically speaking, to that point where we can enjoy real good solid music. There is no better place to get this education than at recitals. Let us try and attend their functions as they attend ours, and by meeting the music students halfway we will be benefiting ourselves.

Ira Ruth, Music Editor.

PHILO ANNIVERSARY

On Friday, May 5, the Philokosmian Literary Society celebrated its fifty-fifth anniversary in the Engle Conservatory of Music. Some of the customs and traditions of several years standing were broken at the rendition of the Anniversary Program. The program was rendered as in a regular literary session, the officers of the society and the speakers being on the stage. The decorations were simple

and expressive of the spirit of Philokosmianism.

The opening number was an overture, King's "Princess of India," by Nagle Orchestra of Lebanon. The invocation was given by Rev. Carl W. Hiser, '22, the chaplain of the evening. The president, Mr. Russell O. Shadel, '22, then extended the welcome of the Philos to all the visitors; after which he delivered a thought-inspiring discourse on Truth. A quartette, composed of Messrs. R. Rhodes Stabley, '22, J. Dwight Daugherty, '22, Adam D. Miller, '22, and George O. Hohl, '23, then sang Nevin's "Venetian Love Song," which was thoroughly enjoyed and much appreciated.

Mr. Jay H. Arnold, '22, delivered an oration, the outcome of deep meditation and clear insight, on "The Spiritual Element," Mr. S. Meyer Herr, '22, with his customary skill of characterization, delighted the audience with a reading, "Their Desired Haven." A Philo Chorus, of twenty voices then sang Demarest's "America Triumphant." Due to the length of the program no encore was given.

One of the most interesting numbers of the program was a discussion on the subject: "Should the United States of America have accepted the invitation to be officially represented at the Genoa Economic Conference?" Mr. R. Rhodes Stabley, '22, very energetically and enthusiastically presented the affirmative; his able opponent was Mr. J. Russel Bowman, '22. The judges, Judge Henry, of Lebanon; Doctor Andrew Bender, head of the Chemistry Department, and Doctor George Daniel Gossard, President of Lebanon Valley College, decided in favor of the affirmative.

The final number on the program was a serenade, Allen's "Anita," by the orchestra, which had been preceded by the invitation given by Mr. Paul E. Ness, '22, acting as critic of the society, to attend the after-program on the campus.

Before the sounds of the orchestra's music had fled from the crowded hall, the Annville Cornet Band had started to enliven the evening outdoors with strains of harmony. It was not long until the entire audience had convened on the campus, attracted by the music and the gay lighting decorations of the outdoor stage, situated in the southeastern corner of the campus. After several numbers by the

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band, the Philo Dramatic Company presented an Operatique Dramatique written by one of the members of Philo and staged under the direction of Professor T. Bayard Beauty. The title of the Operatique was "The Old, Old Story," featuring four well-known historic performers of the college: Mr. Adam Miner, '22, Mr. Dwight Daugherty, '22, Mr. Carl Hiser, '22, and Mr. Donald Evans, '24. The singing of the various familiar numbers set to different words was received with much delight by the audience and the denouement of the Operatique drew forth a generous applause from the large assembly.

The Annville Cornet Band continued the musical merrymakings of the evening with a half a dozen delightful numbers, including several solo numbers, featuring the cornet and xylophone. With the rendition of the Star Spangled Banner everyone was sent homeward bound well pleased with the 55th Philo Anniversary.

PHILO

The rendition of the Chemical Program has been postponed, due to the many activities of the present time, to Friday evening, May 27. The preparation for this final scientific program of this year has been well under way for over a month; no labor has been spared to make the program the best possible. All students, co-eds and men, as well as the faculty, are cordially invited.

On Friday, May 12, the society had a lively literary session. Mr. Earl E. Fake was called upon to extemporize on the subject, "Why Everyone Eats Sauerkraut in Reading." Mr. Ray C. Herb, in his first appearance before the society, read an interesting paper on "Where the Mountains Walk." A spirited debate on the subject, "Resolved, that the Honor System in Exams be established at Lebanon Valley," then followed. After a much appreciated duet by Messrs. Fields and Hartz, the editor, entertained the society with "Living Thots."

DELPHIAN

The Delphians have no news to report in this issue of The Crucible. Our program for May the 12th was postponed on account of the joint session between Clio and Kalo. Because of various other activities we could not have a regular meet-

ing the following week, either; nevertheless, we are still working. We are planning to give several really good programs before the first year in the history of the Delphian Literary Society ends.

CLIO-KALO JOINT SESSION

The Clio-Kalo Joint Session held on Friday evening, May 12, 1922, was one of the most interesting programs ever given at a joint session. Both societies seemed to put forth extra effort to make the program a success. The little sketch given by the Freshmen girls deserves much praise, both because it was well rendered and because it was prepared upon a very short notice. The musical numbers were well appreciated by the audience and the readings and the examiner were very interesting. The program was as follows:

Piano Duet.....Minerva Raub, Ira M. Ruth
Informal Essay.....Cynthia Drummond
Reading.....Gaston VandenBosche
Vocal Duet.....Pearl Seitz, Rosa Zeigler
Interpretation.....Sara Greiner
Sketch—"The Follies of Fashion"—

Edith Nye, Ruth Hoy, Madie Shoop, Ellen Keller, Olga Smith, Esther Hughes, Marion Hess, Blanche Lingle, Martha Schach, Edith Geyer, Mildred Leach, V. Seitzinger, E. Roudabus, S. Dearwechter.

The Examiner.....Jos. M. Kessler
After the programme, delightful refreshments were served, and the entertainment was brought to a fitting close.

FRESHMAN SOPHOMORE HIKE

On Thursday, May 11, 1922, the Sophomore and Freshman classes, under the chaperonage of Misses Engle, Witherow, Professors Wagner and Campbell, left North Hall for the Water Works on the annual Underclassmen Joint-Hike.

Upon arriving at the Water Works, a huge bon fire was made and a delicious luncheon was prepared, during which process J. Howard Burtner contracted hydrophobia, due to a bite received from a Hot Dog. Misses Engle and Witherow and Mr. Weik are tie for first place in the Tea Drinkers League.

A well appreciated impromptu program was rendered by a number of the members present. The program was as follows:

Remarks.....Pres. C. C. Smith, '24
Remarks.....Pres. L. A. Weik, '25

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Vocal Solo	Rosa Zeigler, '24
Reading	Kuth Oyer, '24
Quartet—	Ray Herb '24, J. L. Fay '25, J. H. Smuck '25, L. A. Weik '25
Reading	Helen Hostetter, '25
Quartet—	Mary Yinger '24, Mary Hershey '24, Floss Seifreid '24, Rosa Zeigler '24.
Reading	Esther Singer, '24
Hot Dawgs	Cynthia Drummond, '24
"Alma Mater"	By all present

CHAPEL

The week of April 30th to May 7th was observed by Pennsylvania as "Music Week." Throughout the State choirs, glee clubs, orchestras and bands, factories, churches, schools, and social organizations entered into the observance in a manner which has drawn congratulations from all parts of the country. Music Week was appropriately observed at Lebanon Valley on Thursday, May 4th, at the chapel hour. A program featuring Pennsylvania was presented under the auspices of the Senior Class in Public School Music.

The program is as follows:

1. Hebrides Overture
Miss Engle, Prof. Campbell
2. Governor's Proclamation
Dr. Gossard
3. Community Singing—"Pennsylvania"
Miss Oyer, Director
4. Reading "I Am Music"
Prof. Beatty
5. Trio.... "Massa's in de Cold Ground"—
Foster
Misses Shelly, Gilbert, Zeigler
6. Community Singing.... "Annie Laurie"
Foster
7. Organ—(a) Love Song Cadman
(b) The Rosary Nevin
Ira Ruth
8. Vocal Solos—
(a) Mighty Lak' a Rose..... Nevin
Miss Seitz
(b) Negro Spirituals Burleigh
Mrs. Mills
(c) From the Land of the Sky-Blue
Waters Cadman
Miss Withrow
(d) Max Lehman's Songs.. L. V. C. '09
Mrs. Harnish
9. College Songs and Yells
10. Community Singing "America"

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

Several weeks ago we had the pleasure of having Miss Dorothy Holliday, a Student Volunteer Secretary, with us. She met us individually in conference, and then much to our delight, met with us as a band on Monday evening. Upon request, she gave us an outline of her life. Her parents were missionaries to India. When but thirteen she came to America to be educated. During her high school days she persistently denied any intention of becoming a foreign missionary. But the lure of India was too strong, and during her college days, she became a Student volunteer. She then gave us a heart to heart talk on the life of a Student Volunteer on the campus, advising us to let the student body know that Student Volunteers are real, live, wide-awake, all-around students, with a world horizon. In concluding her little talk, she suggested that we broaden our sympathies and interests by reading missionary literature. Among the books that she suggested, were "Shepherd of Aintab," and "The Great Heart of the South." I am sure that all of us, whether or not we are members of the Student Volunteer Band, will be benefited by adding these books to our summer reading list.

Y. W. C. A.

Of all the different associations and societies around the school, one of the most helpful to the girls, is the Young Women's Christian Association. While the other societies are gatherings of perhaps just a certain group of girls, this is one to which all the girls of the college may belong and get the spiritual as well as the social side of college life.

The new cabinet has succeeded very well in arranging interesting and helpful programs for the Sunday afternoon meetings. One of the best of these programs was held Sunday, May the sixth, Miss Dorothy Holliday, a traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, representing foreign missions, was here and spoke to the girls. Miss Holliday has just been graduated from college herself, and thus appeals more to the students because she seems just like one of them. She was born in India, so can picture and help one to see the existing conditions out there. She is preparing to return to India in two

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years and take up her work in the small rural villages. She urges every one who possibly can, to take up the work. Miss Holliday says that here or in any civilized country, if one is a teacher, doctor or nurse, she is one with many thousands or others following the same profession, but out there she is one to help many thousands and her work seems many times more interesting because of the great help she can render to those who are suffering in sickness and ignorance. Miss Holliday says that to be a real all-around Christian, one must take one's religion into whatever one does, not only to certain places or on certain occasions. Besides Miss Holliday's talk to the girls there was a piano solo by Miss Florence Stark, a vocal solo, "Out in the Fields With God," by Miss Pearl Seitz, and a reading, "The Man Who Opened Eyes," by Miss Rachel Heindal.

On Sunday, May the fourteenth, there was an exceptionally fine service. It was held as a tribute to Mother's Day. It was only a song service, but one that will be remembered for a long time by the girls. Each girl gave the name of the hymn her mother liked best and then the association sang it. Though some of the girls were many miles away from home and mother in body, there surely was not one who was not close to her mother in thought during that service.

Besides the Sunday services quite often the Y. W. C. A. secures people who are interested in the work to be here for a day or two, to hold conferences with any of the students who have perplexing questions that perhaps they cannot answer for themselves, but that these people can help them settle satisfactorily. Miss Holliday stayed over two days and talked with the girls, helping them with whatever they were troubled.

The first party given by the new cabinet was held Monday evening, May the eighth, in honor of Miss Holliday. Though there was little time to prepare for it, everybody worked, and the first party was surely a success. In the beginning of the evening there was an impromptu program, including stunts, speeches and piano solos given. After this everybody entered into the games and had a good time. The remainder of the evening the members of the faculty present gave an entertainment including a piano solo by Mrs. Green, a vocal solo by Miss Withrow, several readings by Miss Adams and some Indian songs

by Miss Holliday. Finally the party ended with college songs and a Ramazama for Miss Holliday.

As the college year draws to a close, naturally the girls begin to think who will be good to send to summer camp at Eaglesmere. The good of the association depends, for the coming year, upon what its delegates will bring back from camp. Here girls from all the colleges of this district meet and talk over plans and tell what worked successfully for them, so that the others may adopt their ideas and work them out in their own associations. Here they settle questions that have been bothering any association and plan an outline of the work for the coming year. So everything depends on the responsibility of the girls who are chosen to undertake this work. It is up to them to do their best and get as much out of it as possible for old L. V. C. and they surely will because they are true members of the Y. W. C. A. not only of Lebanon Valley College, but of the world.

THE TARES

'Twere sweeter to take the bramble with
the rose
Than fearing the ruthless thorn, to see
it not;
And better to hear the discord music
knows,
Than sneering, to miss each perfect tone
that flows
Like silver sprays in some enchanted
spot.
'Twere nobler to live a day nor shun its
night,
Than to unlive the light to miss the
dark;
And more like a seaman, to contemplate
the fight
With hungry waves that have not hove
in sight,
Than fearing their anger, never to em-
bark.
'Twere harder, no doubt, to spare a pres-
ent tear,
Than choosing the fresh, green, fra-
grant, velvet path,
To follow it blindly, dazzled too much to
fear,
Nor count its cost; and only the brave
steer clear,
And stop to reckon what may be the
aftermath.

—Carl W. Hiser.

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BASEBALL

On May 6, 1922, our fellows gave the Susquehanna team as warm a reception as they had received when on a former trip. We were all set for the game, and won by the tune of 5-3. The result of the two games with Susquehanna have been so nearly equal that there will doubtless be another game between Susquehanna and Lebanon valley, in which the superiority of the teams will be determined. Fellows, and also students, we must do our very best that we might win this game if it is played here or away from here. It seems that we have failed to realize that in every game we play, in every contest in which we participate, we are doing so with our rivals, and it is up to us to determine and to what extent we shall either them or ourselves to be defeated. Let's have some more pep and enthusiasm at the remainder of our games and show our opponents that we really are their rivals.

Possibly a little cheering would have set the old team right on May 13 when it bowed in defeat to Gettysburg; possibly it was their unlucky day. It doesn't matter which, I believe that we could have supported them better than we did. We forgot to help the fellows prove that Lebanon Valley has a better team than Gettysburg. Consequently the score was 10-5.

On May the 16th our fellows enjoyed a victory over Blue Ridge College by the score of 1-0. Again on May 20th they overcame the Dickinsonian come-back from a former defeat and beat them by the score of 1-0.

The box scores were as follows:

Lebanon Valley						
ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	
Homan, 3b.	4	1	1	0	3	1
Yake, lf.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Witmer, p., 1b.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Wolfe, 1b., p.	4	1	1	4	0	0
Perry, cf.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Smith, 2b.	4	1	2	0	3	0
Clarkin, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Heilman, ss.	4	0	0	4	1	1
Metoxin, c.	4	0	1	9	3	0
Totals	35	5	7	27	10	2
Susquehanna						
ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	
Groniger, lf.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Barnon, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Emerick, rf.	4	0	0	3	0	2
Sweeney, ss.	4	0	1	4	2	3
Rogawitz, c.	4	0	1	4	0	0

Baker, 1b.	4	1	1	8	0	1
Brouse, 2b.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Thomas, 3b.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Clark, c.	3	0	1	0	4	0
Zeigler, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals	32	3	5	24	6	6
Susquehanna	10	1	0	1	0	0
Lebanon Valley	00	3	0	2	0	0

Three-base hit—Smith. Sacrifice hit—Clarkin.

Lebanon Valley						
ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	
Homan, 3b.	4	1	1	2	2	1
Yake, lf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Smith, 2b.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Witmer, 1b.	5	1	3	8	1	1
Clarkin, rf., cf.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Wolfe, p., rf.	4	1	2	0	2	0
Perry, cf., p.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Heilman, ss.	4	0	1	1	2	2
Metoxin, c.	4	1	1	10	0	2

Totals	37	5	10	27	10	7
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Gettysburg						
ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	
Hersh, cf.	6	3	0	2	0	0
Gingrich, 2b.	5	1	1	3	4	0
Morden, ss.	3	2	1	0	0	0
Keiser, cf.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Kyle, 1b.	4	2	1	9	0	0
Emanuel, lf.	5	1	2	2	0	0
Bream, 3b.	4	0	1	1	1	1
Fisher, c.	5	0	0	8	0	0
Plowman, p.	5	0	2	0	2	1

Totals	41	10	10	27	7	2
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Two-base hit—Kyle. Three-base hit—Plowman, 2; Witmer; Emanuel; Keiser. Home-run—Keiser; Morden; Wolfe. Sacrifice hit—Yake; Morden. Stolen bases—Keiser.

Gettysburg	000	15	3	0	1	0
Lebanon Valley	004	0	0	0	0	1

Lebanon Valley						
ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	
Homan, 3b.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Yake, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wolfe, 1b.	3	0	0	12	3	0
Witmer, p.	3	0	1	1	5	0
Smith, 2b.	4	0	2	2	5	0
Clarkin, rf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Perry, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Francis, ss.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Wolfe, P., c.	4	0	0	7	2	1

Totals	33	1	7	27	17	1
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Blue Ridge						
ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	
Hitchcock, 3b.	4	0	0	3	5	2
Dunn, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0	0
Hitchcock, I, lf.	4	0	0	0	1	0

THE CRUCIBLE

Drenning, ss.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Bonsack, 2b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Metzgher, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Peters, rf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Wilson, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
L. Hitchcock, c.	3	0	1	10	1	0
Markel, 1b.	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals	32	0	3	27	13	2
Blue Ridge	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lebanon Valley	0	0	0	1	0	0

Stolen bases—Homan; J. Hitchcock; L. Hitchcock. Base on balls—Witmer, 4; Metzgher, 1. Struck out—By Witmer, 7; by Metzgher, 9.

Lebanon Valley	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Homan, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Yake, lf.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Wolfe, p.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Witmer, 1b.	4	0	0	6	0	2
Smith, 2b.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Clarkin, rf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Perry, cf.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Francis, ss.	3	0	0	0	0	2
Wolfe, P., c.	3	0	0	13	0	0

Totals	29	1	3	27	5	4
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Dickinson	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Smith, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
C. Davis, lf.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Collins, 3b.	4	0	0	2	3	1
Saterlee, 1b.	4	0	3	12	0	0
Pipa, ss.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Sayes, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Z. Davis, 2b.	4	0	0	1	3	1
Lakin, c.	4	0	0	6	1	0
Heller, p.	3	0	1	1	4	0

Totals	31	0	5	24	12	2
Dickinson	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lebanon Valley	1	0	0	0	0	0

Stolen bases—Witmer; Perry. Base on balls—Wolfe, 2; Heller, 2. Struck out—By Wolfe, 13; Heller, 5.

Keep up the good work, fellows. Go to it and win the remainder of your games. You can do it. All you need do is to prove it. Don't permit a lag to set in at the close of the season, but stick with 'em and finish up strong. We're with you in every game.

The Jr. Varsity deserves much credit for the work it is doing both in helping to place the Varsity in shape for its victories and also for not having lost a single game this year. They have been going strong, and we fully expect them to con-

tinue to do so. The last game was played with Franklin and Marshall Academy at Lancaster; the score being 8-6 in our favor. All the fellows played a wonderful game, and through their united efforts won a hard fought game. Reigel did wonderful work on the mound, and all the fellows supported him wonderfully well.

The box score was as follows:

Leb. Val. Jr. Varsity	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Hovis, 3b.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Francis, ss.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Whistler, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Fake, W., rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Krause, 1b.	3	2	0	7	0	0
Reigel, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Kessler, c.	4	2	4	12	0	0
Danker, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	1
Weuschinski, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	2
Smuck, 2b.	2	0	0	0	2	0
Musser, cf.	2	2	1	0	0	0

Totals	33	8	8	24	3	3
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F. & M. Academy	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Hernbloom, ss.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Little, cf.	4	1	0	4	0	0
Messick, c.	4	2	2	9	0	1
Murphy, p., 3b.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Child, 2b., p.	4	2	1	4	1	1
Lovell, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Blacklin, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
H. Messick, 1b.	4	0	1	5	0	0
Green, 3b., 2b.	3	0	0	1	0	0

Totals	35	6	6	24	4	2
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F. & M. Academy	0	1	1	0	1	3
Leb. Val. Jr. Varsity	0	0	1	0	5	0

Three-base hit—Lovell. Home-run—Kessler. Stolen bases—Danker, 2; Messick; Kessler; Hovis, 2. Sacrifice hit—Smack. Base on balls—Murphy, 3; Child, 2; Reigel, 1. Hit by pitcher—Murphy, 2; Reigel, 2. Struck out—By Murphy, 9; by Reigel, 13.

The game was to be a seven inning game but due to the score being tie at the end of that period, another inning was played in which Kessler knocked the old pill for a homer and brought Musser home, giving us a lead of two runs. F. & M. attempted to hit Reigel but could only fan. It seems strange, but the scrubs have had a homer every game thus far. They have also had the privilege of having won our first victory on Lancaster soil for some years.

Exchange

EXCHANGE

According to some complaints, there is a surplus of vocal concerts in the dormitories of Lebanon Valley College. If reports are true, the concerts range from solos to group songs; with more group songs than solos, and with an average of forty singers to a group. Gettysburg is blessed with the same curse. Under the title of "A Good Custom" the Gettysburgian expresses it thus:

"The custom of group singing is being revived by some campus vocalists, and has been rather well received by the tenants of the dormitories; however, there are some born pessimists and killjoys who even find their way to college. To them the group singer is an unnecessary number on the Dorm's program of noise, and needs to be hushed with showers of water. We do not side with the water throwing individual, but we believe that this singing should be confined to a certain period of the evening in order that it may not seriously affect any busy freshman's mental activity."

* * *

The difference between a booster and a knocker is well defined by a writer in the F. & M. Student Weekly. He says, "College men may be divided into three classes—the booster, the indifferent, and the knocker. The knocker is that eccentric individual who is always on hand to throw cold water on every enterprise. He knocks his home town, his college, his teachers, and everybody with whom he comes in contact. The indifferent person is a person who does not care. He cheers for his team because everybody does. He goes to class because he has to go. Lastly we come to the booster. The booster is a valued man in any community, and always has a good word to say for everyone. He is always at the head of every movement for the good of his college, and can be relied upon to give aid to any worthy cause. He helps the world along. He is a valuable man in any college. Which are you?"

Quoting statistics might be a crime, but it is unpunishable as long as the statistics are established facts. The scholastic standing of Allegheny College with fraternities and sororities shows the individual average to be 76.6%. The average of the fraternity men is 73.1%, while the non-fraternity men have an average of 76.2%. This does not speak well for the fraternities. The average of the sorority members is 81.3%. Non-sorority is 80.3. This standing boosts the sororities. This is the argument then: Do fraternities and sororities help the scholastic standing of any college? At Allegheny in one instance it is proved that it does not, and another case proves that it does help the scholastic standing of the students. Decide for yourself. No one can hurt you for thinking.

* * *

Washington and Lee University Freshmen, after some members of their class have been unduly hazed, are seeking to remedy the hazing system at the University by proposing a new system to replace the old vigilance committee system. The proposed change is that a freshman council, composed of the leading men of the campus from the upper classes, will have power to govern the new men, as the members see fit. The freshman class unanimously adopted the resolutions."—Exchange.

A man is known by the people he borrows money from.

* * *

Walter Wolfe has coined a new word, "Pulverilent". What does it mean, Walter?

* * *

In Biology I in discussing primitive streak of frog, Lena Weisman (misunderstanding) was heard to say upon discussing it: "What's that? Primitive steak? I wonder why it's called that? I suppose because it is so rare."

* * *

Helen Medley upon seeing Porte Wolfe being sent to first base to coach, was heard to exclaim: "O, they are putting Porte Wolfe in as short stop!"

Humor

Babe Ruth—Nevling, when you dance in the Minuet on May Day, don't act as if you have a plow in your hands.

* * *

Mutch—I always like to put forth a good front.

Kessler—Yes, you are a credit to your laundry.

* * *

Prof. Vanden Bosche—Mr. Krause, tell me what is the unit of power.

Krause (just getting awake)—The WHAT, sir?

Prof.—Correct.

* * *

Bill Wenner—Don't you think that I am a deep thinker?

Mutch—You said it, my boy Your ideas are so deep that they never even come to the surface for air.

* * *

Prof. Wagner (in Math. Class)—Now in this work you must use your imagination. Now, can you imagine something that has length and depth, but no thickness?

Some of the Students—No.

Ferd Beck (after class)—No wonder they can't imagine it,—they are all too thick!

* * *

Information Wanted

How many wheels has a football coach? Did any one ever see an egg box?

* * *

Hovis—Say, Midge, you gave me the wrong boots for May Day. The one is red and the other green.

Midge—I can't help it. The other pairs are just the same.

MODERN INVENTIONS

(Continued from Page 8)

wayward truck towed my battered car into town.

No, modern inventions are not unmixed blessings, especially the automobile—but I must leave, for my wife is calling to me that she is ready to go for a ride, and when Alice calls I always go at once—as all faithful and devoted husbands should do.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 5)

men? As we listen to the speakers on that Day will we also think of the ideals and principles which these men upheld? Again turning to the first thought, will your celebration of the day be worthy of these men we have just mentioned? It will be if you observe it with this three-fold object in mind: First, that Memorial Day is a tribute to our national dead; second, that it stands for the principles of Liberty and Equality which are the basis of our national existence; and third, that the lives and deeds of these men we honor shall serve as example and inspiration to spur us on to a greater devotion to our country. Let us each make it a genuine Memorial Day as we join with the town in its celebration.

ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from Page 9)

treasurer of the Lincoln Coal and Coke Company. He resides at Scottdale, Pa.

Frank Ferry Holsopple, who graduated in the Scientific course in 1901, is now preaching at Hagerstown, Md. In 1917 McPherson College conferred on him the degree L. H. D., and in 1910 Juniata College conferred the A.M. degree because of his service for ten years as professor in English. He lives at 120 E. Washington St., Hagerstown, Md.

John Henry Mueller, a graduate in Academic course, L. V. C., 1884, and a graduate from Yale Divinity School 1887, is now preaching at Castine, Me., where he has been preaching for the past three years.

Wilbur C. Plummer, a graduate of 1910, who received his A.M. at University of Penna. in 1922, is now Instructor of Economics, and post graduate student in U. S. History, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. His address is 3258 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Jo Hershey—There's a fly in my ice cream, waiter.

Ferdinand—Serves him right! Let him freeze to death! He was in the soup yesterday.

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